

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1935

NEW SOUTH WALES

PRICE 3d.

SYDNEY



Plucked from the shadowy obscurity
Wherein you and your gallant love were lost
And unremembered; from the void of Time,
Immortalised by the immortal pen
That dripped not ink, but sagas of the Great.

JULIET

(With acknowledgments to "Verona")
Verse by Phyllis Dutton Brown.

So long as we have eyes to read, and minds
To comprehend the turning of a phrase,
So long as we have hearts to love and grieve
You will remain, sweet Juliet, a star
Hung high amongst the very stars of Time.

WILL Margaret Vyner Wed ENGLISH ARISTOCRAT?

Fashion and Social Gossip ... Official Jubilee Prayers

From Our London Office by Air Mail

An exciting rumor which is buzzing round London at present, and is of special interest to Australians, is that the lovely Margaret Vyner may shortly wed a title. This, of course, is not surprising, as Margaret is fascinating enough to capture the affections of anybody.

She has not done any mannequin work since leaving Paris. I noticed her absence from Patou's last show, but attributed it to the fact that models selected for that special occasion were nearly all petite. Now, however, I hear from those well informed about such matters that Margaret may not make any more appearances as a mannequin. We may yet see her among Mayfair's leading hostesses.

Perhaps she is destined to occupy a position as prominent socially as that of the former Audrey Pointing, of Sydney, who is now Lady Doverdale, and leader of an exclusive circle of young Mayfair society.

WHEN Audrey Pointing started her stage career with a minor part in Sydney, no one would have suspected that she was destined to achieve her present social eminence.

After six months in Sydney, she left for London and made a hit in the 1933 London pantomime season, where she became a "principal girl." Prior to that, she had understudied Gertrude Lawrence in Noel Coward's "Private Lives," and toured with the play in America. She married the Hon. Edward Partington, Lord Doverdale's heir, who, on the death of Lord Doverdale recently, succeeded to the title.

So Sydney's Audrey Pointing is London's latest peeress. I cannot help wondering whether the cards will deal an equally spectacular fate to Sydney's Margaret Vyner. One thing is certain, Margaret will adorn any high social circle into which fate introduces her.

New Fashion Note

TO come from social to fashion gossip. I must tell you about Schiaparelli's latest sensation. This is the "Thran" evening-dress. It is quite the rage on the Continent and has taken London by storm. I am sending a photo of it, so you can form an idea of its fascinations for yourself.

Doesn't it strike you as rather quaint that, while the Turkish women are clamoring for all the freedom which feminism gives the East, their sophisticated Eastern sisters should have adopted

Our Special Jubilee Issue

THE next issue of The Australian Women's Weekly will be a special Jubilee issue. Some fascinating and exclusive articles have been specially written for our readers by the Hon. Mrs. Frances Lascelles, aunt of Princess Mary, by Elissa St. John, and other well-known writers on Royalty. Last-minute cables from our London office, full-page color portraits of the King and Queen, and many other appropriate and exclusive features will be contained in this issue. Order from your newsagent in advance.

this typically Oriental and haremish fashion? Of course, it is not every woman's frock, but to those with an exotic type of beauty it imparts quite a dangerous allure!

And now to come to the really serious business of London and the whole Empire.

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THE LATEST portrait of the new Lady Doverdale, who was Miss Audrey Pointing, of Sydney. She married the Hon. Edward Partington, who has just succeeded to the title and estates of Lord Doverdale. Lady Doverdale has a beautiful home in Hertford Street, Park Lane, and is a leading hostess of an exclusive circle of young Mayfair society.



Right: THIS "Thran" evening dress from the Schiaparelli collection has created a sensation in London, and is enjoying a great vogue on the Continent. The model photographed here is carried out in Rance crepe in a new shade called peche-flambee. The "Thran" may be worn over the head or draped round the shoulders. Note the egg-shaped gold vanity bag.

—Photos by Air Mail

THE official form of service which will be held in Thanksgiving for the King's Jubilee has been published.

Special attention is drawn to the fact that the following additional form of prayer which can be used at Holy Communion and at morning and evening services is in addition and not in substitution for the Special Thanksgiving Service.

On the cover of the pamphlet bearing the prayers is inscribed:

"A Form of Prayer and of Thanksgiving to Almighty God—for the protection afforded to The King's Majesty—during the twenty-five years of his auspicious reign—Ordered by the Lords of His Majesty's most honorable Privy Council. For use in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul in London on Monday the sixth day of May, 1935, and in other Churches in England either on the said day or on the ensuing Sunday, the twelfth day of May, 1935—By His Majesty's Special Command."

Then comes the first verse of the National Anthem, followed by the special hymns and lessons and Prayer

of Thanksgiving, ending with these words:

O Lord, Shew Thy mercy upon us,
And grant us Thy salvation.
O Lord, save the King,
Who putteth his trust in Thee.
Send him help from Thy holy place,
And evermore mightily defend him.
Be unto him, O Lord, a strong tower,
From the face of his enemies.

In the special morning and evening services will be added the following exhortation and special prayer:

"I exhort therefore, that, first of all, applications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men."

"For kings, and for all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty."

"For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God and our Saviour."

"O Lord our God, who upholdest and governest all things by the word of Thy power: Receive our humble prayers for our Sovereign Lord, King George, set over us by Thy grace and providence to be our King, and, together with him,

bless, we beseech Thee, our gracious Queen Mary, Edward Prince of Wales, and all the Royal Family; that they, ever trusting in Thy goodness, protected by Thy power, and crowned with Thy gracious and endless favor, may long continue before Thee in peace and safety, joy and honor, and after death may obtain everlasting life and glory..."

This is followed by another prayer:

"Almighty God, who rulest over all the kingdoms of the world, and dost order them according to Thy good pleasure: we yield Thee unfeigned thanks, for that Thou wast pleased to set Thy servant, our Sovereign Lord, King George, upon the throne of this Realm."

"Let Thy wisdom be his guide, and let Thine arm strengthen him; let truth and justice, holiness and righteousness, peace and charity abound in his days. Direct all his counsels and endeavors to Thy glory and the welfare of his subjects; give us grace to obey him cheerfully for conscience' sake, and let him always possess the hearts of his people; let his reign be long and prosperous, and crown him with everlasting life in the world to come; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

OUR Big £100 PRIZE for Musical TALENT

Splendid Scholarship Offer to Eisteddfod Competitors

The Australian Women's Weekly has decided to make available the sum of £100 as a scholarship for the most talented competitor in the juvenile piano section of the forthcoming Sydney Eisteddfod.

Tremendous difficulties confront ambitious young students of music to-day. This paper wants to help at least one young pianist of talent along the road to recognition.

THIS competition is open to members of both sexes who take part in the under 18 years piano sections of the City of Sydney Eisteddfod.

Each of these Eisteddfod sections will be regarded as an elimination test. Candidates who satisfy the examiners that they possess marked musical talent will be eligible to enter the special The Australian Women's Weekly Section, from which the winner of the £100 scholarship

will be selected. More complete details will be announced later.

The prize of £100 will, it is felt, be of great assistance in allowing the winner to continue studying under easier conditions, and to reach, perhaps, a point where sufficient ability will be shown to justify the financing of some years in Europe's musical capitals.

The prize-money is to be used exclusively for the winner's musical education. To ensure that the money is applied in this way, and to the best ad-

vantage, a trust fund will be created and a committee of trustees will be formed to administer it on the winner's behalf. The personnel of the committee of trustees will be announced at a later date.

MANY Australian singers have achieved world fame, but we have not yet produced a pianist of the calibre of Schnabel, Cortot, Rubinstein or Horowitz, to name only four contemporary men. But how many of our young students could achieve fame given competent training at an early stage?

Financial considerations undoubtedly prevent many of our most promising young pianists giving the time that is necessary to turn them into outstanding musicians. Lack of money in a great number of cases makes it impossible for them to push their studies even as far as may be possible in Australia, let alone abroad.

Among the number of young pianists who compete in the Eisteddfod, the potential musical genius of Australia must surely be represented, and it, by means of this special scholarship. The Australian Women's Weekly can enable the most outstanding of the competitors to carry on, then the reward may yet be an Australian pianist of world fame in the not so distant future.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

MISS PEARSON is a notable Englishwoman who is at present visiting Australia.

Miss Pearson is a Justice of the Peace, and sits on the bench regularly trying cases in the Petty Sessions Court at Wolverhampton. She is chairman of the Probation Committee of the Mental Welfare Association, and a member of the Visiting Justices' Committee to His Majesty's Prisons in Birmingham.

For the past 10 years, Miss Pearson has been elected to the National Assembly for the Church of England, and has served on the Lichfield Diocesan Council.

During the war, Miss Pearson was honorary secretary of the committee of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Wives' Club, and organised classes and lectures for cookery.



DANCE EXAM. ORGANISER

MISS FRANCES SCULLY, Principal of the Frances Scully School of Dancing, is the New South Wales and Queensland organiser for the examinations of the Association of Operative Dancing of Great Britain. Miss Scully has organised New South Wales and Queensland into zones with deputy organisers in the various territories.

In January last Miss Scully held a Summer School at her Sydney studio, in preparation for the examinations. The school was attended by teachers and students from the various capital cities and New Zealand.



MURAL DECORATION EXPERT

MISS ROSLYN BOYD EDKINS, who is leaving for England in July, has made a special study of mural decoration. She is probably the first woman in Australia to carry out a contract for mural decoration, and has executed panels for a number of buildings.

In partnership with Mr. N. M. Bunting, she has directed her energies towards making beautiful garden ornaments. Many of her designs are now in position in some of Sydney's loveliest homes.

Miss Edkins' favorite recreation is bushwalking, which has provided the inspiration for her water color, "The Open Road," now on view at the exhibition of the Australian Water Color Institute at the Education Department's galleries in Sydney.

AFTER Seventeen Years Are WE Apathetic About PEACE?

By F. W. L. ESCH

Who says that peace must be made more vital and worth while, if civilisation is to be saved from war!

Anzac Day, 1935, finds the world in a precarious position. We still enjoy Peace, but there is a feeling of apprehension which recent events, in spite of Stresa, have only made worse.

To the intelligent person war is futile, but to some people peace is worse than futile; it is boring, and war provides a means of escape from this boredom.

Here is the basis of the situation. As soon as conditions are such that war is a commercial possibility, the masses, who are bored with Peace, will be driven into another war, unless there are sufficient intelligent people to stop it.

LET us compare War and Peace.

War is seldom boring. It may be dreadful, wicked, horrible and destructive; but it is vital.

Something is always happening and in quick time.

People get killed in millions, and that is appalling; but people die in millions, just the same, during peace.

People who get killed during war, die gloriously. Some win this glory; others have it thrust upon them! But thousands of people who die during peace do so ignominiously. There are no rolls of honor for them. Thousands get nothing better than a pauper's grave.

A NATION at war is a nation united. There is a common end, which is victory, and everybody is vitally concerned.

During peace the situation is not the same. The nation seldom possesses any clearly defined end at all, and whatever it may be, according to the particular party in power, it cannot truthfully be said that everybody is vitally concerned.

During war the individual is threatened as an individual. If his country doesn't win the war, the enemy may come and take his home and his property. That makes him vitally interested in victory. But the peace-time objectives of his country don't possess the same association with his personal property.

Sometimes they do, and he wakes up, but the rest of the time the nation's destiny does not appear to him to be a matter of life and death.

A Job To Do

DURING war-time there is no unemployment. Everybody has a job; but more than this... everybody can have a job that seems to be worth while, and everybody can be made to feel worth while by doing his or her "bit."

This spirit does not exist during peace, except in cases of national crisis, but it probably could be developed.

Moreover, everybody has not got a job, and many people who are employed are filled with dissatisfaction because they feel that their work is not worth while.

DURING war sentiments of service and sacrifice are highly developed. Everybody is doing something for somebody else. The victory of the nation is of first concern, and then, more personally, the men are fighting for their womenfolk and their children, while the women are working to make things as happy as possible for the men.

The fact that the men are laying down their lives for their country and their homes and are making a supreme sacrifice concerning which it has been said, "Greater love hath no man..." is a tremendous filip to the social principle. Self-sacrifice becomes a shining virtue and a glowing ideal during war; but during peace it flickers only dimly.

DURING war there is national discipline. The nation is trained and fit. The men, and even some of the women, are in uniform and undergo rigorous physical culture. Death is so close at hand that health takes on a vital meaning.

During peace there is not the same straining after national health, and there is no discipline and physical culture of men and women in large masses. Millions of people on small incomes find it hard to keep healthy at all.

During war a lot of them have health thrust upon them. The fitness and virility of the race is vital to the victory of the nation.

During peace the people of a country are left to look after themselves until they actually get sick.

It appears, then, that in certain ways war possesses constructive national characteristics which are not developed during peace.

These are national unity, national purpose, national discipline and health, national employment, and national service.

It is a tragedy that the world should know how to live completely, only when faced by disaster, but it is rather typical of human nature.

Danger is a great stimulus to people and to nations; that is why Nietzsche said: "Live dangerously."

In the world to-day, not only are there nations without purpose and unity, but there are millions of people who have no idea of what they want to do, who are miserable with the worthlessness of their lives. They can't even die gloriously.

It can be understood how war must appear to such people as a "way out." It immediately gives them purpose, worth-while work, adventure, companionship, physical discipline, almost everything they lack in peace.

War provides them with certain conditions of living which appear to make their lives worth while for a short time; but there is no reason why these conditions should not be cultivated during peace, so that they last permanently.

Many individuals succeed in doing this for themselves. To them peace is worth while. They live at war-time efficiency; physically fit, with some definite purpose in view, working for their loved ones at some task which is made worth while by the part it plays in their ambitions. These are the intelligent people, and to them war is futile. It is also a menace to their most cherished hopes.

But the number of people who succeed in doing this is small.

So it rests with the nation to bring about circumstances which will create conditions of worth, during peace, for everybody.

Same As For War

THESE conditions of worth are the same for peace as for war. The only difference is that they function vitally during war and they hardly function at all during peace.

For peace to be worth while a nation must be united in striving towards some vital purpose, everybody of the nation, and have some work to do. The people must be physically fit and a spirit of self-sacrifice and mutual aid must be strongly developed among them.



ANZAC!—Peace may be worth while to you; but is it worth while to everyone?

Such an ideal is by no means unattainable. Once it is achieved the Minister for Defence would have to change his job to Minister for Defence Against National Boredom and Apathy. His slogan would be "To prevent war, keep the people interested in peace."

In studying the problem of national boredom he would discover that people could be grouped into two classes.

People who are bored because their work is uninteresting and people who are bored because their home life is unhappy.

There would also be a number of people who are bored because, through lack of exercise and over-eating, they had got into a depressed state of health. National physical culture would be-

come an absolute necessity if people were to be kept fit and happy.

It could be run on similar lines to the militia, only without the stupid manoeuvres, cumbersome uniforms, and the useless paraphernalia of war.

Expert social workers would be engaged to investigate unhappy homes and make some working conditions. It would be part of their duty to see that nobody lived alone, miserably, unless he or she wanted to be alone.

By making the happiness and welfare of the individual a matter of national purpose, the nation could achieve at least one objective in which everyone was vitally interested—and, for another, for the time being, it could aim at international world unity.

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"My busts have become a better and firmer shape."

Mrs. Hoising, A.

NOTE!

These letters and many more are open for inspection at my office any time.

ANZAC DAY is Peace DAY!

*Australian Women's Silent Tribute
to the Heroes of Gallipoli!*

Anzac Day has come round again, and with the march of time so does the message of this national anniversary shine by sheer contrast with these troubled times.

Anzac Day is a day of memories! But what is it we must remember?

Not the face of a slain hero, for that must always be with some of us.

Not the fact that the youth of Australia and New Zealand gave their lives in one of the most heroic deeds of the war, for that is a jewel of history.

But the fact that these men died that we might live in peace!

THE mellowing influence of time and the unending struggle for sustenance have removed much of the poignant grief of relatives and friends that followed the deeds of April, 1915, but with the approach of the national celebration each year, the hearts of thousands of Australian mothers, fathers, brothers, and sisters, go back in spirit to their own particular heroes of that eventful period.

Anzac Day is not now a day of national mourning; it is a day of spiritual communion with the brave dead, and the women of Australia are doing their part in keeping alive the memory of the Anzacs and in working for the welfare of the returned men and the dependents of the dead, and in maintaining the ideal they fought for—Peace on Earth.

WOMEN take their place, also, on the programme of Anzac Day, although, in the procession which annually marks the celebration, they have little part.

This year sees very few women marching in step with what was once a great army. The war nurses do not participate in this portion of the ceremonies, preferring to leave the glory of the march to men who actually saw service on the field of battle.

The only women who march with the returned Diggers are ex-service women who were actually attested for service in the Great War.

As the procession winds its way along the streets of the city towards the Cenotaph, the wives and mothers and sisters of the heroes silently watch from the footpaths.

Members of the Red Cross Society are, of course, represented at the official ceremonies at the Cenotaph, and they reverentially place a wreath on the national memorial in Martin Place. The Junior Red Cross Society is also there as in previous years.

Festival Concert

THE Anzac Fellowship of Women, founded in 1916, holds its annual happy re-union of ex-service men for the nineteenth time, and invited guests to the festival concert performance at the Conservatorium of Music include Lady Isaacs, Lady Hore-Rothwell, and many other prominent women in the life of Australia.

Choral singing and choral verse speaking is a feature of the programme, and during the evening the play "Anniversary," by Miss D. Cusack, and pro-

duced by Miss Doris Pitton, of the Independent Theatre, staged.

Distinguished artists in Raymond Beatty, Frances Hooper, Violet Rogers, and Arnold Mole (conductor) made their talents available for the occasion.

On Anzac Day the Fellowship places a wreath on the Cenotaph in memory of the fallen, and holds a service at the Wharf Gates at Woolloomooloo, opposite the memorial fountain.

The Archbishop of Sydney, Dr. Mowll, delivers an address and is assisted at the service by local clergy and Army chaplains.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the Fellowship holds its reunion of A.I.P.

men in the Town Hall.

Last year 1300 soldiers and sailors attended this function, and the number was expected to be larger this year.

Major-General Gordon Bennett delivers an address, and the proceedings are made as happy as possible with afternoon tea and a musical programme.



SILENT against the background of the fathomless sky the still figures on the Anzac Memorial sit in eternal meditation, telling in stone what heroes did in flesh and blood.

SING a SONG of SIXPENCE, What a PETTY RISE

What Will Women Workers Do?
We Leave You To Surmise

By Our Special Commissioner

ACCORDING to official figures, the demand for luxuries is increasing in Australia. More is being spent on clothes, ornaments, and amusements.

It is women who contribute most to this increased spending. And the question arises: How are women's incomes responding to the new demands made on them?

For answer—of a sort—we have the new basic wage determination, by which the pay of women workers in New South Wales is to be raised by 6d. a week! Instead of £1/16/6 the pay will be £1/17/-.

THIS trifling rise of sixpence is the outcome of a tremendous amount of cogitating and calculating at Canberra.

Every six months statisticians there are required to say whether the cost of living, measured by the cost of necessary articles, has gone up or down.

Following the Statistician's report, the New South Wales Industrial Commis-

sion has handed out another sixpence to women, and has given the men another shilling.

What will the woman worker do with the sixpence? It will hardly bring her into the luxuried class. Will it go in sweets, stamps, newspapers, or tram fares?

Pleats of girls on the basic wage go short of food in order to dress well. Plenty more deny themselves in order

to help relatives worse off than themselves. For the most careful, the problem of living on 37/- a week isn't easy. An immense amount of silent endurance, of resolute going-without, is implied in that figure.

Those Affected

THOSE affected by the new award include waitresses, shop assistants, typists, office cleaners, and domestic workers on full time. These number tens of thousands in New South Wales, the big majority being in the metropolitan area.

While 37/- may be a decent living wage for women in the country, it is greatly complicated by the rent problem in Sydney. Most girls prefer the freedom of a room or small flat to taking "pot luck" in a boarding-house.

It is the friendless girl, obliged to live away from home, who has the hardest fight. She may make it easier by getting a girl friend to "room" with her.

The basic wage does not apply, of course, to occupations that are organised and require special skill. Thus, women hairdressers are entitled at the age of 21 to a weekly wage of £2/17/6. In book-keeping, hat and millinery work, and other skilled operations, the ruling rates are higher.

Girls in the Public Service of New South Wales receive £3 a week minimum when they reach 21, and their maximum is £2/9/- unless they get a classified job, which they rarely do.

IT is a nice question whether the present arrangement whereby a woman's "living wage" is fixed at 54 per cent. of the rate for men is a reasonable one.

A new light on the cost of living, as it affects women, may be thrown by the inquiry that is to begin before the N.S.W. Industrial Commission on April 29.

The inquiry is the first of its kind to be held in Australia, the practice hitherto being to find out what a man with a wife and child needs to live on, and when that has been decided, to adjust the woman's wage accordingly.

A more intelligent arrangement is promised when woman is treated as an individual with wants of her own in respect of food, clothing, travel, and amusement.

The average woman has a right to at least the same standard of comfort as a man. She is more apt to be affected by sickness. She has the same right to provision in her old age. If she wants to go to a theatre she has the same right as a man.

In the way of clothes and articles of adornment her legitimate requirements are more than those of a man.

Perhaps as a result of the Commission's inquiry we shall find women given their right to equal pay.

HOBBS HOLBROOK says: For the Bridge Party let me suggest some Hobbs' Queen Olives. They are always popular. &&&

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VICTORIAN Family ROBINSON



WHEN the British ship *Philippa* was wrecked in the Pacific Ocean, the only survivors were Rev. James Robinson, an English Vicar, his two daughters, Eleanor and Adeline, Lady Gilliland, wife of the Australian Governor-General, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Black, Buzacott, the mate, and Charles Chaine, an Army Officer, who is in love with Adeline.

The castaways are taken to Vainamu by Islanders, and the womenfolk are billeted for as wives for the single men on the island, and given the choice of accepting the men who selected them in marriage or seeing their own menfolk thrown into the shark pool.

Each of the women in turn refuses to marry, and the men are condemned to death.

Malachi, a handsome young islander, refuses to give up Eleanor, when ordered to do so by the Chief, Seremy, and is

By a Girl of 17—

"Holiday"

At times in all the years that lie before
I shall be still awhile to stand apart;
Where none will ever guess the thoughts of me,
The little things that twine about my heart.
The creaking of a saddle, and the snap
Of brittle twigs beneath the horses' feet;
The loping swing along the bushy track,
The echo of the rhythmic, pulsing beat.
Tall trees that stand in wistful solitude
To etch their twisted limbs upon my sight;
The long, white ribbon-road that wanders on
In vague uncertainty throughout the night.
The slow red cattle moving through the scrub,
The purple hills all noble in their pride;
The shady gullies and the velvet grass,
The red hot sun throughout the long, long ride.
Then home among the shadows at the end—
Ah! truly will my yearning bring me back
To all the dear familiar little things,
And Someone singing, singing down the track.

—Yvonne Webb.

felled with a blow on the temple with the sacred rod.

Just as the death sentence is passed on the castaway men, three of the native women—Ripah, Asenath and Judith—following an ancient custom, throw their petticoats over the heads of the condemned men, and thus saved them from death by claiming them as their own.

THE day was not going as Seremy had expected. Nothing was coming off. Charles was still on hand, and Buzacott not out of the way, and there'd be the devil to pay with Shem about Adeline; and, if he knew Ripah, and he rather thought the girl a legion of devils to reckon with, if anyone tried to take Black away from her, or her from Black. And Malachi, when he saw that Ripah had definitely replaced him, would be just as angry as if he hadn't done the same thing himself with Eleanor, blast him! Was he

recovering? He seemed a long time getting on his feet again, and the girl hadn't left him; didn't seem to know what was going on round her. He, Seremy, would deal with Malachi by and by. Things hadn't gone so far but that—

What was Margaret doing? Grinning in his face (for so he translated Lady Gilliland's discreet smile of triumph). He would teach her. He would teach them all. He was the Lord High Chief, and no one should withstand his will. He couldn't get round that petticoat ceremony, confound it, but after all, there might be some good in it. If the women tried their hands at making the men marry them, they might be more successful than the men had been, with the idea reversed. Ripah, of course, meant to take the finest; well, he'd see how long she was going to be allowed to keep him; there might be better mates for Black than a childless daughter of Satan, and they weren't married—yet. As for Judith she had a way with her; she might be able to break Charles to her will—she had kept her old husband, it was said, in terrific order. Seremy wanted Shem to get his girl; he was such a vindictive old devil, if things went wrong.

Peacocking about in his fine clothes and his fillet and sceptre, he kept keen watch on the different scenes now being enacted among the crowd. Seremy knew how to bide his time, how to catch a flying event, and ride it to victory. Hadn't he made himself Chief by just such tactics?

There were the three women, most immodestly unclad, each holding to her prize; Judith in the face of considerable opposition both from Charles and Adeline, who was clinging to one arm of her man, while Judith stoutly dragged at the other; Ripah, magnificent Ripah, half-naked and wholly unashamed, standing beside Black (and a fine picture they made, those two; Seremy almost faltered in his decision to have them separated). Asenath, whose charms hardly warranted such frank unveiling, was standing white and fat in the sun, holding, with a dazed look, her tunic in her hand. Buzacott, letting loose a blast of foreboding language, had pulled it off his head, and thrown it back to her. "He doesn't understand," thought Seremy. "We'll make him, by and by; it's marry her, or go to the sharks; and she's not as ugly as all that."

HE took a turn or two along the grass. His head was bothering him; too much palm wine—why had he drunk so many cups?—and the thunderstorm was making it worse, clap after clap, coming nearer; one could hardly think. He moved a little way back to see more clearly. There, he could look into the Council House; Pastor Robinson was inside now, and Buzacott, who had left the woman Asenath, telling her "Seremy caught the words between two cracks of thunder," for God's sake to put her clothes on, and not behave like a giddy goat, and, unconsciously, to his breast the silver-polished iron rod that he had stolen from the sacred place, as David stole the bread. He reminded himself of that as he ran; told himself that he had been justified, even as David was, and that he would keep the thing, in spite of twenty pastors—keep it all his.

"All his life," he had meant to say; but the last word never reached his lips. He did not know—no man on Vainamu did—what any child, from the world outside could have told them; that iron was a conductor of electricity; that an iron rod, carried across open ground in the midst of a thunderstorm, is an almost certain instrument of death.

The flash caught him out in the middle of the grassland; it seemed to strike him with a shout; it was gone almost before it had come, leaving behind it a blackened cinder that had been a man, and a twisted mass of molten iron.

Judith, who had seen it all, let go with her elbows, and dropped upon the grass. "O Mighty!" she cried. "O lo,

Illustrated
by
WEP

falling away from them, flung high above his head. He shouted, but his words were drowned in a new clap of thunder. Seremy could see the old man's eyes fixed on himself, with an expression of mingled anger and dismay. "He's cursing," Seremy thought, and driven by superstitions, ran out into the open, hugging, unconsciously, to his breast the silver-polished iron rod that he had stolen from the sacred place, as David stole the bread. He reminded himself of that as he ran; told himself that he had been justified, even as David was, and that he would keep the thing, in spite of twenty pastors—keep it all his.

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By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

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lo, lo! Fire come down from Heaven and burn the Lord Chief up, and Malachi he's dead. O lo, lo, lo!"

CHAPTER 14.

EARLY in the day, when the Blue Grotto was yet silvery with twilight, Malachi had come down the chimney-opening to Eleanor. He was like Mercury, she thought; he was like Cupid visiting Psyche; he was Ganymede. . . . She poured upon him every graceful smile she could remember, out of the remembrance of her classical studies. By and by, she told herself, they would talk about all these things together; she would open his mind to the endless beauties of art

let Eleanor talk. He did all the talking himself. He had so much to say—about himself, and what he was going to do, and what he would do with the island and the people; about Eleanor, too, and the color of her hair, and the shape of her mouth; and the arch of her pretty bare feet, as displayed by sandals (on all of which matters he seemed to think himself a connoisseur)—that there didn't seem to be any room left for Eleanor's own opinions, hopes, or ideas.

It occurred to her that this was the way men "went on" when they really liked you. She had had a good deal of experience of men who liked you in a much more tepid way; who did not "mean anything"; danced a few times, sent a few bouquets, and then began to tell you, carefully, about the Other Girl (whom Eleanor could have cursed in her heart, if cursing had not been unladylike).

That kind of admirer was pretty good at listening. Malachi never listened if he could help it; never spoke of Ripah (Ripah! the thought of her to Eleanor was like hot iron on a bruise); never did or said anything that for a moment could distract the attention of Eleanor from himself. Even when he spoke in praise of her beauty, it was, she knew, because he claimed that beauty, considered it his own. Nothing so egotistical, so personal, as Malachi had ever come into her ken; nothing in short, so overpoweringly male. She couldn't think when he was there; he didn't give her time.

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Illustrated by
FISCHER

By...
F. A. M.
WEBSTER

MOTHER Instinct

Very gently she put the cub down and watched it waddle towards its parents, caught a fleeting glimpse of the lioness bounding towards her offspring, then backed cautiously out of the bush and fled for her life.



MILLY ROACH lifted her eyes from the book she was reading, as her husband entered the bedroom. There was barely need to put the question into words, since the answer she dreaded was written all too plainly in the droop of the man's powerful shoulders.

"It's no go, old girl," he volunteered. "Vincent was red-hot about buying a partnership in the shamba (farm) at first, as you know, but someone's put him wise to the water problem, and the fact that there is no water at Narranganga in the dry season has completely extinguished Clive Vincent's earlier enthusiasm."

"But didn't you tell him about the irrigation scheme?"

Her husband smiled bitterly. "Oh, yes, I fed him that tale all right," John answered dully, "but he's evidently had expert advice. He was wise to the fact that he'd have to wait a mighty long time for any return on his capital if we started irrigating Narranganga."

"And yet the place would pay hand over fist, if we could only strike a decent spring."

"Yeah, flowers in the desert and all

"And, meantime, we've barely a thousand shillings."

"Never mind, let's go and feed and forget our debts and our doubts for an hour or two."

They found the dining-room of the New Stanley Hotel pretty full when they went downstairs, but saw a beckoning finger raised, and next moment John was shaking hands with Jim Dawson, whom he had not seen for a dozen years.

"Jim, by all that's wonderful," cried John, "what the deuce are you doing in Kenya?"

"Hunting big game, old boy."

"What, in Nairobi?"

"Don't be an ass. I'm going up country shortly. Got a commission to collect lions, pigmy elephant or anything that'll fetch big prices as zoological specimens in England."

"I can understand that a pigmy elephant would be valuable, Mr. Dawson," Milly said presently, when introductions had been effected and the three were dining together, "but I should have thought lions were too plentiful to be precious."

"Pill-grown lions, yes, Mrs. Roach, but you've got to collect 'em as cubs if you're going to keep 'em in captivity, and that's a mighty difficult and dangerous business; believe me I'm not overpaid at £500 apiece for any lion I bring safely back to Europe."

"Five hundred pounds apiece," murmured Milly Roach wonderingly, and that price, which seemed to her tremendous, was still at the back of her brain, when she and her husband got back to Narranganga three days later.

KATHUKA, John's head man, met them on their arrival at the shamba with a veritable tale of woe, for every possible thing that could go wrong seemed to have done so in his master's absence.

"Ewana," said the native, his deep voice shaking with emotion, "when the moon was at the full a herd of elephants came down from the mountains and trampled flat the crops, and two nights ago, when there was no moon, some lions broke into the cattle boma and killed many of the beasts."

John looked from Kathuka to his wife, and his eyes were sullen with frowns of hope.

"That means kwisha, finish," he muttered.

But Milly was not so sure; she thought that Jim Dawson had said that the lions were worth £500 apiece and was still bothering her.

"Do you know where the lions have made their lair, Kathuka?" she queried.

"Ndiu, Bili (Yes, Mistress)," he answered.

"Good. Are there any cubs?"

"I think so, Bili, for when we came to the hills in the morning the carcass of one animal was missing completely. The simba would not have carried the

ng'ombe right away, were it not to feed his mate and her litter."

"What on earth does it matter whether the lions have got cubs or not?" John broke in impatiently. "It's pretty clear what happened, a pride of young lions was out to make a killing, and they chose my stock for their amusement. Not much point in taking it out of the lioness and her litter that I can see; besides, the damage done by the elephants to the crops is quite enough to finish us. Well, the mortgagee'll just have to foreclose and take his chance."

"Wait a moment, John," said Milly, "have you forgotten what your friend, Jim Dawson, told us? Lion cubs are worth something like £500 apiece to him."

John Roach dropped into a chair and sat staring at his wife in blank amazement.

"Good Lord I believe you've hit it," he said at last, and turned quickly to Kathuka.

"See if you can get hold of an Ndozobo hunter first thing in the morning," he ordered.

Milly smiled. She knew why John wanted an Ndozobo for that particular hunt. Kathuka had marked down the lair already but no native except one of the wild Wandorobos, whose language scarcely a living white man understood, would go into the cave to rob the lioness of her whelps.

And morning brought the Ndozobo, a dirty, horrible being, three parts savage, two parts animal, and the other part pigmy.

Milly, clad in field boots, breeches, and neat khaki bush-shirt, stood staring at the little fellow, who seemed half inclined to run away, when a sharp exclamation drew her attention to John, who was going through the mail which had just arrived by runner.

"Hell!" muttered her husband. "It looks as though we made a mistake in taking that trip to Nairobi to meet Vincent. Someone's been talking of what he learned about our affairs; the tale of the water shortage has come to McAndrew's ears and—well, that wily Scot has given me notice to pay off the mortgage."

"Then that means that we've just got

the entrance to it was concealed by close-growing vegetation. A hide-up, overlooking the mouth of the boma, was quickly built and, from this shelter, Roach and his wife, with Kathuka crouching beside them, watched a lion and his mate set out, towards sunset, upon their nightly prowling in search of food.

A quarter of an hour later the Ndozobo, who had been promised a reward if he succeeded, which would mean riches to him for the rest of his life, slunk like a silent black shadow through the thick-growing foliage and vanished into the dark entry to the lost valley. Within half an hour he came back bearing a small, spotted lion-whelp, which snarled and bit savagely. Two more journeys he made before he announced with a laconic "Wote" that he had taken the homewards, carrying three whelps, which, if they could get them down to Jim Dawson, would be worth something over a thousand pounds, even allowing for the animal collector's just profit on the deal.

The money that would pay off McAndrew and give the Roaches another chance of saving their shamba was not, however, to be quite so easily won. Normally, a man may go for two years or more without ever hearing anything more of lions than the peculiar, questioning, coughing grunt of early evening with which old Simba notifies his intention of hunting. That night, however, the countryside must have been literally thick with lions, for their roaring was as continuous as it was awe-inspiring.

AT Kathuka's suggestion a camp site was selected, round which he and the Ndozobo built fires for protection, while Roach and his wife, rifles held ready, kept watch until the last fire was kindled.

While supper was being prepared an extraordinary thing happened, for a lion and his mate came right up to the ring of watch-fires and stood staring into the camp. The Ndozobo said that they were the same pair whose lair had been ravished and, as if in support of his statement, the captured cubs set up an unholy din. Thereupon the lioness charged, but was driven back by smoke and flame as the natives prodded the blazing logs.

The lion slunk off when Roach flung a burning brand towards him, but the lioness they could not drive away. All night long she circled round the camp, uttering heart-rending cries as she called to her cubs.

A Complete Short Story

to get those cubs," said Milly, and the hard line of her usually softly seductive mouth only served to emphasise the sudden squareness of her stubborn little chin.

"I agree, but, look here, old girl, I wish to God you'd keep out of this business. Raiding a lion's den is most damnable dangerous."

"Should I be any better off as a widow, John?" she countered, and added, "don't be so absurd. The whole thing's been my scheme from beginning to end, and I'm going to see it through, so there's no sense in starting an argument."

"All right, have it your own way, then, and as you insist upon coming, we'd better be getting a move on."

By mid-day, at which time they were pretty certain that their quarry would be sleeping, the little party was approaching a small valley lost among the foothills of the mountains, by reason of the fact that

the entrance to it was concealed by close-growing vegetation. A hide-up, overlooking the mouth of the boma, was quickly built and, from this shelter, Roach and his wife, with Kathuka crouching beside them, watched a lion and his mate set out, towards sunset, upon their nightly prowling in search of food.

A thousand pounds, she knew, would tide John over his difficulties due to the summer drought, giving him time to find the water supply which would mean fortune to them, and yet she felt that no luck would be theirs if the lion-mother was left absolutely destitute. Surely they should have spared her just one wee whelp? Why, even grubby little urchins in England had the grace to leave one egg in every nest they ravished.

Without making a sound that might awaken her husband or the sleeping natives, she stole, soft-footed, to the rough cage they had constructed overnight, and from it took the tiniest of the three whelps; such a funny little morsel, but a morsel none the less that possessed sharp claws and teeth. But once it was smuggled into the girl's arms the little creature ceased struggling and went to sleep, purring at its contentment.

OUT through the ring of dying watchfires Milly stole and took the back trail, down which they had hustled so desperately last night. Dawn was flooding up the sky now, and of the murmurous sounds of African night-life naught remained, save the occasional, long-drawn-out, complaining whine of some prowling hyena returning late to his burrow. On through the fresh, dewy morning she went, until she stood once more before the curtain of leaves which obscured the entrance to the lost valley, and still the cub slept snugly against the warmth of her breast.

It had been her first intention to leave the little creature where she now stood and to make her retreat as rapidly as possible; but, already, there were evil vultures hovering overhead, which would finish off the lion whelp in an instant if it was left unprotected.

With the beating of her heart almost choking her breath, Milly dropped on her knees and crawled into the thick bush, as she had seen the Ndozobo do; but her self-appointed task was a thousand times more dangerous, for, now, it was a million to one that the lion and lioness were at home.

Slowly, at last, she paused to part the foliage with trembling fingers, then a cry of wonder rose to her lips and was hastily bitten back, for the lion was asleep in the cave-mouth and the lioness was drinking at the edge of a great stream that gushed out of the mountain-side, and after flowing a few yards in a natural conduit disappeared into the earth.

Very gently she put the cub down and watched it waddle towards its parents, caught a fleeting glimpse of the lioness bounding towards her offspring, then backed cautiously out of the bush and fled for her life.

Half an hour later she ran smack into her husband and the two natives anxiously following her trail. John caught her as she stumbled into his arms, but a torrent of words checked the questions that rose to his lips.

"Water, water!" she gasped.

"All right, old lady, in half a minute."

"No, no! I mean I've found it—the well-spring that will wash away all our troubles."

"Eh!" gasped her husband, who believed that she was light-headed.

"Yes, John, a great crystal stream gushing out of the mountain-side and then vanishing underground, but we can lead the water where we want it."

"Well, how the deuce did you find that?" he queried.

"Mother-instinct," she laughed back at him.

(Copyright)

By a Girl of 17—

Philosophy

There is a wisdom in your heart
That I shall never reach;
Some qualities that are beyond
Your subtle power to teach.
Your calm and slow philosophy
Is balm to my unrest;
I yearn with strangely aching heart
To struggle to your breast.
You are a blissful comfort to
This poor unhappy soul;
That struggles on persistently
To some obscure goal.

—Yvonne Webb.

that, and you'd be going in silks and satins. Milly, if we could find a pipe of diamonds. Meanwhile, we're just about broke to the wide."

"Well, what are we going to do about it?"

"Have a damn good dinner to-night and go back to Narranganga in the morning."

"You can't sell out?"

"Not a hope; besides, I've a feeling we shall pull through somehow if we can only hold on."

"That's what we all think when the luck is out, Johnnie," she answered sadly.

"But, hang it, old girl, a thousand pounds would see us through. I wouldn't have opened negotiations with Vincent if it wasn't that I'm anxious about the mortgage on the place."

DAYLIGHT Murder

That this beautiful woman should have been slain almost under his very eyes seemed to Harkness a personal challenge, a ghastly gesture of derision. He would take up the gage!

By
**VALENTINE
GREGORY**



PROFESSOR ELDON HARKNESS, the eminent scientist and amateur crime investigator, armed with many newspapers and sundry magazines, turned his back on the bookstall to make his way leisurely towards the waiting train that seemed already to be breathing deeply in preparation for its non-stop run to Plymouth.

The tall, ungainly and untidy figure of the scientist, clad in careless tweeds, towered above the ruck of hurrying passengers, shouting porters, and casual newsagents who thronged the platform, as he wove his course towards the first-class coach in which he had reserved a corner seat in a smoking compartment, and where his modest luggage had already been deposited.

"Hello, Professor!" cried a voice at his elbow, as he was about to climb into the compartment, where, so far, no other passenger had intruded.

Harkness turned and glanced at the speaker.

"Oh, it's you, Garton," he said. "Have you come to give me a formal and official 'send off'? If so, how did you know of my intention to travel to-day?"

"No, not," laughed Detective-Inspector Garton. "It's quite a chance encounter. I fancied that someone I want to see rather badly might be travelling on this train, so I'm just giving it a look over."

"Nothing to interest me, I suppose?"

My Favorite Poem

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.
In the fell clutch of circumstance,
I have not winced nor cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bowed but my heart is un-bowed.
It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.
—Henry.
Sent in by Mrs. R. T. Inch,
Waverley, N.S.W.

"No, just routine work. Keeping track—in case. That's all."
"I'm glad of that," said Harkness. "I want to get away from the odor of crime for a week or two—and of chemicals. So I'm off for Cornwall."
"You're about due out, half your luck," Garton returned, and then added: "Hello! Here's a lady—in a bit of a hurry, too. Making for it. Smart bit of goods. Hop in, Professor, and I'll shoo her off, if you'd rather be alone."

"I'm going to shoo you off instead," said Harkness, climbing in and dropping into the corner seat.

"Right you are, Professor," grinned Garton. "I understand. A pleasant journey, sir."

"And good hunting to you," growled Harkness, waving his hand casually, and picking up a newspaper.

As Garton stepped back, the lady he had observed darting past him, sprang into the compartment and pulled the door to behind her.

Almost simultaneously, the guard's whistle sounded, and the long, heavy train commenced to move slowly and majestically out of Paddington station.

The 236 miles non-stop run had begun. From across the top of his newspaper, the Professor's eyes flickered

observantly over the woman opposite him.

Although no longer passionately interested in the opposite sex, he knew a beautiful woman when he saw one. Beauty in any form always gave him intense satisfaction; but in this woman, reclining in unstudied grace in the far corner, he saw more than beauty—he saw the subtle signs of suppressed excitement, anxiety, suspense—perhaps of impending tragedy. And he set himself to study her more minutely.

From her close-fitting, slightly tilted, small black hat to the gleaming toes of her narrow, black patent-leather shoes, she was well though simply dressed. A splendid fur of white fox drooped from her shoulders, lending distinction to the clean-cut, black suit beneath.

Her graceful calves and ankles were encased in gun-metal stockings of sheer silk, and the white-trimmed gauntlets of her black kid gloves emphasised the shapeliness of her slender hands.

Her hair, faultlessly dressed, was a rich and glowing blonde, some shades fairer than the level brows and long lashes that shaded her large violet eyes. Regular featured, her face and complexion owed little to art, unless perhaps to the higher art that is able to conceal itself. Her lips were fresh, and a trifle full; and Harkness judged her age to be approximately thirty.

In view of the length of the impending journey, Harkness was somewhat surprised to observe that his fellow passengers had no visible luggage—unless her large black handbag could be so regarded.

It was not that he was unduly inquisitive, but his trained mind was quick to note such apparently minor details and store them up in his capacious and retentive memory.

What he noticed even more particularly was the intense eagerness with which she gazed up at every passer-by along the corridor, as though in momentary expectation of seeing a familiar face.

During the first quarter of an hour or so of such extended runs, a good deal of traffic usually circulates through the coach gangways.

The express in which Harkness travelled was no exception to the rule. For a while the flitting past of passengers and train officials was almost incessant, and seemed to command the whole attention of his fellow-passenger.

But after a while the comings and goings became less frequent, and presently almost ceased; and then, with what sounded suspiciously like a sigh of disappointment, the woman settled her fur more closely about her throat and glanced across at the Professor.

Their eyes met. Harkness smiled; and his rugged, grimly humorous face, as always at such moments, seemed transfigured. It beamed kindness and candor—irresistible to all but the most callous.

The woman's still anxious face softened in response.

"Do you object to me smoking?" he asked.

Although theirs was a smoking carriage, he had reserved this inquiry for opening a possible conversation.

"Not in the least. Please smoke. I like it."

"Then will you share my papers? I see you've nothing to read—and it's a long journey."

He handed across to her a couple of magazines, and without further speech proceeded to load his pipe.

The woman, having accepted the periodicals with a smile of thanks, settled back once more in her corner



Illustrated
.. by ..
FISCHER

and, with her face half-hidden by the open pages, affected to read.
But Harkness noticed that, though minute after minute passed, she did not turn a leaf.

The following half-hour was one of silence, unbroken save by the occasional rustle of a turned page or the striking of a match. Then the ticket inspector appeared in the gangway and pushed open the door.

"Tickets, please," said the woman. "I have no ticket," said the woman. "I had no time to get one at Paddington. I will pay you now. Single—to Plymouth."

"That will be two pounds, six shillings and elevenpence, madam," said the man, preparing the official receipt.

The woman produced from her handbag, in notes and silver, the sum demanded, and took the receipt. Harkness tendered his ticket, and the inspector withdrew, shutting the door behind him.

No luggage, and no ticket, missed the professor. That suggests haste. A summons to a sick bed, maybe. Or is it flight?

Then he turned again to his papers, and quiet reigned once more in the compartment.

As the minutes passed the woman began with increasing frequency to consult her wrist watch. Obviously she was becoming nervous.

Unconscious imitation is one of the characteristics of humanity, even of its most intelligent representatives. Harkness, therefore, presently glanced at his own watch. It read eleven o'clock.

At the same moment his companion

Harkness touched his fingers to the mark, and withdrew his hand hurriedly. His finger-tips were wet. He looked at them. They were wet with blood. She had been stabbed—stabbed to the heart.

beckoned to a passing waiter, a smart young steward, spruce in his white jacket, who entered the compartment and looked inquiringly first at the professor and then at the lady.

"Will you bring coffee for two, please?" she said.

"Yes, madam. White or black?"

"White," she replied. "And some biscuits."

The steward bowed and departed on his errand, and the lady resumed her reading.

"She's surely not going to invite me to morning coffee!" said Harkness to himself, with a feeling of amused alarm. "If so, she clearly takes it for granted that I'll accept."

When, ten minutes or so later, the coffee arrived, the lady motioned for the tray to be set down on the vacant seat facing her.

Harkness had rather hoped that she would remove her gloves, and now, when she did so, was quick to notice the platinum wedding ring she wore, and the three large black pearls, obviously of considerable value, set in similar metal, on the third finger of her right hand.

Strangely dreading the invitation

which he momentarily expected, Harkness buried his face a little deeper in his newspaper. But the moments passed in silence, unbroken by her voice or the cheerful rattle of cups and saucers.

TAKING infinite precautions, the professor presently peeped slyly round the edge of his newspaper. Once again she was looking at her watch, while she tapped one toe impatiently on the floor.

"I'm a fool," he said to himself. "She's waiting for someone on the train to join her."

But instead of feeling relieved, as might have been expected, he now felt somehow disappointed—almost aggrieved. The sight of the food and drink had awakened his own appetite. So, gathering up a couple of magazines, he left the compartment, and made his way to the restaurant car, where he ordered beer and a sandwich wherewith to stay the pangs of hunger until the 12.30 luncheon was announced.

Please turn to Page 30

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Lait,
sketched by Petrov

BEFORE buying any winter clothes, spend a little time and a lot of thought in planning out every detail.

If you want to be well dressed for all occasions, and yet economical, buy one good ensemble in preference to two cheap ones. You will feel and look better, even though you wear it every day of the week.

First, decide upon a color scheme. Then keep to it. Do not be persuaded to buy a navy-blue hat when you've decided upon brown as your foundation—or be tempted into buying a pair of black shoes. The only way to be really economical is to have shoes and bag of one color, such as brown, black, or navy-blue, a matching or colored coat, and then see that everything else you buy can be worn with these.

The topcoat is of primary importance: you will want it to be suitable for both town and sports wear. This is possible if you design it carefully, and choose the correct material.

It should be plainly made, fitted to the waist, either meeting centre-front or wrapping over to one side. Have it doing up high to the neck so that it can be worn open if desired. For town wear have a detachable fur collar. For morning or sports occasions wear a scarf instead, and perhaps a colored leather belt.

See that the material has a rough surface and is either grey, navy-blue, brown or green in color. Black, royal-blue and

When Planning the WINTER WARDROBE...

Master the Details that Spell Success

wine color are equally fashionable this winter, but I would not advise them for coats that have to do all occasions.

SUPPOSING you have decided upon navy-blue shoes and bag and a navy-blue topcoat which has a tie-on collar of grey fox. You will then require two pairs of shoes, one pair with high heels, either a plain court or a lace-up oxford, and the other a low-heeled sports shoe. You will also need one navy leather bag, two hats—one brimless with a slightly high crown made of felt, velour, or fabric, the other a sports hat in felt, navy-blue, like the first.

Now you want something to wear beneath the coat. You have a choice of three possibilities, and if you can afford two of them so much the better.

First, there is the silk frock. Under a navy coat this could be bright green, yellow, grey, light blue, or dark red.

Secondly, you could have a woollen dress. This you would find useful without the coat on warmer days. It must

be a fine wool such as angora, jersey, or any of the sheer, lightweight woolsens. You may have this frock in the same colors as the silk one, or in navy-and-white check or plaid.

Most practical of all is the third possibility, a skirt of the same material as the coat, with which you can wear various blouses, satins and crepes and taffeta, when you put on the fur collar, and wool sweaters when the coat goes motoring.

If you choose a silk frock and the matching skirt and one good blouse, wear these for afternoons and evening with the little hat and court shoes and fur collar.

FOR a week-end holiday, morning, or country wear, have a tweed jacket in navy and white and red which, with the skirt, makes a sports suit. Or have a yellow sweater and cardigan which, when worn with the skirt, the sports hat, and shoes, makes a perfect golf outfit. Colored scarves worn with a dark coat

will give it variety; so will a matching scarf and hat with a contrasting coat.

Here are two color schemes that may be of some use. If there is a dress or blouse too many for your budget, it can easily be eliminated.

This wardrobe has grey and navy-blue as its foundation. There is a pale grey ridged woollen topcoat with grey fur collar which is detachable, a grey matching skirt, a navy-and-white spotted crepe blouse, a navy-blue velvet brimless hat, a navy felt sports hat, and navy court shoes and sports shoes. Gloves and bag are also navy-blue.

A yellow wool jersey dress, for wear under the coat, and a navy velvet scarf, a navy-blue cardigan, and a red sweater are also included.

THE second wardrobe uses one of the new greens and a brown lighter than nigger-brown.

There is a neat green woollen coat with a scarf collar of flat brown fur. A wide brown suede belt and brown wool scarf are worn when you leave off the collar. Buy brown, high-heeled oxfords and brogues, and a brown bag and gloves.

The green hat is made of the same fabric as the coat, and there is a brown felt sports hat.

Wear a brown angora dress with a green taffeta sash to match the coat, to be replaced by the brown suede belt for

AGNES is featuring a small evening cap of black velvet that ends in a braided piece about a yard long. This you wind around your head and fasten as you wish.

"sports" wear. A brown-and-white tweed coat and skirt and a green sweater are extras.

Paris Snapshots

PIECES of brilliantly-colored crepes or satin are swathed like cummerbunds around the waists of dark dresses.

HATS are bewildering in their variety. There seems no agreement as regards shape, size, or angle. They range from the Mexican sombrero to the absurdly small.

ARTIFICIAL chrysanthemums are favorite evening flowers.

THERE are high Hussar hats, duncap, flat pill-boxes, and bonnets that are worn on the back of the head.

ONE of the newest suits is fastened with rings and hooks, the rings being about the size of a farthing, and the hooks being designed for security and easy manipulation.



• **THE** first garment in this complete wardrobe is a brown rough woollen topcoat. The brown fox collar is detachable. Small brown hat and brown court shoes.

• **THE** same coat without its fur collar. A wide belt of brown suede and an orange scarf have been added. Brown sports hat and shoes — now it's suitable for sports wear.

• **BROWN** skirt of the coat material with a green tunic and a brown velvet belt. This is worn under the coat with its fur collar for "dressy" occasions.

• **DRESS** of yellow angora to be worn beneath the topcoat or above with the brown accessories. Brown taffeta forms the belt and neckpiece, which ties at the back.

• **THE** same brown skirt with a tweed jacket in brown, white, and orange. An orange crepe-de-chine blouse. The brown sports accessories.

NOW...

PARIS SAYS

"Let Us Be Gay"



(1) This chic little chapeau is one of Patou's latest models, and it just goes to show that the "loppers" are not having it all their own way this season. It is carried out in a pale pastel felt. A piquant note is given by the bow of black and white feathers.

(2) This model was designed by Elspeth Champecommunal for Reville Terry, of Grosvenor Street. It features the new silhouette, which encourages ampler curves than the planed-down surface of last season. The neckline is unusual.

(3) The new type of cocktail gown is strongly featured in Patou's present collection. He announces it as an item of its own not to be confused with dinner gown or evening frocks. The picture shows the newly-evolved garment, cocktail gown, 1935, with the fashionable full sleeve treatment. The skirt and sleeves are wild blackberry-colored velvet, and the corsage is of matching gorgette, caught by white, pink-tipped camellias.

(4) This is the very newest thing in chapeaux, and comes from Suzy, of Paris. Suzy has always been a leading modiste, but since the fame brought her by making all the hats for the Duchess of Kent's trousseau she has become leader of the world's millinery styles. This hat is created for Europe's 1935 summer, but can be adapted to the Australian climate by being carried out in felt. The upturned velvet brim is a hot favorite, and the low-draped crown an important style point.

(5) This delightful afternoon ensemble is fashioned of black cloth. The three-quarter coat is heavily trimmed in fox, which is beautifully dyed in the new Patou amber shade. With it is worn a blouse of pale pink mousseline and silver lame.

Photos and article by air mail from our London office.

THE keynote of Jean Patou's collection is gaiety. The frolicsome gaiety of the Viennese operettas and the rejoicings of jubilee year. There are no more "grande dame" styles, and there are no more businesslike severities.

The mannequins chosen to show Patou's models are nearly all petite, with auburn or dark curls and waves.

Patou himself says about his 1935 creations: "What joy. We poor men will no longer be condemned to live in the midst of planed-down women, whose constant preoccupation with their line

excluded the enjoyment of France's good cooking, producer of good humor. Not only shall we have, in this blessed year, real and infinitely more beautiful women, but they will all henceforth be gay."

So square shoulders must disappear, and pointed hats flatten down. All sorts of "bits of nonsense" appear which are amusing and delightful, such as blouses made of lace and tulle, and much embroidery.

You may hear a vendeuse offering her client a glass cape or a wooden jacket, so diverse are the fabrics employed this year.

As in every other collection which I

saw in Paris, sleeves are paramount in importance, and they are set in a variety of new ways. The ruling principle has been to affect the drooping shoulder line in order to add height to the silhouette, and enhance its femininity.

Many of the models are based on 1890 inspiration, though they are typically 1935 in treatment.

The hats Patou has created are essentially Parisian. They are trimmed with flowers, and feathers, and ribbons, and even fruit.

There is no set rule for shape. They are all feminine, and becoming, and rather on the lines of the "Merry Widow" type.

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Treat it with the Best Remedy...

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Obviously the Best Remedy is the Best Treatment.

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For Coughs and Colds

An Editorial

APRIL 27, 1935.

ANZAC MEMORIES



APRIL is a month of anniversaries. The 23rd of April is England's national day, the day marked by tradition as the birthday of its patron saint, St. George.

In this month were born two of England's, and the world's, greatest men, Shakespeare and Oliver Cromwell.

On the 29th of April Captain Cook, by his landing at Botany Bay, put Australia on the world's map. On the 25th the Australians stormed Gallipoli, and by their sacrifice and achievement put this country high in the scale of nations.

While other deeds may be forgotten, this one lives on, and will continue to live. The commemoration this week, twenty years after the landing, sees the whole continent united in an impulse of pride and thanksgiving.

In every State there will be memorial services. Speeches will be made, hymns will be sung, flags will be unfurled. The men who fought at Gallipoli, and on later fields, will march in procession. Keeping step with the living will be the great invisible army of the dead.

For the people of Australia Anzac Day has a significance that time does not diminish. The sense of loss and of tragedy has given place to one of proud remembrance. What we are most conscious of now is a great example and an enduring record, written for all time on that—

*Page from a world-old palimpsest
Shrined on the altar of the sea.*

Time has taken toll of the men who fought at Gallipoli. Many who are still with us have fallen on evil days. For that reason we do well to remember the debt we owe them. So long as courage and endurance are valued qualities, so long as the law of the spirit is a force in human affairs, the debt will remain.

Hating war as every normal person does, hoping as all do that it will not darken our shores, we should be unworthy of the sacrifices made by the dead and the living if we did not cherish the ideals they cherished; if we did not, in the doubtful days yet to come, prove worthy of the heritage they left.

—THE EDITOR.

Lyric of Life

Ourselves

We are ourselves. . .
Through every crisis in our life,
The tortured fever heat of strife;
Through happiness and joyant song
And waves that laughter speeds along,
Through any unions we might make,
And binding ties we give and take;
Whatever we might choose to do,
Or circumstances force us to. . .
We are ourselves.
—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

POINTS OF VIEW

Women's Cricket

THERE is something restful and soothing in the news that a team of Australian girl cricketers has been invited to England in 1937. The pity is that they are not going next year. The very mention of men's cricket is calculated to cause a breath of the peace in homes where Test matches rank as superlatively great events. Contrast the atmosphere stirred up by English and Australian men's teams with that left by Miss Archdale's English girls last season. No one said anything nasty about anybody. If the Australian women lost, they lost with a grace that endeared them to us all.

The Butler's Way

MR. MENZIES, Federal Attorney-General, now in England, has discovered that butlers of England's oldest families do not know him. They even ask him to spell his name! Very distressing, of course, but Mr. Menzies should remember that butlers are the sole survivors of an extinct race—the race that saw in mankind only Nobles and plain, ordinary Persons.

Times have changed. They have changed even more in Europe than in England. It is on record that a wealthy tradesman, admitted to audience with Marie Therese, Hapsburg wife of Napoleon, ventured to speak of her high-necked gown. "Ah, madame," said he, "when one has so lovely a neck it is a pity to conceal it."

She rang, "Have this insolent fellow," she commanded, "put out at once!" Yes, they had a way with them in those days.

Over the Air

BROADCASTING is a wonderful invention. It is a solace to the lonely. It is a boon to the sick. It is a joy to the impecunious. It is a source of revenue to people who have something to sing, or say. It is much more than this, but—there are times when it is an annoyance and a danger. The broadcasting of political speeches has disturbed the peace of many an Australian home. Just as the Civil War divided English families three centuries ago, so is the wireless set threatening to divide our intelligentsia—to say nothing of the other kind.

When there was no broadcasting, political meetings were well attended and often lively. They were nearly always amusing, because if the candidate was dull the audience could supply the humor. With broadcasting you miss all that.

Beauty's Eyes

WE read in an overseas cable the other day that a Miss Helen Strieter possesses "the most beautiful eyes in America." That is the sort of thing the cable man feels out without a tremor. If you were to ask him how he knew, and whether he was speaking from personal observation of the hundred million pairs of eyes in America, he might feel confused. Or he might not.

The plain truth is that no one knows who possesses the most beautiful eyes in any country, for beauty lurks in unexpected places, and an exhaustive search is out of the question. Expression has a lot to do with it, and how can you judge expression?

The color that appeals to one person might easily repel another. Perhaps the most haunting eyes ever written about are those in Swinburne's "Feline"—

Eyes colored like a water flower,
And greener than the green sea's glass,
Eyes that remember one sweet hour—
In vain we swore it should not pass,
Feline, alas!

These wonderful eyes could also be, on occasion, "the greenest of things blue" and "the bluest of things grey." Has Helen Strieter eyes like that?

Breaking It Off

ONE of the penalties of fame is that you can't get engaged or break off an engagement without the whole world knowing about it. Especially the breaking part. Fred Perry, world tennis star, can speak feelingly.

One sympathises with Mr. Perry and also with his fiancée. If they had been left alone they might still be engaged. But people would not let them alone. "Everything seems to have gone wrong," sighed Miss Lawson to an interviewer in England, "and I think it is owing to Fred being so far away."

One of the difficulties of breaking an engagement is the difficulty of telling the truth and offending nobody. Thus Fred Perry tells his former fiancée that he likes America so much he must stay there, and tells his father that he is hurrying back to England. Strange!



ROSEMARY ANDREE, the possessor of the trophy for the most perfect figure in England, has backed up to £1000 in a challenge to any American claiming for world's honors. Miss Andree, famous as a dancer and physical culture expert, never diets, and claims her figure is due to a secret exercising apparatus.

Novelist Passes

THE death in England of Mrs. Campbell Prasad, at the age of 84, is a reminder of an author who did something in her day to make Australia known to English readers. The daughter of a Queensland Postmaster-General in pre-Federation days, she had an adventurous life on an up-country station before she went with her husband to England, there to win a place among the best-read novelists of her time. Forty years ago the smart society writer was keen on verbal quips and epigrams. One of these, that was quoted everywhere, ran like this: "Why did Anthony hope? Because Mrs. Campbell prayed."

All Equal Here

AT this time of the year there are no class distinctions in Australia. At least, not at the back door. Easter time is racing time in all the States, and few housewives are indifferent to the tips that obliging tradesmen will give if they are asked, and even if they are not asked.

The baker, being a more nimble sort of person, is a more generous tip-slinger than the grocer, who is a serious man and seldom prepared to take risks. The milkman, if you are up early enough, can usually be relied on for something exclusive; he is about at hours when dark horses and granders are getting ready.

The tradesman tipster, take him for all in all, is a bright spot on the average housewife's landscape, and his advice in the long run is less costly than that for which the self-styled experts ask you to pay.

FROM SUE TO LOU

A Bright Girl's Letters

Dear Lou—
There's
more ways
has one
to break



a date—
if there is an
expensive night
club in town.
Yours, Sue.



Helping Sick Minds Back to Health

A busy mind is a healthy mind, and so psychiatrists have evolved the new treatment of occupational therapy for certain kinds of illness. Many people are sick because they don't know what to do with themselves.

OCCUPATIONAL therapy—the art of encouraging sick minds back to health and an interest in things by keeping the hands occupied in creating something—is still in the experimental stage in Australia, but it is already proving itself a remarkable success.

Both men and women at Broughton Hall, Sydney, work together. The men are making excellent toys and studying cabinet-making, while the women work at all kinds of handicrafts.

At Callan Park, Sydney, the men's work is splendid, but an attempt to interest the women has failed through lack of co-operation.

Barely a year ago an occupational therapy ward in the charge of Miss Lucy Symes was opened at Mount Park Mental Hospital, Melbourne.

Miss Symes, who is a trained nurse, first encountered therapy during the war while working among shell-shocked soldiers overseas, and after the war she took up the same work with the Repatriation Department in Sydney.

The first three months at Mount Park were spent in trying to get the women patients to take even the smallest interest in anything, so the ward can only be said to have been in working order for nine months.

Keep Them Busy

DURING that time 30 young women have returned to their homes, and they are all self-supporting. At first these cured patients are sent out for three months. If all is well during that time they are allowed a further six months; after that time is passed they are out of the hospital's hands.

Women who had nothing to think about but their ills before the ward was opened are cheerfully spending full days making anything from patchwork quilts and aprons to fine Irish crochet mats and exquisite tatting.

Raffia-work, knitting, macramé hats, woolly toys, exquisite artificial flowers, warm wool rugs, and a hundred other things are for sale at Mount Park. They are all the work of women who are sitting together in a pleasant room and through each other learning to mix with people in a social way. They are encouraged to read the papers and discuss the questions of the day.

Nobody is forced to work against her will. If a patient is feeling off color she is allowed to stay in bed or to sit quietly and watch the others at work.

Sometimes her interest will be aroused by an odd piece of material or some balls of wool. She will set to work and invent some toy or gift that is often remarkably ingenious.

Ten per cent. of all articles sold goes to the women who made them. They are given the money and allowed to spend it with any of the tradesmen that call. Many a little luxury tastes all the sweeter because it is bought with money earned. This is one of the many small things that helps to bring back self-respect.

Service To State

To-day, Miss Symes has two wards. The second, where women are making their first steps to convalescence after severe mental illness, is in the care of her assistant, Miss E. Thorne.

Another room has been set aside at the hospital, and soon there will be the beginnings of a men's therapy ward.

Miss Symes does not force her patients to do jobs for which they have no aptitude, and some women who would be unhappy sewing or knitting have found tremendous interest in their lovely garden.

A similar occupational therapy ward is being installed at Kew, and soon they will be sprinkled in mental homes all over the State.

Having proved to the Government that she is doing a real service for the State, Miss Symes is hoping that at some future time there will be a permanent grant for the work. At present, the building of three rooms at Mount Park, which is to be the chief centre for Victoria, seems to be the next step ahead.

More equipment would make the work even more efficient, and materials of all descriptions with which to work are always welcome.

Even ragged old scraps are useful for making into warm and beautiful rag rugs. Gifts of all descriptions come to the ward, the one that travelled the furthest being a case of mangoes from Townsville.



A DAY at The Fair WITH LOWER!

He Has a Gay Time Round the Side Shows

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist



Illustrated by
WEP

I WENT to the Royal Agricultural Society's Show, taking Wep along so I wouldn't get my pocket picked. I got my pocket picked just the same. I think it was Wep.

One of the first things I noticed was a tall, sunburnt chap leaning on a rail, gloomily gazing on a hog.

"THAT bloke," I said to Wep, "was here yesterday. He was standing just as he is now, looking at the same pig. Don't you think we ought to take him away and buy him a drink or give him a couple of bob or something?" "You leave him alone," said Wep. "He's enjoying himself."

"Gracious Scott!" I said. And we went along to see the side shows.

There was the fat lady. We made a bad break there. Wep and I were standing at the ticket office, wondering if we could get in for nothing by saying we were reporters or private detectives or bailiffs.

The girl in the ticket office smiled at me, and while I'm unrolling a smile to do back at her, Wep said, "Well, she's certainly pretty big, but I don't think she weighs fifty-six stone." What the lady in the ticket office said to Wep was worth a guinea a word.

I dragged him away to see the Giant Pygmies. The Biggest Pygmies The World Has Ever Known. Then we saw the Dwarf

Giants. I couldn't get Wep away from the Ferocious Lion outside the Daredevil Cycle Drivers' department. There was a man poking the lion with a toasting-fork to make it roar. All the lion did was yawn. He had laryngitis and very dirty teeth.

I lured Wep away with a promise to buy him a ride on the Sky Rocket, a machine that holds four and was solely invented for the purpose of making you sick. The inventor was the man who put the ill into thrill.

A New Zarara

AFTER I got him off the machine and fanned him I stood him up against one of those machines that you look into and turn a handle and it has a notice on it, "Gentlemen Only," and you've got to fight your way through a crowd of women to get to it. Going by my own youthful experience, I thought he was set for at least an hour, so I went along to see Zarara, The Egyptian Witch and World Famous Phrenologist and Character Reader.

I wanted to find out if I had a character, and, if so, whether it was worth hanging on to. The things that woman told me would astonish you. Something's gone wrong in my life. I should be a millionaire, but one of the lines on my hand has got a dent in it and it's spoilt everything. I'm going to wear gloves in future.

I also have very loose habits, according to Zarara. I felt like slapping her face when she told me. I mean to say, I've got no loose habits. They're all firmly welded to me.

She said that I had to beware of a dark woman who would exercise a strange fascination over me. This was the best bit of news she gave me, and I've been waving to every decent-looking brunette I've seen during the past few days, but, so far, I haven't had a chance to do any bewaring.

Meet Zmbango

COMING away from Zarara's tent, who should I bump into but Zmbango. The Fire Eater From Darkest Africa Captured Alive! It was his lunch hour. "Hello, Lennie," he said. "How's tricks?" "Hello," I replied. "How's things in Darkest Africa?"

"Crook," he said. "We haven't taken two bobs this morning. What about giving us a write-up in your paper? Help things along a bit."

"Sure!" I said. (I always say that, then forget about it.) The last time I saw Zmbango he was Dalmatian and had a full-time job sawing women in halves. He was a man of great energy at one time, dashing about appearing before all the crowned heads of Europe. In these days of Hitlers and Mussolinis he doesn't have to rush around so much.

He told me that he was so sick and tired of appearing before kings and queens that it was a pleasure to talk to a fellow like me. After a while, I began to think he was telling me lies, so I left him and went to find Wep.

Wep had come unstuck from the handle-turning machine, and was missing. My maternal instinct rose up on its hind legs and I became frantic. I dashed off to the Lost Children's tent, expecting to find him sobbing all over a nurse. He was not there. I went into all the bars on the Show Ground. (This took me about three hours.) He was still not there. I found him at last alongside the merry-go-round.

"What the devil are you doing here?" I said, harshly.

He told me that he was laying the odds on the horses on the merry-go-round.

"You hopeless nitwit!" I said in a stricken voice.

"That's all right," he replied. "I've won forty-six shillings."

Wep had evidently discovered somebody dumber than himself, a feat which I had hitherto thought impossible.

The Snake Woman

I LED him gently away and took him to the Snake Woman, The Woman With A Snake's Body And A Human Head. This remarkable girl, the showman told me, spoke fourteen languages. But the pitiful part, he told me, was that she had gone dumb.

I patted him on the back and led Wep away and bought him some Fairy Floss and a balloon, and after I'd had a snack at the punching machine and missed the



An awkward moment at the Show. Lower meets some pugnacious people.

ball and hit the proprietor, I thought it was time to leave. The punching machine man chased me all the way to the gates. Wep burst his balloon.

I tore my horoscope. We got the Fairy Floss mixed up with our tobacco. But, apart from that, a good time was had by all.



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CHINA

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A Stitch in Time — Saves NINE!

DON'T neglect the first symptoms of ill-health. Headaches, a "liver," fullness after meals, or restless nights may be the forerunners of worse trouble.

Best keep your system in fine trim all the time with a regular nightly dose of Bile Beans. Bile Beans are the ideal "stitch in time"—they nip trouble in the bud.

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Every Night Take
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To Keep Ill-Health Away

Sold
Every-
where
by all
Chemists
and
Stores

The LOVE LETTER

A Complete
Short Story

By
**WILL. R.
BIRD**



WHENEVER I see a tired-looking face it reminds me of Jim Bundy. Morning or night, at the front or on leave, he looked the same—as if he were completely worn out. It was his biggest asset in his line of work.

After we got possession of Bellinghuse, in the Mericourt sector, I was made acting-down major. It was a rest from the trenches well enough, but the atmosphere of the place was thick with spy rumors, and the nerves of every person were on edge.

Every remaining wall seemed plastered with German signs. The chief warning was, "Weg von der strasse. Hier findet euch feindliche Flieger." It was on each eastman, and there were other inscriptions as well.

On the second morning I met Bundy coming from a house that had been the headquarters of a Landwehr battalion, and its front was decorated with all manner of German orders.

"Hello," I said. "What did you find in there? Any secrets about their picks and shovels?"

He grinned. "Nothing worth while, Bill," he admitted. Then his face clouded. "This is the toughest job I've ever tackled," he said wearily, "and Brigade is on my neck every hour."

"They can't expect you to perform miracles, old man," I said. "Have you any clues at all, and is there any proof of a spy being around here?"

"There are no clues," he said, "but there's certainly a spy, and a lad who knows his work. Brigade is scared to move a gun forward, for it's simply uncanny the way Fritz gets wise to everything we do. And just because I'm sent up from Division they think I should be able to pick out the lad by the cut of his hair or something like that."

"You're overworked, my lad," I said, trying to cheer him. "How about a little poker to rest your brain? I'm

billeted in the corner house on the square. Ted Colter's in there now, and Tulloy's coming over. Come along."

"Tulloy?" he said. "Yes, that Canadian gunner. His crowd's on our left, you know, and they've had him up here since I came. He's trying to spot the same lad you're after, and you two should work together. He's a decent chap, with a pair of ribbons up, and he plays a good game in spite of the fact that he's a trifle ignorant, or backward. He doesn't know German."

"Doesn't eh?" Bundy grinned again. "That's the colonials for you."

"Rather," I said. "He even asked me what those large signs were." Bundy glanced at the one plastered across the eastman, then jerked around. "Pardon me, Bill," he said. "I guess I'm getting absent-minded. Clean forgot an important detail but I'll be with you inside half an hour. And listen—I'm just an artillery officer. Don't give me away to anybody."

His manner rather surprised me, because he had told me the same thing when we first met, and I had been careful.

Tulloy was at the billet when I got there. He was a tall, fair-complexioned fellow, and clean-built.

"Hello," he said cheerily. "Glad you've come." He liked to play poker. "Colter's here now," I told him. "He's an engineer officer, and he's poking around to make sure the house isn't mined. He's found a few of their booby traps in the town."

"That so?" Tulloy was surprised. "I hadn't heard, but I know that old Heinke is capable of anything. Who can we get to make four?"

I told him. Bundy's an artillery officer, and pretty tired of everything. A little poker will do him good."

Colter came in from the back rooms. He was a thick-set lad, jolly in his way, but taking his war seriously. We

ragged him at every chance. "Did you find any explosives under the bed?" I asked him. "Surely you didn't miss anything?"

"No," he said. "This house is quite all right."

"Hear anything new about the spy?" Tulloy asked.

"Not a thing," Colter was grim. "But the devil gets busier every day. They shot up my headquarters this morning about an hour after we got into a new billet. It's rumored that every man in this area is going to be questioned."

"A darned good idea, too," Tulloy said.

Bundy came in and we introduced him. "Another hard-worked artilleryman," I said.

Bundy looked around. "Nice billet you've got," he said. "Find any souvenirs?"

"Nothing but a bunch of German newspapers," I said. "Want them?"

"Yes," he said. "I like to get their idea of the war."

I tossed him the bundle, and as he caught them a letter slipped out. "What's this?" he said. "Private correspondence, old man?"

We looked at it, and the writing was German. "Read it," Bundy said.

"They write some queer ones at times," Tulloy gazed amusedly as I studied the writing. "Fancy being able to decipher that stuff," he drawled.

IT was a sample of very fair penmanship, and I read the letter aloud.

"My Dearest Heinrich—Why have I not received a letter from you? Otto Benert has the Iron Cross, and him three years younger than you. When can you come home? Our pig is well, but mother has a cough and I have sore eyes. We have heard about London being destroyed. The war must soon end. I dream about you every night. Hoch der Kaiser! Come and love me quickly—Your dearest Bertha."

"And that," Colter grinned. "Is a typical Heinde love-letter. I've read dozens. What's wrong? You leaving?"

Tulloy had let his chair come down suddenly on the floor. He stood up at once, and the blood had drained from his face, but his voice was steady.

"I forgot," he said, looking at his watch. "That I was to meet one of our boys at the square. It's almost noon and I promised to be there at eleven-thirty. I'll see you."

"Stay here!" Bundy spoke abruptly. He had picked up the cards. "You can see him after the game."

"Sorry," Tulloy smiled. "It's really important. I can't possibly stay."

"You'll have to, for a while," Bundy said sharply. "I didn't want to mention it, but staff men from brigade are coming around the billets right now, questioning everybody. I told them there would be four of us here at noon."

Tulloy tried to grin. He sat down and reached for a cigarette. But his knuckles whitened as he gripped the table edge, and tiny beads of perspiration were on his forehead.

Colter looked at him, then at Bundy. "The devil with that order," he said impulsively. "Tulloy will be in town."

The Canadian got up again, using his handkerchief to mop his brow. "I'm just going to see one of our boys a minute," he said. "I won't run away, old man."

BUNDY had not moved from his seat, but a revolver was suddenly in his hand.

"No, you're not going to run away," he said, and there was a strange chill in his voice that thrilled the rest of us. "You're going to wait here until those officers come."

I could feel my face getting red. "Listen Bundy," I said. "This is going too far. You're overworked and your nerves are bad. Tulloy's my guest, and I'm not going to allow..."

It was Tulloy who waved me back. He was standing as if on parade.

"I realise that the game is up," he said calmly, though his face was chalky white. "You have spotted me, somehow, but unless you all wish to be blown to atoms you will get away from this house inside of five minutes."

Please turn to Page 34

HORT BOLBROOK says: Many dainty luxuries can be made with Bolbrooks Anchovy Paste. In its or for just 1/2 lb.

'BRAN TUB' No. 1

THE LATEST PHASE IS A DEMAND

CLAD 8/ LY

THE BODY

6 PL 1/2 S

4th E OR

adv FOX TROT

DIR ION

TRUNKS

SUFFICIENT

'BRAN TUB' £50 MUST BE WON

Can You Solve This Simple Puzzle?

Don't miss this splendid one week competition! It is just a short and easily-worked paragraph about BEACH FASHIONS, which appeared in an Australian paper some time ago, and has now been put into puzzle form by our artist. The opening words, "The latest..." will tell you what it is all about—and for the rest the wording is simple and the sense of the sentence will help you. Each picture or sign may mean part of a word, one, two or three words, but not more than three. Solve the puzzle carefully and write your solution in INK on one side of a sheet of paper. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to—"BRAN TUB" No. 1, BOX 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

All entries must be postmarked not later than TUESDAY, 7th MAY. The First Prize of £50 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution of the paragraph is correct or most nearly correct. In case of ties, the prize money will be divided but the full amount will be paid. Sealed Solution and £50 Prize Money is deposited with "Truth" Ltd., Sydney. A postal note for 1/- must accompany each initial entry, and each additional entry. Stamps not accepted. Any number of attempts may be sent on plain paper. Alternatives in single entries will be disqualified. Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on Saturday, May 18.

Example

SEE
HOW
EASY
IT IS

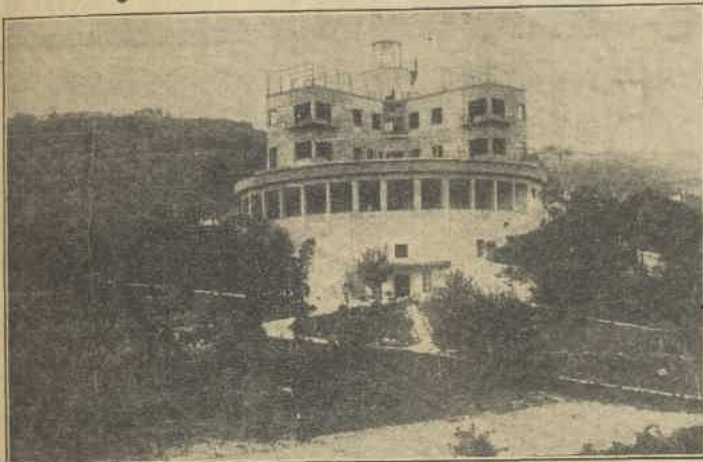
'BRAN TUB' PUZZLES ARE EASY

TO SOLVE AND EACH WEEK SOMEONE MUST WIN FIFTY POUNDS. WHY NOT YOU?

Example

TO WIN
A BIG
CASH
PRIZE!

Sunflower House : Famous Dancer : Peggy Maguire



A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE near Verona, North Italy, which revolves with the sun and is therefore called "Girasole"—meaning sunflower. The upper part is moved by a small electric motor. The inhabitants do not need clocks to tell the time; all they have to do is look out of the window and see the view.



A MODEL HOUSE made entirely of more than 2000 revolver bullets was a feature of the National Hobby Show held in Chicago recently.



THEA HUGHES, of Australia, who is on her way home to start a branch of the Women's League of Health, which has taken England by storm. There are now 60,000 members.



Above: Fascinating Peggy Maguire, the Brisbane girl, heroine of the film "Heritage." The photo was taken by the Duke of Gloucester's official photographer when H.R.H. was in Queensland.

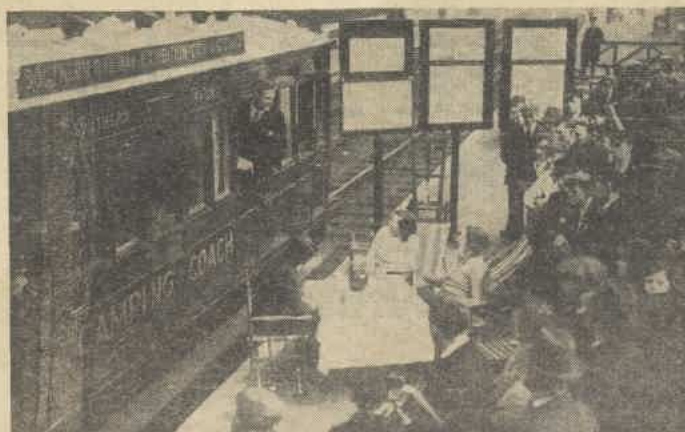
Left: Burglaries have been so bad in one London street that a householder has fitted his house with anti-burglar devices which cost him £2000. Every window and door in his house has specially constructed grilles which make the residence impervious to entry from outside.



ROBERT HELFMAN, the brilliant young Australian, who is acclaimed as the finest male dancer living. He is at present starring in "Stop Press" in London. Later he will leave for New York, where he will dance his "Haunted Ballroom" ballet. His relatives, who have been visiting him in London, are on their way to Australia.



MAKING FLAGS for the Jubilee Celebrations. All the English manufacturers are working at top pressure making thousands of flags for the King's Jubilee celebrations. The occasion has provided a great boom to business in England. Purse strings are loosened, the shops are doing a roaring trade, and everybody is filled with excitement.



An EXHIBITION of the "Jolly Holiday Camping Coaches" was opened at London Bridge station recently. All the freedom and fun of a camping holiday, and none of the inconveniences of a tent or of finding a suitable pitch, is provided by the camping coach, which can be taken anywhere, by rail, at low cost.



This Seamless Hip Foundation Wins Feminine Enthusiasm

Clever women turn to Gossard for new ideas in figure beauty. The startling thing about this new foundation is that the satin finished two-way-stretch elastic is seamed only where it joins the satin panel front, leaving the hips smooth for sheath-like dresses. The lace brassiere top is designed to lift upwards, and the back is cut low.

GOSSARD

Sold by:

Farmer & Co. Ltd. McDowells Ltd.
Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd. Grace Bros. Ltd.
Murray Bros. (Parramatta) Ltd.

IT'S NICER WITH MUSTARD



Always mix mustard yourself—fresh daily. The best results will be obtained if water is used, and the mustard allowed to stand for 10 minutes before using. This ensures the complete release of the essential oils which aid digestion. But—it must be

- Keen's Mustard

K.F. 15

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

Ethel Mannin's Latest Novel is Protest Against War

"Cactus," the latest novel from Ethel Mannin's clever pen, is virtually a woman's protest against war; the cry of a woman who sees her loved ones torn away from her to fight for causes based on doubtful rights and in battles which never seem to produce any lasting good for mankind.

It is a convincing book and one which, read by a generation of women to whom the last conflict is only a faint memory, will, perhaps, bring a realisation of the suffering that another world war will bring in its train.

ELSPETH RODNEY, the central character of the story, is a lonely child. Her only friend is her uncle, Andrew Rodney, a retired sea-captain, who has ideas which shock his conventional family, and which he passes on to his niece. Early in Elspeth's life he dies, leaving her with only a collection of cactus plants on which to spend her affections.

The cactus, that slow-growing, secret plant, taking years to flower and then bursting forth with a rich, passionate bloom, is symbolical of the young woman Elspeth becomes. Her emotional life is quiet, slow in developing. Sharing her thoughts with no one, she grows to womanhood, reaching her late twenties before, on a trip to Germany, she falls in love with a young German, Karl.

This love of the restrained young Englishwoman for a man of different nationality flames out like a scarlet cactus flower. Elspeth becomes fully alive for the first time in her life, only to have her happiness shattered by the outbreak of war.

The rest of the book is mainly the story of her sufferings during the following four years when, working as a landgirl in Scotland, she is tormented by the agony of knowing that her lover is fighting her countrymen and that there are no means of finding out whether he

is dead or alive, or if, in the latter case, he is wounded.

Miss Mannin has developed her theme excellently. Both principal and subsidiary characters are well drawn, acting and speaking naturally. Elspeth's love for Karl might be questioned on the grounds of her love affair with a young German prisoner, through whom she suffers her second great shock, but a little thought will show how logical this affair is. Karl, the prisoner, is merely a substitute for Karl, and in loving and comforting him Elspeth is really satisfying her longing to spend these emotional riches on her real lover.

AFTER the lapse of fifteen years the unbridled hatred shown by Elspeth's relatives for all things German may seem to be overcoloured and out of perspective. Actually this is not so: people were like that while the fighting was going on. Anyone during that time who suggested that an individual German could be anything but a murderer, a beast, and a ravisher was branded as disloyal.

One realises, reading this book, that Miss Mannin feels deeply on the subject she has chosen for her novel. It has a quality of sincerity which must be recognised even by those who might be against her views. And even those must realise, too, the truth of her contention, namely, that after all the shouting and the tumult has died very little comes out of victory but maimed bodies, broken lives, and interminable lists of dead.

"Cactus" is finished artistically. A happy ending, in the accepted sense, was obviously impossible, but the author has managed to round off her story in a more mellow manner than might have been expected. There is a fitness, too, in the picture of Elspeth Rodney in 1924 filling for her second cousin, the child Chloe, the position that, in her own childhood, was filled by Uncle Andy. The cycle is complete: in Elspeth there has been a growing and a flowering, even if destruction followed closely on that first fine blooming. The younger generation—personified in Chloe—now takes up the thread of living.

"Cactus," Ethel Mannin. (Jarrolds; our copy The Roycroft.)

SHORT... REVIEWS

"SECOND OFFICER," "Taffrail," "Taffrail"—Captain Patrell Dorrill, D.S.O.—can always be relied upon for a rattling good sea yarn, and this, his latest book, is no exception. Geoffrey Chancellor was a youth with naval traditions behind him, his uncle having been killed at Jutland, and his maternal grandfather decorated at the age of 64 for a gallant engagement with a U boat. It is scarcely any wonder that Geoffrey had set his heart on a naval career; but exigencies of finance, largely due to the fact that his father was killed on the Somme in 1917, made that out of the question. So Geoffrey did the next best thing, and when the reader meets him he is already at the age of 26, second officer of the Red Anchor, a cargo steamer. She was bound for New Zealand to load frozen meat. That does not read like the prelude to thrilling adventures, but when we find that the vessel carried some £70,000 worth of silver currency, one begins to suspect that all will not be entirely well with her. That the pirates who attacked (yes, really, truly, and most villainous pirates), and captured her, but did not obtain possession of the treasure is, perhaps, a pity, for they would surely have been punished by the ensuing disappointment at the intrinsic value of their treasure. They were eventually routed in the most approved fashion, and, in the end, the ship was recaptured largely by the efforts of Chancellor.

There was also aboard, as the pirates discovered, an even more desirable treasure than the specie, at least in the eyes of the second officer. Suffice it to say, however, that all ended quite happily, and Geoffrey got his reward.

One does not wish to be too critical with this type of novel, but one's credulity is a trifle strained by some of the fortuitous circumstances. However, it is an eminently readable yarn. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"CHECKERED PATHS" Margaret Pedler. This interesting collection of short stories will probably be ranked among the most popular books that this author has given us. They are simply told, and deal with human problems in a way that will make a general appeal. The dust jacket states that they are "stories of modern marriage," but in each instance the romance ends happily. (Hodder and Stoughton; Angus and Robertson.)

HORST HOLBROOK says: A nice, dainty delicacy—but buttered toast, then spread a little of Holbrook's Anchovy Paste. & & &



MR. ION IDRIESS, whose latest book is reviewed on this page.

PATROLS of the NORTH

AN Australian author who would certainly head the list of local best sellers, Ion L. Idriess, has produced another well-written and interesting book in "Mantracks."

Even to-day, when frontiers are disappearing all over the world, Mr. Idriess has succeeded in showing us, on our own back doorstep, a country where all the qualities of our old-time pioneers are still in evidence and where justice is not the power that it is in civilised communities.

"Mantracks" deals, in the main, with the police of North and North-West Australia, men whose patrols and man-hunts carry them over thousands of miles and whose equipment for these perilous journeys is made up of a few stoves, arms and inexhaustible courage.

Not one of the least interesting aspects of this very interesting book is the space given to aboriginal wrongdoers. Despite their crimes, one cannot help admiring these savages who, resisting the encroachment of the whites, persist in trying to fight off the intruders, and, in doing so, come up against the barrier of a police force which, though numerically small, never abandons a chase. Some of these aborigines are men of great prowess and local fame, and it is in telling of their exploits that Mr. Idriess excels.

"Mantracks" is a book that is valuable not only as interesting reading, but as a record of a phase of Australian life that will soon be only a memory.

"Mantracks." By Ion L. Idriess. (Angus & Robertson.)

Essential for restful sleep!

Cosy, night-long warmth for little men and women!



After busy days at school and play healthy children must have deep, unbroken slumber. So, keep them cosy with downy Challenge Blankets. They are fleecy and soft... giving full warmth without excessive weight. Challenge Blankets, too, are extra durable. They do not wear bare. They wash beautifully. And, every Challenge Blanket is guaranteed odourless, free from filling and proof against loss of weight or shape. Look for the Label on

Challenge BLANKETS

BC 10

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by L. W. LOWER "Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



REVEREND VISITOR: And don't you ever say prayers before your meals, my boy?
MODERN CHILD: Oh, no! Dad says our cook's pretty reliable.

"You poor old married man, I bet the way you're watched is nobody's business."
"You're wrong. It's the detective agency's business!"



"Who're yer looking at?"
"You! You gave me a dirty look."
"Well, yer 'ave got a dirty look, but I didn't give it to yer, so 'elp me."

"Somehow, dear, I've never had the urge to take up swimming."

"I've a machine in this shop that would make me a millionaire if I could keep it working all day."
"What is it?"
"A cash register."

Liverish people for 3 generations

Our fathers' fathers' fathers used Warner's Safe Cure . . . successfully . . . against all functional disorders of liver and kidneys. Hundreds of letters on our files indicate that Warner's Safe Cure is just as effective today as it was sixty years ago. This letter from a grateful Carlton user:

"I was suffering severely from pains in the back, giddiness and severe headaches, caused through acute kidney and liver trouble. After different treatments for twelve months, without any relief, I was advised to try Warner's Safe Cure. I gave the medicine a trial, and to my surprise the pain became less acute. I continued to improve, and after a few bottles I was quite restored to health."

Miss E. Stewart, 88 Station St., Carlton, Vic. Backache, rheumatism, sciatica, failing appetite, sleeplessness, biliousness, disordered nerves, neuralgia, etc., are symptoms of liver or kidney trouble.

Warners Safe Cure

Sold everywhere by chemists and storekeepers, in both the original 5/- bottles and the cheaper concentrated (non-alcoholic) form at 2/9.

Brainwaves

Prize of 2/6 paid for each joke used

ROBINSON: It's really wonderful what some insects can do. A grasshopper can jump two hundred times its length.
ADAMS: That's nothing. I once saw a wasp raise a fourteen-stone man three feet off the ground.

WORKMAN: I should like to ask for a small rise in my salary. I have just been married.

Employer: Very sorry, but I can't help you. We are not responsible for accidents that happen to our workmen outside the factory.

"MAY I call on you?" he asked the girl he met at the surf.
"Certainly not. I wouldn't think of it," she snapped.

"Oh, I didn't mean to-night," he countered. "I meant one wet and miserable night when I had nothing else to do."

"ALL this is my wife's idea, you know," said Newlywed, as he showed his friend over his new and luxurious home. "Magnificent! But surely you've had a voice in the matter?" asked his friend.
"Yes, I've—had the invoice," came the unexpected reply.

FIRST LANDLADY: I manage to keep my boarders much longer than you do.

Second Landlady: Oh, I don't know, you keep them so thin that they look much longer than they really are.

MRS. HAYFORK (in country post office): Anything for me?

Postmaster: I don't see nothing.

Mrs. Hayfork: I was expectin' a letter or post-card from Aunt Spriggs tellin' what day she was comin'.

Postmaster (calling to his wife): Did you see a post-card from Mrs. Hayfork's Aunt Sally?

His Wife: Yes, she's comin' on Monday.

He may be too weak with his drives or too strong with his putts—but he is perfect with his shoe polish . . .

A Kiwi shoe for him!



KIWI POLISHES . . . PROTECTS and PRESERVES the LEATHER

KIWI

BLACK POLISH The Quality Boot Polish TAN POLISH

TAN—All Shades



White Cleaner and Cream

NET 7/6

**Look at it!
Remember it!
Be sure you ask for it!**



LACONIA BLANKETS know no equal. They are definitely Australia's finest. Their thick, fleecy nap soon soothes you to sleep. Their fresh fragrance has a drowsing effect. Their lightness shields you from tiring weight. Their generous proportions provide warmth from head to toe. They are odorless, free from filling, and of standard weight and size. You cannot get better value for your money. Remember the label—ask for it by name! If unable to obtain, write or phone The Laconia Mills, South Melbourne. M3105.

Your Glasses should suit the occasion



Consult your optometrist, who is registered by the Government and fully qualified to correct all errors of vision. He can show you the very latest in eyewear especially suited to your type.

For Your Eyes' Sake consult an Optometrist once a year

Inserted by the Eyesight Preservation Council.

WHAT RADIO Offers to LISTENERS...

A Wealth of Features from 2GB

To-day radio offers its listeners an amazing diversity of entertainment and service, but the many features we have come to expect from the broadcasting stations have developed as a result of the work of those who pioneered radio entertainment.

FEW people know as much how these features developed as Miss Doris Gowland, who for eight years has assisted Mr. A. E. Bennett in watching over the destiny of 2GB.

These days, 2GB's programmes are so filled with features that it is almost impossible to squeeze new ones in. Just consider this selection:

Inspector Scott

DO you like a thriller? Not everybody does, of course, although high Ministers of State are said to be among their most devoted readers. These women who share their liking will certainly have welcomed the recent return of Inspector Scott of Scotland Yard to 2GB. Inspector Scott is the most famous detective character yet created by an Australian writer. His cases are again being broadcast each week, nightly, at 7.50.

The Storyteller

DO you like to hear a good story well told? In Australia women have carried off most of the laurels as writers of fiction. There are certainly no four men novelists to equal Henry Handel Richardson.

2GB Highlights

SATURDAY (April 27).—2.30: In a Clock Store. 6.8: Feature Session—Irish Melodies. 7.45: Darby and Joan. 9.0: Ellis Price in "A Woman of Letters." 9.30: Feature Session—Joseph Muscat and Richard Tanber.

SUNDAY (April 28).—3.15: Face to Face with Rossini. 3.30: Pages From the Past. 6.30: Jones and Hare and Dajos Bela and his orchestra. 7.0: C. Haurapadass, M.A. (Cantab.).—Theosophy and Art. 8.15: Memories of Naples. 8.45: George Edwards in "The Collector." 9.45: A. M. Pooley. 10.0: Evening Song.

MONDAY (April 29).—10.45: George Edwards in "Clive of India." 11.45: Dorothea Vautier—People in the Limelight. 2.45: Radio School of Domestic Science. 4.0: Hand-hooked Rugs. 6.8: The Missing Link. 7.50: George Edwards as Inspector Scott in "The Case of the Sleeping Scientist." 8.45: "Count of Monte Cristo." 9.0: Ellis Price—"Life's Little Ironies." 10.15: 2GB Political Commentator.

TUESDAY (April 30).—3.30: Dorothea Vautier—Musical Personalities. 6.35: The Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven. 6.45: The Voice of the People. 8.5: Love-making Inc. 9.35: George Edwards as "The Man Who Held Out Against the World."

WEDNESDAY (May 1).—4.8: Glen Southern—The Voice From Hollywood. 7.15: A Straight Talk by the Premier. 8.0: Moments of Melody With the Hulbers. 9.0: Happy Harmony From Russia. 10.0: "The Trial of the Wainwrights."

THURSDAY (May 2).—10.0: Richard Want, B.A.—"The History of Science." 9.15: The Birth of the British Nation—Bodilica.

FRIDAY (May 3).—12.15: Claire E. Byrne—Defective Speech. 9.15: Wonderful London—Cyril James. 9.30: A. M. Pooley—International Affairs.

Katharine Pritchard, Helen Simpson and Christina Stend. As readers, too, they outnumber the men, so that Ellis Price, as the Story-teller, is programmed at just the right time to get a large audience—2.0 o'clock, with lunch over and the dishes washed up and put away.

Clive of India

ARE you fond of history? History offers an ever-changing panorama of interest to the writer of dramas, and George Edwards has found in history some wonderful material for the radio actor. His next venture into the field of radio drama is to be "Clive of India." This is based on the very successful play of that name which has recently been made into a film. It tells the story of Clive and the woman he loved. The older historians say little of her, but as this drama tells, she played a most romantic part in the life of the Empire Builder. "Clive of India" will be broadcast as special entertainment for the women at 10.45 each month.



DORIS GOWLAND, who was one of the original members of the staff of 2GB, and still plays her part in the station's development.

The Elections

ARE you interested in politics?

Women are accused of not being interested in politics any more, since they got the vote. Perhaps the reason is that the average politician is not concerned with the things that interest women. But at election time everybody must know something about the issues, and so by tuning in to 2GB you can hear speeches putting the case for each party, and on the night of the elections progress reports of the results.

SKIN VERY RED AND INFLAMED

Pimples Over Face, Chest and Back. Healed by Cuticura.

"Pimples broke out over my face, chest and back. They were scattered on my cheeks, and in blotches on my chin and forehead, the skin being very red and inflamed. They became very itchy, causing much loss of sleep. Scratching caused eruptions, and the pimples formed a head and festered."

"I was advised to write for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I bought more, and now I am completely healed after using them about four months." (Signed) Mrs. F. Mahomed, c/o Mr. W. Mattercan, Naughton's Gap, Via Casino, N.S.W.

Cuticura Talcum is cooling, soothing and comforting to tender, aching, burning feet.

Sample each Soap, Ointment and Talcum free. Address: R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.

ECZEMA SKIN AND SCALP DISEASES

Succeeding even when specialists have been tried, Mr. J. J. McHugh, the brilliant young Sydney consulting chemist, has become famous for the complete relief of many cases of skin diseases considered hopeless. His remarkable success is due to his secret formula and unique methods of personal diagnosis. One of the most amazing cases of Eczema successfully treated by Mr. J. J. McHugh is that of an Ashfield woman, who had suffered for over the years and had spent over £200 in unsatisfactory treatment of all kinds, without relief.

Mr. McHugh's formula has won him fame throughout Australia and New Zealand, and even in U.S.A., for successful treatment of Eczema, Psoriasis, Corns, Nails, Varicose Veins, Ulcers, Tropical Ringworm (Tinea), Scabies, Scurf, Dandruff, Ringworm, Acne, Pimples, and similar distressing complaints. His treatment ranks among the remarkable advances made in medical science. Hundreds of sufferers have been effectively treated by post as well as personally. The Australian Women's Weekly readers are invited to write enclosing stamped envelope for full details of treatment to Mr. J. J. McHugh, Ph.D., Consulting Chemist, 124W Liverpool Street (First Floor), opposite Bowers, Sydney.

ROUTES: Monday to Thursday, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Friday, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. Saturday, 9.30 a.m. to 12 noon. Phone: STATION 2222.

Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

THE COBRA: Head of a world-wide criminal organisation and possessed of magic powers, has stolen papers which could plunge the nations into war.

soon have been overwhelmed by The Cobra's magic but for the aid of

MANDRAKE: The Master Magician, and The Cobra's deadly enemy, and

LOTHAR: Mandrake's Nubian slave. The party traces The Cobra to his castle in the Kilgar Pass, but here they are trapped. In this gloomy pile The Cobra's magic is stronger than Mandrake's, but the latter casts around for means of escape.

INSPECTOR SHELDON: U.S. Secret Service, sets out to recover these documents. Accompanying him are

BARBARA: His daughter, and

TOMMY LORD: His assistant. But the three would

Now read on.

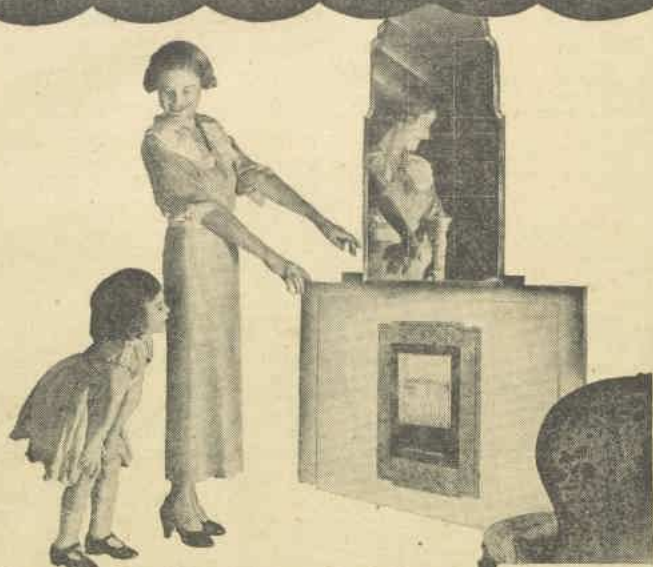
OUR FINE PICTURE SERIAL:
ROMANCE, THRILLS, MAGIC

THIS WEEK'S HIGHLIGHT...
THE DUNGEON OF DEATH



HOME IS HOME

With the Healthy Comfort of a Modern Gas Fire



The only trouble with a modern gas fire is that you never want to leave it! Its glowing radiant heat warms you in such a friendly manner; and its automatic ventilating action keeps the air so pure and pleasant, that you'll find your gas-fired room almost too popular. Then the styles in which the new gas fires have been designed are so smartly modern, they're worth lots for their decorative charm alone. Don't forget, doctors recommend gas fires for your health.

A modern gas fire is easy to buy—(deposits from 10/-); it is very economical to use and will be installed in your home for a special concession.

Call in at The Australian Gas Light Company's showroom in Pitt Street and see the new gas fires on display . . . or write or 'phone us to send you a descriptive booklet.

THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY, SYDNEY. 'PHONE M 6503

WILL CHECK Fake Career SCHOOLS

Beauty Culture Classes to Start at Sydney Technical College

Recently The Australian Women's Weekly drew attention to the manner in which unscrupulous people are running "schools" and "colleges" purporting to train boys and girls for careers. Hairdressing, beauty culture, and commercial training were mentioned as spheres in which these people "guaranteed" proficiency.

Official action that will to some extent safeguard those desiring to take up one of these vocations is now being taken. From the first week of next month, lessons in hairdressing and beauty culture will be given at Sydney Technical College, Ultimo.

A full course of study has been mapped out, and parents and pupils will be able to rely upon it as adequate for all purposes.

WITH the inauguration of classes at the Sydney Technical College next month a new era in the teaching of hairdressing and beauty culture should begin.

Hitherto it has been a case of go as you please. Anyone could—and for that matter still can—purport to teach pupils their trade in a few weeks. There has been no check on the instruction given, and no standard by which its value can be gauged.

Thousands of girls and women in New South Wales have suffered at the hands of imperfectly-trained operators. That there are many competent teachers in Sydney is admitted, but they are always liable to be outnumbered by the others.

The move for a better-regulated state of affairs has come from the Hairdressers' and Wigmakers' Union, of which Mr. J. F. O'Reilly is the energetic secretary.

"For many years," Mr. O'Reilly said to a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly, "our union has been urging on the Government the necessity of conducting hairdressing classes at the Sydney Technical College. The reply always was that money was not available. Certain people, scenting the opportunity of making money, started privately-conducted classes, where they purported to teach the trade in from three to six months."

"The result has been that the industry has been flooded with incompetent operators, and serious injury has been done to the business."

AN opportunity for reliable instruction under competent teachers will be afforded to the legion of young

women who are thinking of the cult of beauty as a profession. Classes will begin at the Technical College on May 1.

The Government has made room available, but the cost of equipping an undertaking of this kind and making the teaching centre look like a real beauty parlor has been borne by the union.

The instructor in charge will be Miss Bilda Venn, who has had 12 years' experience of all branches of the trade and whose long association with Farmers and Co. is a guarantee of efficiency.

In addition to such subjects as permanent waving, marcel and wave waving, the course includes all forms of beauty culture work.

Most women understand the advantages, if not the necessity, of face treatment. Its varieties are infinite. The removal of wrinkles, moles, freckles, etc., is only a part of the scheme. The

On Display at David Jones' Model

Viennese Jumper

THE enchanting lace jumper, featured on page 43, which was chosen from a collection of Viennese knitwear by our overseas fashion expert, is now on display in David Jones' wool department, Ground Floor.

"Gerda," knitting expert to The Australian Women's Weekly, copied the original on its arrival, materials for which were courteously supplied by David Jones'. Full directions for making will also be found on page 43.

need for skill and expert knowledge in connection with the treatment of physical blemishes does not need to be emphasized.

The announcement that classes are to begin at the Technical College has brought a rush of applications to the secretary, whose offices are at the Sydney Trades Hall. Parents of daughters looking for an interesting and remunerative employment are deeply interested.

No Class Distinction

INTENDING pupils are from all ranks of society. There are no class distinctions in this calling. The would-be operator is presumed to have a sense of beauty and refinement. Given that qualification, plus ordinary intelligence and a will to learn, the path to business success is open.

Male students are not debarred. Some of the most accomplished exponents of ladies' hairdressing in Australia are men.

"Of all the hairdressers I know," remarked Mr. O'Reilly, "I do not know one who dislikes the profession." This is confirmed from many quarters. "It is just the work I would love" is what you hear from the average Sydney girl.

The full course provides for instruction over four years, but the willing pupil can, by intensive study, become proficient enough in two years or even less to embark with confidence on a business of her own. The standard wage for a woman hairdresser is £2/17/6, but it is the ambition of practically every student to build up a business of her own.

For those who intend to join the classes next month an entrance fee of £6/6/- will be charged, to be returned at the conclusion of the course. The instruction costs about 10/- a week.

It will not be necessary for pupils to wait the full two years before securing engagements, as they will be eligible for vacancies in the trade when such occur. If their employment is only temporary, they will be able to return to the College to complete the course.

BACKACHE

Makes you Look and Feel so Old
HERE IS SOUND ADVICE

But act quickly. Get a box of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills from your chemist, and take them as directed. This is the right thing to do, for De Witt's Pills contain ingredients which enable your kidneys to extract the harmful uric acid from your system—just as Nature intended they should—and when you get rid of this harmful uric acid, your back will cease aching.

Nothing else will do. You cannot obtain the same results by any other means. Rubbing with embrocations or liniments would probably aggravate the trouble, and add to your suffering. But relief quickly follows the use of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, and you know the pain is not likely to return, because, by taking De Witt's Pills, you have got rid of the cause.

ACT QUICKLY

Don't wait, or the pain will get worse. Don't experiment with things you think may do you good. Get the remedy that has been used with success all over the world for nearly fifty years. Heed the good advice of those who have already used the remedy.



Watch for such symptoms as puffiness under the eyes, heaviness of the limbs, swollen feet or ankles, foul breath, scalding pains, gravel or stone. These symptoms usually precede attacks of Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago or serious Kidney Trouble, and much suffering and expense may be saved by quickly getting a box of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, price 3/6, or larger, more economical size, 6/6 from your chemist to-day.



TAKE TWO TO-NIGHT

Take two of De Witt's Pills to-night, and in the morning you will see, feel and know for certain that they are doing you good.

De Witt's Kidney & Bladder Pills

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page recently.

So They Say

IT'S YOUR PAGE
The "So They Say" page is your page. You can write what you like in it, about what—and how—you like! No topic under the sun, if it is interesting, will be banned! So go ahead and get that pet theory of yours off your chest.

CONTROL OF TEMPER

WHY should people be proud of an uncontrollable temper? I have often heard quite a nice-looking young woman boast that she has a simply awful temper. It always sounds to me as though she is afraid that she looks too mild, and wishes to create the impression that she has a supply of fiery Spanish blood for use on suitable occasions.

When people lose their tempers, they are simply advertising the fact that they are unable to deal with the situation which has arisen, and are taking refuge from cold fact in violence. Surely that is nothing to be proud of! And so many of the fiery young tempers consist of a nasty childish fit of sulks!

£1 for this letter to Miss C. G. Barton, 121 Powlett St., East Melbourne, Vic.

BOOK CLUB

HERE is a suggestion for those, like myself, who often stand with nose pressed to booksellers' windows, coveting the crisp, gay jackets and dull Russian leathers within.

Few of us care to pay 7/6 for a novel when libraries supply our needs so efficiently, but we all hanker after a collection of perennial friends from the classics, illustrated books of famous paintings and music, biographies and travel books.

A book club is an excellent idea. Suppose ten members each subscribed 1/- per fortnight. Then each member, in rotation, could choose and purchase for himself a book costing 10/-, which would be borrowed by the other members, but finally become the property of the selector. Of course, other numbers could be adopted as desired.

An office, a University, a school staff, a shop, will all offer opportunity for the formation of such a club—a more or less permanent collection of people with approximately similar means, education and tastes.

Mrs. G. L. Moore, 29 Military Road, South Henley, S.A.

OBSOLETE LEGALITIES

CAN anyone explain why, if we have progressed since the days of the town crier with his "Oyes!", we still retain the obsolete literature of his day in most matters connected with law?

Why should an average contract (purposely hatched up in "heretofore" and "hereinafter" and the "said") be so unintelligible to anyone but a disciple of this expensive art?

For example, to ship a parcel of goods requires a voluminous contract in most cases, in which the company sets out to tell you its responsibility in some 10,000 closely-set words which no one but the compositor ever reads. (A 219, because the chunks about sudden death, murders, acts of God, fire, tempest, storms, gales, lightning, and thunder, reach a fair pitch of dramatic art.)

Why take the trouble to cover oneself on the negative aspect when a couple of straightforward sentences stating the only liabilities could easily cover all?

Miss Betty Wright, 6 Llewellyn St., Lindfield, N.S.W.

TO PREVENT SICKNESS

WHEN will we become enlightened, and have health centres for lectures, or advice on diet, the all-important subject, and on the prevention of sickness?

In China, doctors are paid to prevent illness. Here they are paid to cure, where a cure is often impossible. So many illnesses are caused by the wrong food—the wrong ways of living. We should be taught how to prevent the blood from getting into a condition which causes rheumatism, neuritis, arthritis—even cancer. Some lack of resistance against disease must be present.

Surely clever scientists can help us to live correctly, and not have to wait for advice until disease is present.

Kathleen E. White, 6 Myall Av., Kensington Gardens, Adelaide.

There's Loneliness Both in City And in Country

I DO not agree with Mrs. E. D. Gregory (6/4/35) re loneliness in the city. To me the city pulsates with life and energy; the very atmosphere seems to signify warmth and friendliness. There are scores of people willing to aid and befriend you; there is a variety of good entertainment, and above all, there exists between the majority of citizens a feeling of kinship and friendliness.

In my opinion, if people are lonely in the city, then they have themselves to blame.

Miss M. Crawford-Smith, 10 Brightmore St., Cremorne, N.S.W.

Friendly Country Ways

YES, indeed, after living in a friendly country town, where everyone knows and helps everyone else in some small way, it's strange to meet the open suspicion of most city people towards strangers, and it is doubtful if all the attractions the city offers can ever compensate for the warm, friendly ways of country folk.

Mrs. A. Fittin, Melclabur, Apsley St., Penhurst, N.S.W.

City Has the Advantage

RE being lonely in the city (6/4/35). It is only natural that we must see hundreds of unfamiliar faces in the city. Nevertheless one can have just as many good friends in the city as we can in the country.

Because of the number of persons in a city we can choose our friends to suit us. We have no such choice in the country, and have to be satisfied with the few who are on the spot. These few are so mixed up in the town's activities that we meet them everywhere, and you know the old saying about familiarity! Unless we live as hermits, we meet them every day and everywhere.

J. G. Taylor, Leslie St., Bardon, Qld.

City Lonely

MANY times I have talked to strangers, and they have confided in me, as to how lonely the city is to one who comes here alone. It's a pity we could not devise some means of introducing visitors to one another, or have some way of making them feel more at home in the cities. In the country people are so pleased to see strangers that they invariably make them welcome.

Mrs. H. Benfield, 134 Alice St., Brisbane.

This Attitude Towards Australian Books

AS one whom only will-power enabled to finish "The Way Home," the second part of Henry Handel Richardson's famous trilogy, "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony," I consider the writers themselves are most to blame for the reading public's neglect of their books. If I, a University graduate, keenly interested in literature, find many of these "high-water mark" novels distinctly heavy, what of the average reader? Reading such books calls for mental effort, and a public which reads chiefly for entertainment will not make that effort.

It is useless to scold readers because they have tastes and opinions of their own. They read what they like, just as the author, presumably, writes what he (or she) likes. When the two tastes coincide, there will be no need for complaint about a book's reception or sales.

Mary L. Lane, Quantong, Vic.

I Agree

THE opinion of J. Riley (6/4/35) that Australian authors should be given the needed encouragement in their own land should be brought forward with greater persistence.

If this beautiful land is ever to take its place in the literary world, it must be allowed to use its own talents, which are plentiful and of the highest quality.

We value our opals and other wealth, so why not value just as highly the intellectual wealth of our people and give them the opportunity of placing Australia on the literary map for ever?

C. S. de Mass, 9 The Avenue, Ashfield, N.S.W.

Still Young

THERE is a national "inferiority complex" about literature written here. Nobody dares to pronounce judgment, good or bad, until overseas critics have given a lead. Authors themselves "write down" to Australian audiences, fearing that the bold style of a Huxley may offend, or shoot over their readers' heads.

Time will correct the faults. Americans talked very small once. To-day their literature is almost an original culture.

Muriel Dessatz, Norwood Court, Moore St., Bondi, N.S.W.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

ERNST LUBITSCH

CONSIDERS 13 HIS LUCKY NUMBER. THERE ARE 13 LETTERS IN HIS NAME. HE STARTED MAKING "THE MERRY WIDOW" ON FRIDAY, THE 13TH, AND FINISHED IT ON ANOTHER FRIDAY, THE 13TH.

CHIC SALE

IS PREPARING FOR HIS FIRST STAGE PLAY, ALTHOUGH HE HAS BEEN A STAR OF THE MUSICAL COMEDY STAGE, RADIO, VAUDEVILLE AND FILMS FOR 25 YEARS.

MIRIAM HOPKINS

MOST HIGHLY PRIZED POSSESSION IS A CONFEDERATE SEAL WHICH HAS BEEN IN HER FAMILY SINCE THE CIVIL WAR.

GEORGE RAFT

HAD TO LET THE NAIL ON THE LITTLE FINGER OF HIS RIGHT HAND GROW A HALF INCH FOR HIS PART IN "LIMEHOUSE NIGHTS" IN WHICH HE APPEARS AS A HALF-CASTE CHINESE.

Why Must One Be Educated to Appreciate Art?

MRS. TURNER raises an interesting topic for discussion.

I think that art, to be fully appreciated, must be understood, but it does not involve education above the average. At the same time, there must be some knowledge of the rudiments of any branch of art before it can be really enjoyed.

Looking at a fine painting gives me pleasure, but there is much that I do not really see in it.

Listening to a musician interpreting the music of Beethoven, and having myself studied its form and construction, my enjoyment is complete, for I can follow the composer's train of thought and understand how he has grouped his ideas so that they form a complete and perfect whole.

Miss Lily Gillett, 46 Foreman St., St. Peters, N.S.W.

Must Have Educated Mind

RE Mrs. James Turner's letter (6/4/35). I find that those persons who really derive genuine pleasure from art of the so-called highbrow type are those who have received a good education or are self-educated, although they may possess no technical knowledge of art. The educated mind is trained and developed to a higher degree, and is there-

THE WOMAN'S VOTE

WOULDNT it be a good plan to have separate ballot boxes for males and females at all elections? Many aspects could then be studied, such as whether women show the same preference as men; whether they support their own sex when a woman seeks election, etc., and it would definitely let the politician know exactly what the women of his electorate thought of his conduct during his term in Parliament. The extra expense would be very small indeed.

Mrs. J. Dwyer, 3 Union Flats, Union St., Paddington, N.S.W.

fore able to perceive beauty more readily. All our lives our minds are guided and directed along certain lines. And so with art. We must educate ourselves to it before we can fully appreciate and understand it.

Miss E. Healey, 139 Raleigh St., Thornbury N17, Melbourne.

Appreciation

WITH reference to Mrs. James Turner's letter (6/4/35), I, too, think that it is not necessary to be educated to appreciate art. But note that I say "appreciate," not "understand." Many of us see a beautiful painting, a beautiful piece of sculpture, read an author's work of art, and come in close contact with other works of art, too, and we can appreciate these, whatever our particular viewpoint may be.

But there is another standpoint from which we can look at this problem: If an artist looks at another's work of art, an author reads another writer's book, surely they are more capable of understanding what is meant by the producer than someone not versed in that art! They will see the underlying forces which have been at work in the mind of the author, and therefore they will understand his work.

Miss E. M. Sadler, Yarra Glen, Vic.

Study the Age

YES, Mrs. Turner, it is very necessary to be educated to understand and appreciate real art. It is not essential to have a knowledge of chiselling marble or mixing colors, but it is necessary to have studied the age in which the artist worked.

What sparsely-educated person could understand the perfection of the Venus de Milo or the wisdom of the Lemnian Athena, goddess of War, by Phidias, the greatest sculptor in the heroic age of Greek art?

Being "educated up" to this art, we remember that a great artist never works lightly or thoughtlessly, and we look to find his meanings in his work. Then we can thoroughly appreciate it and enjoy it.

Lotus Masui, Arcadia, Londonderry, N.S.W.

TRUE TO LIFE

TO instil into the rising generation a liking for beautiful speech, an appreciation of good literature, and a thorough understanding of artistic values, the first necessity is to teach and impress upon their minds a love of truth. For, in the case of books, plays, songs, paintings, and statues, don't we assess their worth by comparing them to nature? Actors, authors, and sculptors desire no higher praise than the assurance that their portrayal is "true to life."

To support my theory, I should like to quote from the works of one of the poets of our time—Kipling—who says:

And what is Art, whereto we press Through paint, and prose, and rhyme, When Nature in her nakedness Defeats us every time?

Miss M. Thompson, 110 Balmain St., Richmond E1, Melbourne.

ETIQUETTE



BE SURE that jewellery you wear suits the occasion. Don't wear earrings with sports clothes.

REARRYING

WHY is there a distinct line drawn between men and women when it comes to their remarrying? Anyone would think they were marked off sharply instead of being similar temperamentally and physically. When a man loses his wife his women friends immediately look upon him with a possessive eye. But let a widow cast around for another mate and the whole female community tears her to bits—the worst offenders being the already married. In most native races the widow has a bad time, but surely we have progressed further than natives! Adult families are peculiarly selfish about the mother remarrying, so that she generally finds herself living a lonely old age, unless she becomes the unpaid help of the married sons and daughters.

Jean Amiel, 8 Arthursleigh St., Burwood, N.S.W.

DOING HER BIT

IF it is true that "in youth lies the hope of world peace" (30/3/35), then I feel that I am doing my share. I have correspondents all over the world—Peru, British Guiana, Burma, India, and in several European countries. To most of my correspondents I write in English, while they reply either in French, Italian, or English. I write regularly to students of various nationalities at Oxford. I have come to think quite differently about the Chinese since Yim, my Chinese correspondent of Oxford, writes that he intends spending all his wit and wealth (which is extensive), in fighting infantile paralysis.

So here's luck to the youthful League of International Penfriends.

K. J. M. Blard, 230 Vulture St., 8th, Brisbane.

DON'T HESITATE

HAVING read many times that an author should put his work away for six months, and then re-read it when all the faults will be easily seen, I tried the same method with some ideas of my own.

However, after seeing four of my pet ideas which had been put away written up by someone else, I decided to risk sending things in at once, in future.

It almost seems as if there are thought waves, like waves of sound, and someone else must have tuned-in to my particular wave.

Mrs. G. S. Stockwell, Dayboro, Qld.



Beauty comes from internal cleanliness

A clear complexion and eyes that sparkle with the joy of living are only possible when the system is kept clean and free from constipation

Chamberlain's Tablets rid you of constipation gently but surely—they tone and purify sluggish intestines and restore to you the beauty that is rightly yours

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FOR THE STOMACH & LIVER

A BEAUTY CREAM

should preserve the suppleness of your skin and its velvety appearance—if it contains itself by masking imperfections—it is that your Beauty Cream is not active.

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years as the greatest comfort for

SOFT FEET, also good for Rheu-

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AUSTRALIAN Tells of RUSSIA To-DAY

Traveller's Story of Extraordinary Conditions Under Soviet Regime

No country in the world arouses greater curiosity to-day than Russia.

It is a social laboratory where on a grand scale millions of human beings are acting as data in a vast experiment.

Ripley, of "Believe It or Not" fame, has just been there, and has stated that poverty is everywhere. Now comes this detailed report from an Australian who has just returned from Russia.

His name cannot be disclosed because he has friends in Russia who might be made to suffer as a result of his disclosures.

"COMMUNISM," said this eye-witness, on being interviewed by a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly, "means the degradation of women, as it preaches the equality of the sexes, which gives the woman nothing, and relieves the male of all responsibility."

According to this theory, a woman is equal to a man in all respects, worthy of the same pay, capable of the same manual labor. Most of the pick and shovel gangs moving ice off the streets are women—women porters lift luggage from the trains, women are employed for road-making, as traffic policemen and in all the factories.

All the Russian women are shabby and filthy, their clothing consisting of plain cotton or woolen jumpers and skirts, hand-knitted stockings, and shoes of rubber because of the shortage of leather. Good clothes are not available.

The Australian visitor went to the home of one of the original Bolsheviks. This man for his work in the past had been given a pension equivalent to a working-man's monthly salary, which was sufficient for him to live on without working. His wife was working in a factory, and when it was suggested to him by a member of the party that he should work and allow his wife to live at home, he couldn't understand the point of view.

It was quite unexplainable to him that he should work and allow his wife to be free when the pension was his.

In their apartment, which consisted of two nine-feet by seven-feet rooms,

were also living their son with his wife and sick child. As the child had been certified by the works doctor as being infectious, it was isolated in one of the rooms, and the other four members of the family lived in one room, which constituted their bedroom, living-room, and kitchen.

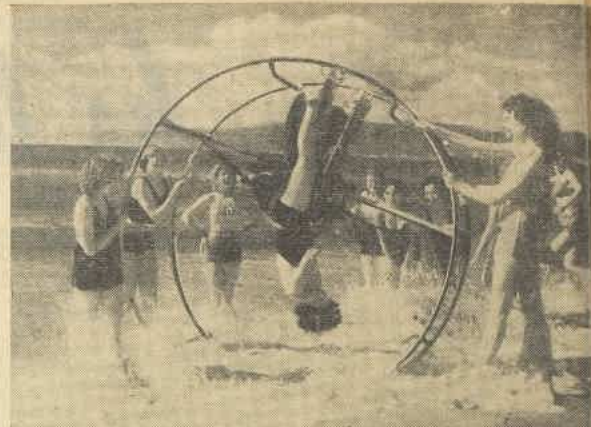
Working Conditions

THERE is no private enterprise in Russia to-day; everyone is working for the government.

Men and women, who are employed in the ball-bearing and lathe factories, live in a settlement area of about 100 acres, which is built round the factory. Inside this area are the apartments or community houses, which accommodate two persons per room; each apartment-house containing 50 or 60 rooms, and a community bathroom.

Meals for the workers are served in one big room at a long table, and a normal midday meal consists of a plate of soup, one slice of black bread, one fish cake about three inches in diameter, and a pot of black tea. It is impossible to obtain white bread, and the main diet is mutton and fish.

Even at the hotel the food is so bad that guests are forced to buy their food at one of the stores, where a slice of



TRY THIS FOR FUN? . . . The Girls' Dare Club of Venice, America, initiated new members by strapping them into an eight-foot wheel, with a regulation western saddle mounted in the lower centre. After blindfolding, the rider is secretly strapped into the saddle and the ceremony is climaxed with a dip in the ocean.

cake costs a shilling, and apples or oranges are fivepence each. These prices are far beyond the means of the workers, and they have to be content with what is given them.

There is usually a cinema in each area, which each person is entitled to visit once a week. The building consists of a large hall, with wooden backless stools, and the programme consists only of Russian production and Communist propaganda.

Although 90 per cent. of the Russians are atheists, services by the Russian Orthodox Church, the Roman Catholic Church, and the Lutheran Church are allowed. Services are voted for by the members of the area, and if the majority are against it the church is turned into an amusement hall.

Salary is paid by the month in the form of wage tickets, which are only accepted within the settlement area in which the worker is employed. The monthly wage consists of 170 roubles,

which is just sufficient to support or man or woman with necessities, so that if a man desires to marry, his wife must earn her wage also.

The marriage ceremony is a simple affair.

A couple call at the marriage com on the way home from work. They are given a form to fill in, produce their passports, which are almost equivalent to our birth certificates, and are always in their possession, pay seven rouble (about five shillings in English money) and walk out married!

It is not necessary to take one's husband's name after marriage; one may retain one's maiden name if desired.

The Government prefers that men and women should marry within their own settlement area, and if a man desires to marry a woman who lives in another area the proceedings are very difficult, especially as his wage tickets are of very little use to him outside his own area.

OF COURSE YOU CAN MAKE Lady Betty Cake

Here is the recipe:

1 cup butter	3 teaspoons Aunt Mary's
1½ cups sugar	Baking Powder
4 eggs	1 cup chopped walnuts
2½ cups flour	1 cup milk
½ teaspoon salt	3 oz. unsweetened chocolate melted.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift together flour, salt and baking powder; add nuts. Add to first mixture alternately with milk. Mix well. Add melted and cooled chocolate. Bake in well greased, deep round tin in moderate oven for about 1½ hours. When cold, cover top and sides with icing, adding walnuts, almonds or crystallized cherries.

This quantity makes one 9-inch cake. For smaller cake use half the recipe and bake 50 minutes.



THIS IS IMPORTANT

More than 80 per cent. of food and health authorities are agreed that from a health point of view the best baking powder is "Cream of Tartar Baking Powder."

Aunt Mary's Baking Powder is a pure cream of tartar baking powder which for nearly sixty years has maintained the highest standard of quality and purity.

Ensure baking satisfaction—always use this high-grade leavener.

AUNT MARY'S

CREAM OF TARTAR BAKING POWDER



CLIVE

OF INDIA fell in love with a picture of a girl he had never seen, and the destiny of a nation was changed! For her he conquered an empire, became the hero of her heart and of a nation that had exiled him in disgrace.

Fiction can never match the strange life of this Man of Destiny, who avenged the massacre at the Black Hole of Calcutta, won the Battle of Plassey with his infuriated armored battle elephants, scorned the dangers of the dreaded monsoon to lead his men to victory.

From the story of one great love and his thousand daredevil exploits has been fashioned

CLIVE of INDIA

A GEORGE EDWARDS PRODUCTION

(Based on the story of the film starring Ronald Colman.)

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Daily at 10.45 a.m.

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I CAN FURNISH ON

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2 YEARS TO PAY.



Luxurious comfort and sumptuous appearance are outstanding features in this handsome three-piece Lounge Suite. Richly upholstered in best quality Genoa Velvet, with five fully sprung loose cushions, this splendid suite is a magnificent example of modern construction. This Week's Cash Price, £119/19/-.

17/6
DEPOSIT
4/6
WEEKLY

This beautiful modern Bedroom Suite, in Figured Polished Walnut, is another outstanding example of our Warehouse Values. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe, Double Lough-boy, and 3ft. 6in. Drop-centre, Knee-hole, Dressing Table are all fully fitted with sliding trays, etc. The handsome Dressing Table has bow front and extra-large, five-piece, frameless Mirror. Do not miss this at This Week's Cash Price, £117/13/- (Bedstead Extra).

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REDUCED

Wilton ... 22ft. 6/11 Now 5/6
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Axminster ... 23ft. 10/6 Now 9/3
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BREAKFAST ROOM CABINET



5/6
DEPOSIT
2/6
WEEKLY

SPECIAL
VALUE

This new 4ft. 6in. Oak Breakfast Room Cabinet is fully fitted with drawers, cupboards, etc. and has artistic Leadlight doors. It is faithfully constructed and no home should be without one. The Reduced Cash Price This Week is ...

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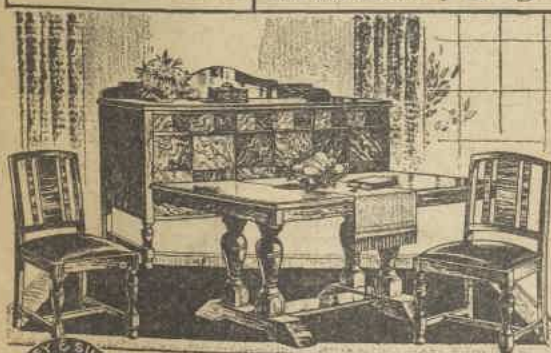


Size ... 9ft.x6ft. 9ft.x7ft. 6in. 9ft.x9ft. 10ft.6in.x9ft.
Usual ... £4/19/6 £5/19/6 £6/19/6 £7/19/6
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TWO YARDS WIDE
5/3 5/11 7/6 per yard
IMITATION LINOLEUM
TWO YARDS WIDE
2/11 4/3 4/11 per yard



12/6
DEPOSIT
3/6
WEEKLY

Here is a handsome Dining Room Set in fully Polished Figured and quartered Maple Veneer. It comprises 4ft. 6in. Sideboard, 5ft. x 3ft. Refectory Table, and four Upholstered Chairs (two only in illustration). This Week's Cash Price, £12/17/6.

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CAN Motherhood Deaths be PREVENTED?

Lessons of Jubilee Memorial Campaign

By the Rt. Hon. W. M. HUGHES, K.C., M.P., Federal Minister of Health

To prevent the preventable deaths of mothers and infants and to lessen the suffering caused by maternity is the central aim of the King's Jubilee Gift Fund for Maternal Welfare.

It has been said that the figure of five deaths in every thousand mothers in Australia exaggerates the position unduly, but an examination of the results achieved in various hospitals conducted under modern conditions, adequately equipped and efficiently staffed, shows that it has been possible in at least one institution in Australia to eliminate deaths altogether throughout a whole year, while in other hospitals it has been possible to reduce them to a very small figure.

DR. MORRIS, Director-General of Health in New South Wales, has said that all maternal deaths are not preventable, but, conceding that for various reasons, 40 per cent. of maternal deaths are not preventable in the present state of medical science, there remains 60 per cent. of causes that are preventable.

It is to fight against those diseases responsible for the greater number of

deaths of Australian mothers that we must concentrate our energies, leaving to research the task of blazing the track to still further victories over the causes of maternal mortality.

That a widely-directed campaign along these lines will be crowned with substantial achievement is amply proved by figures for a number of institutions where remarkable results have been achieved.

Between 1924 and 1928 the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies at Woolwich confined 4221 mothers, and the death-rate recorded represented only 0.71 per thousand, or approximately three fatal experiences in four years. Similarly the East End Maternity Hospital in London recorded the rate of 0.68 over the seven years preceding 1928, when 17,525 mothers were confined.

In Australia we have equally startling examples of what can be done. The King Edward Memorial Hospital in Perth recorded no deaths in 1934, though 1150 mothers were confined.

Against these figures we must put the Sydney Women's Hospital, Crown St., which, in 1933, reported a mortality rate of 4.87 in 2238 confinements.

I hasten to say that I do not select the Crown St. Hospital as being better or worse than any other Australian hospital, nor do I select it with any knowledge of what may be qualifying features. The fact remains, however, that while the King Edward Memorial Hospital in West Australia was able to report no deaths in 1150 cases, the Crown St. Hospital recorded 10 deaths in 2238 confinements, or a rate of 4.87 per thousand. In other words while the death-rate in the Perth Hospital was nil, that in Crown St. was approximately that for the average rate for Australia—nearly five in every thousand.

Hospitals and Hospitals

WHAT is the cause of this high mortality? Statistics show that the maternal death-rate in the sparsely populated areas of Australia is lower than in the capital cities. One would have thought that the reverse would have been the case. Dr. Hone, Lecturer at the Adelaide University, has thrown some light on the subject. He says there are hospitals AND hospitals.

Recently, Professor Marshall Allen, of Victoria, examined various maternity institutions in that State. He inspected 435, and reported that, of the total, he could only classify 70 as being good, 242 as fair, and 123 as poor. That is a startling statement, and calls for the personal interest of every citizen of Australia.

Sepsis, which is responsible for approximately one-third of the deaths, is, according to the highest authorities, preventable, and it is highly infectious. But, with due precautions, no mother need die of it.

By establishing maternity hospitals isolated from general hospitals with separate doctors and nurses the puerperal death-rate can be substantially reduced.

We must build on sound foundations. Obstetrics must no longer occupy a position of inferiority on the medical curriculum.

Towards this end the Commonwealth Government has made available £50,000 for maternal and infant welfare as part of the National Gift to King George and Queen Mary. The Government of N.S.W. has contributed £10,000; the Government of Victoria has contributed £5000. Other States are co-operating to raise the standards of maternity practice to uniform high levels throughout Australia.

In addition, the general public are being asked to subscribe. Every contribution will be as another brick to build a new and stronger national edifice.

Subscriptions may be sent to any branch of the Commonwealth Bank.

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Stop sniffing, sneezing, hawking, and spitting. Stop coughing, sneezing, and constant nose blowing—making yourself a nuisance wherever you go! There's no need for it. You can rid yourself of it quickly and effectively, in the privacy of your own home. Catarrh is a dangerous as well as a nasty unpleasant complaint. Amongst the more common symptoms are: "headaches," "head-noises," frequent "colds" and "flu," hoarseness, and phlegm discharges, ear-nasal deafness, and general debility (run-down, tired feeling). The only way to overcome it is to drive the catarrhal impurities out of the system; and the BASIC treatment is the only one to do this.

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that people often take her for years younger than she is owing to her white teeth, that she's used nothing but Calvert's since she left school—

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'ASPRO' SAVED ME MUCH SUFFERING.
Main Road, RIDDELL, Dec., 1934.
Dear Sirs,
I am a mother of a large family, and find 'ASPRO' a most wonderful help at all times. For Colds and 'Flu,' 'ASPRO' stands alone, and at the first sign of 'Flu' or a Cold coming on, we take it at once. I would also like to mention that 'ASPRO' saved me much suffering with Neuritis, which for years has given me great pain. It gives me relief, and thanks to 'ASPRO,' I can keep my health splendidly. (Sgd.) Mrs. W. J. LONG.
12Fb/35.

'ASPRO' CHECKS COLDS AND 'FLU' QUICKER.
Walker Street, Townsville, Q'ld., 18/8/34.
Dear Sirs,
I have used your 'ASPRO' Tablets for many years and am writing this to show my appreciation of their extraordinary value for headache relief. During the hot and humid months of the northern summer 'ASPRO' is invaluable. I have found also that 'ASPRO' Tablets will check Colds and Influenza more quickly than anything else I know of. (Sgd.) Mrs. VERONICA SWANN.

What Women Are Doing

New President

MRS. C. McNIFF has been elected to the chair of the women's section of the Country Party, vacated by Mrs. E. E. L. Reseigh, who did not seek reelection.

Mrs. McNiff has been a member of the party for many years, and a consistent and interested worker. She is a country woman, and a well-known personality in the Redesdale district. Once a year she organises a picnic to St. Kilda, and takes particular interest in the country shows, where she exhibits each year with success.

Warwick Girl Has Made Success of Nursing Abroad

MISS HILDA CHANDLER, of Warwick, has had experiences that fall to the lot of few Queensland nurses. She trained at the Brisbane Hospital (where she was a gold medalist), and then did her midwifery at the Queen Alexandra Hospital, in Hobart, and her child welfare training at the Karloose Hospital, Dunedin. After doing three years' Plunket work in New Zealand she resigned her position two years ago, in order to attend the International Congress of Nurses in Brussels and Paris. When the conference was over she returned to London, and for nearly two years has had work in England, mainly through Cromwell House, the headquarters of Truby King nursing in London.

There has been a demand over there for New Zealand-trained Karloose nurses, and Miss Chandler had much experience in relieving appointments at St. Thomas' Baby Hostel, Kennington, London, the Violet Melchett Home, Chelsea, and the Royal Infants' Orphanage, Wansstead, one side of Epping Crescent. She has also had several interesting cases of general nursing, and at present has an appointment at Sunny Bank, the British and American Hospital at Cannes, in the South of France.

Organiser for the William Powell Home

TWENTY years ago the Rev. William Powell, of Brisbane, who was Presbyterian-Methodist chaplain to public institutions, conceived the idea of building a home for ex-convicts at Eagle Farm, £3000 was collected, the land given, and the home built, and ever since then Miss M. A. Powell, daughter of the founder, has been honorary organiser for it.

By organising street collections and by annual subscription, Miss Powell has freed the home of debt, and the nine men who are in occupation at present help the funds by selling milk and growing produce to feed themselves.

For 18 years Miss Powell has been general secretary for foreign missions in Queensland, the women's auxiliary of which supports 40 sisters and two doctors in the islands. This year the sum of £2000 was raised, and goods to the value of £500 sent in boxes to the islands.

Miss Powell has also been president of the foreign mission branch at Leichhardt Street for 21 years, and a member for 12 years of the Women's Church Help Society, of which she is now vice-president. Miss Powell is also on the executive of the National Council of Women.

They Have a Guest-house For Motor Tourists

TWO friends, Miss Mollie Eddington and Miss Jean Slater, one from South Australia and the other from New Zealand, were struck by the lack of reasonably priced and comfortable accommodation for travellers like themselves when motoring through the English countryside.

That was eighteen months ago, and they decided to provide at least one small part of the great want.

To-day they run a delightfully homey and successful guest house at Hunsland, a quaint old dower house set in a hundred acres of park and farm land in Crawley Down, Sussex. They supervised the whole of the renovations to the house themselves, and furnished it with antiques picked up here, there, and everywhere.

Another Parliamentary Candidate

WESTERN AUSTRALIA will have more than one woman candidate at its next election. The latest to enter the lists is Mrs. H. Craven-Griffiths, whose husband died a few weeks ago after representing the Avon electorate in the Legislative Assembly for many years. She is contesting the vacancy left by his death.

Mrs. Craven-Griffiths founded the Country Women's Association in Western Australia. She believes the more women there are in Parliament the better, for the present lone woman member, Miss May Holman, M.L.A., was liable to have her vote and voice overwhelmed by the male members, she says.

Touring the World On Two Wheels

THERE arrived in Auckland, New Zealand, the other day, Miss Nita Rosslyn, who is touring round the world on a bicycle.

During the last four years, she has travelled 40,000 miles on her machine, and it will take another five to complete the tour. Among Miss Rosslyn's possessions are 300 documentary civic greetings from Lord Mayors, Mayors, Lord Provosts, Provosts and Town Clerks of the United Kingdom to namesake places overseas. Thirty of these greetings apply to New Zealand. Miss Rosslyn is 33 years of age, and is 4ft. 10in. in height. When on tour she carries 100lb. of luggage.

She Has Five Important Interests

BRISBANE has quite an army of energetic young women who "lend a hand" to good causes, as well as organisations designed to advance cultural pursuits. Miss Phyllis Vincent Smith, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Vincent Smith, is one of these busy workers, devoting her attention to no fewer than five committees.

She is president of the Five-Ways Branch of the Creche and Kindergarten Association; hon. secretary of the Arts and Crafts Society; treasurer of the Younger Set of the Social Service League; president of the Younger Set committee which was formed to assist the Kangaroo Point and East Brisbane Deaf and Dumb Girl Guide Company; and an enthusiastic member of the Young Australia League.

Miss Phyllis Vincent-Smith.
—Murray Goldwyn.

Hopes to Attend League Convention at Geneva

THE Australian branch of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom has lost two of its leaders for a time.

The president, Miss A. Lambbrick, sailed away at the end of March, and now a vice-president, Mrs. B. Bryning, is planning to leave for England with her husband in May.

Mrs. Bryning has been an active member of the league since its inception in 1915, and in 1928, with the honorary secretary, Miss Eleanor M. Moore, she was a representative at the Pan-Pacific Women's Conference in Honolulu.

Mrs. Bryning says that her forthcoming trip is purely for pleasure, but she hopes to be in Geneva next spring when the League of Nations will be sitting.



Mrs. B. Bryning

Pioneer Feminist Celebrates 80th Birthday

A RECENT issue of the "Bulletin," the official publication of the International Council of Women, devotes considerable space to Mme Avril de Saint-Croix, who has attained her 80th birthday.

This remarkable Frenchwoman is a world-known figure, for her efforts on behalf of the women of her own land have had their influence on conditions in other countries. She not only possesses a great brain, but a superabundance of talk, charm, and diplomacy, and her outlook is always international.

Rich English Women Pamper Their Dogs

THE attitude of Englishwomen towards their dogs has long been a subject of discussion for onlookers from other countries.

For some time now a dogs' beauty parlor has been flourishing in Beauchamp Place, Kensington. Here ardent feminine dog-lovers bring their pets, or send them in care of trustworthy dependents. By the time the return journey home is begun the dog has undergone a beauty treatment as extensive and expensive as that paid for by women longing to keep their youth at any cost.

Special marble baths are provided for the pampered dogs, a special attendant gives the bath. Marcel waves are often given, special tonics for the coat, special jackets are for sale, and if the owner so desires the dog can be taken out for a special walk with a special attendant.

But the latest excitement in the London luxury dog world is an exclusive restaurant for dogs. It is to be run by Lady Herbert Scott, sister-in-law of the Duke of Buccleuch. She also runs a dogs' beauty parlor in Dorset Street. Soup, fish, meat, vegetables and cereals, all calculated with the nicest regard for vitamins, will be listed on the menu.

The restaurant will be called "Betty Dixon's Doghites."

Composer of Popular Dance Music

TO be self-taught and to have so much of her music published and played is a great credit to Miss Lella Ruth Rowland, of Brisbane.

At the early age of eleven, Miss Rowland was first inspired to compose, and has always favored dance music. Her "Inspiration Waltz" has now reached its 210,000th copy.

Paling and Co. have published several of her pieces, and two numbers entitled "Haroldine Waltz" and "Dance Royal" were published in America.

Miss Rowland has gained two prizes at the Elstendoff for pianoforte compositions, and in the near future hopes to have another dance number accepted.

Miss Rowland's talent is inherited from her parents, who are both very musical, and her mother, although 81 years of age, is able to sit at the piano, and play many pieces of music from memory. Just now Miss Rowland spends much time looking after her mother and father, who originally came from Bundaberg.



Miss Rowland.



Guide Who Is Dispensing 'Personality'

MISS GLADYS ONIANS, well known in the Girl Guide movement, has just branched out in a new avenue. She is very busy in the new beauty salon she has opened in Toorak village and emphasises the fact that one's personality should be expressed by harmony of clothes, hairdressing, and make-up, as well as one's eyes, features, and, of course, clothes and accessories.

Miss Onians is captain of the 3rd South Yarra Guide Company of the Melbourne Church of England Girls' Grammar School, and was recently appointed District Commissioner for South Melbourne and Port Melbourne. She is honorary treasurer of the Victorian Guilders' Club.

Ambition Remains After Fifty Years' Stage Life

"BROADCASTING in recent months has provided me with a link between the stage and my eventual retirement." But that is not yet. I am now on my way home to England to the films, as I am suited to those of the M.-ie Dresser type," said Ada Reeve, en route to England by the Oranva.

Ada Reeve was born in England in 1879, made her first stage appearance six years later, and has just completed a half century before the footlights.

She first came to Australia when she was 17, and her bright memory recalled faces and figures in Australian theatres from 1896 to date. She has not been in England for eight years, though before that she says entrepreneurs "played ping-pong" with her through the years.

On the Oranva, she contended Marie Dresser was much older than she is when she first appeared on the screen. Miss Reeve said she had no intention of trying to play juvenile parts on the legitimate stage, when the pictures would allow her to be as she is. She appeared to find real amusement in the fact that people often told her their grandmothers had seen her acting in their day!

She Learnt Her History From Pageantry

WHAT Miss C. A. Bottrill, of Adelaide, does not know about English history from the time of the Roman invasion to the present day, is hardly worth relating. And she learned it all from pageants.

During her recent tour of England she saw four of them, which covered every phase of English history. The one at Runnymede, which was arranged by Lady de Chair, took place in a large field surrounded by huge grandstands, and the inhabitants of eight surrounding villages took part in it, and Miss Bottrill said the costuming and atmosphere were so perfect they transported one right back to the Middle Ages.

At the Aldershot Tattoo, Miss Bottrill was treated to more pageantry when thousands of military men, with the aid of skilful lighting, grouped themselves to represent a ship, and depicted famous battles of the past.

The pageant of Parliament, in the Albert Hall, unfolded England's politics from the time of the Magna Charta to 1935, while the fourth pageant, showing early English life, was presented at Hedingham Castle, a famous old relic of the Norman Conquest.



Ada Reeve

IN and OUT of SOCIETY --- By WEP.



SMART PUNTERS at the AUTUMN MEETING



Mrs. Walter MacCallum (left), who combined cocoa-brown with Marina blue in her costume, conferring with Mrs. Clive Inglis.

In centre group, Mrs. Norman Gregg, Mrs. Alan Hardie, in brown gorse tweed, and Mrs. F. C. Thompson, who chose a coat of navy cloth collared in fox.



TWO shades of blue were chosen for the charming caped tailored ensemble worn by Mrs. Ellis Fielding Jones. Her close-fitting togue was carried out in the same materials.

—Women's Weekly Photos



THE COSSACK cap mode is well illustrated by Miss Lorna Hagon. Her sister, Betty, chose an ensemble of dusty pink. Miss Pamela Richards (right), who is a cousin of the Countess of Jersey. Always smartly frocked, Miss Richards appeared at Randwick in an elegant brown tailored frock with aquamarine vest.



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vote



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WINNERS of the FASHION STAKES

Randwick's autumn meeting always has its fashion* surprises. Placing the hallmark of smart women's approval on many trends of the mode, it also relegates to the limbo of the also-runs many other much-publicised fashion fancies.

At this meeting, for example, bonnets definitely flopped, while Cossack styles, gorse tweeds, and capes were sensational winners. Also slit skirts more or less coyly emerged into the straight, and sleek coiffures were in fine form.

EVERYTHING was done in the grand manner on the first day. The weather was most accommodating, with sufficient chill in the air for an airing of new furs, and sunny enough for the in-between-seasons modes.

Fashions were extraordinarily varied and, for the most part, becoming. The Cossack influence was very much to the fore, and what the hard little cape lost in softening lines they made up for in smartness.

The Vice-Royal party was of large proportions, and included Sir Alexander and Lady Hore-Ruthven, Sir Leslie and Miss Marjorie Wilson (from Queensland), Miss Iyle Price, Miss Priscilla Peilden, and the usual complement of aides-de-camp.

Lady Hore-Ruthven looked charming in a tailored frock of black cloth with a vertical self stripe, and a black velvet

hat turned up all round. She also wore lovely fox furs.

Bonnets were definitely relegated to the place of second favorite. Mrs. Bill Crossing wore one in a tree-bark brown felt with velvet ruchings, with success, but, for the most part, the bonnets had a wind-swept trend similar to the velvet model worn by Miss Mimi Healy, also in brown.

Miss Joan Badgery achieved one of the most original ensembles on the course. Since her recent travels she has completely altered her style to the severely-coiffured and tailored vogue, and this was admirably suited to her costume on Saturday.

This was carried out in brown ribbed cloth, featuring a three-quarter length coat, and finished with a profusion of gold braid and lacings. A smart little hussar cap was finished with a dashing cockade to emphasise the military lines.

Broadcloth, reminiscent of Edwardian days, staged a decided come-back. Both

Misses Neary and Dinah Hordern favored coats of this material.

Grey, also chosen by an unexpected number of smart frockers, was worn by Miss Dinah Hordern, and sister Mar looked smart in an all-black ensemble. Miss Joan Waddell looked blooming in an unusual combination of grey and brown, and Miss Faith Macarthur Onslow and Mrs. Jim Ashton also wore grey.

Sylvandale's Owner

MRS. LESLIE UTZ watched with much excitement her horse, Sylvandale, winning the St. Leger. In spite of the easy victory, Mrs. Utz found the event most thrilling. At the finish of the race she made for the front lawn to witness Lady Hore-Ruthven tie the ribbon on her stable favorite. This was followed by an afternoon tea party in Vice-Royal circles.

Coming from Bombay, Mrs. Charles Madlin evidently did not feel the nip in the air. She wore a frock of crinkled American silk in cocoa-brown. The shoulders and vest were ornamented in bronze studs.

Very unusual was the velvet forat cap worn by Mrs. Anthony Hordern. Half of the cap was fashioned from deep brown velvet, and the other half was completed with tangerine. Truly magnificent was her wrap of summer crimson.

Intimate Jottings



Did You Know That—

Mrs. Alec Hay and her sister, Miss A. Burdekin, are once more off to England? Intend catching mail steamer in Melbourne early next week.

Celebrating Victories

VERY gay were dancers at Hotel Australia on Saturday night. Dr. Les Utz and Mrs. Utz celebrated win of her Sylvandale by throwing dinner party. Mrs. Abe Nivison, one of large party from Walcha district, naturally pleased at splendid victory in Show ring. Defeated over fifty competitors in equestrienne event. Brown lace with frill around neck lined in turquoise blue and sash to match worn by Mrs. Ellis Fielding Jones. Gwen Fullton Rose present with Duncan Sinclair family.

Golf Club Parties

JUST the mere three hundred lunched at Royal Sydney Golf Club on Sunday. Marjorie Wilson, of Queensland Vice-Regal circles, partook of famous club buns with Ahny and Elsie Smith, of Greenoaks Cottage. Relatives of her mother. Aides Holford and Ponsonby hovered around. White family in numbers, Mrs. Archie White and Elleen among them. Mrs. David Cohen also present. Janet Thatcher partook of cold fare with family of her choice.

Sydney's littlest Little Theatre staged "Quadrille," by Australian dramatist Hugh J. Williamson, at Savoy Theatre last week. Audience enthusiastic.

Lady Luxton's Luck

LADY LUXTON, of Melbourne, has pleasant memories to take with her on trip to Hongkong. Won first prize in special ladies' hack class at R.A.S. Show on Black Watch. Favored formal kit of black bowler, breeks, and riding boots for occasion. Dashed off to Brisbane to catch Taiping en route for tour of Eastern cities.

Another Hordern Romance

CAN hardly believe news of yet another Hordern engagement. Romance evidently epidemic in family. Millionaire Lebbeus should provide next excitement of the kind. Basil Hordern, son of late Anthony Hordern, of London, and cousin of Mr. Anthony H., of Sydney, now engaged to Joan Whitelaw, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Whitelaw, of Roedeau, England.

Sir Benjamin and Lady Fuller rejoicing in birth of first grandchild. Lucky lad is son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Darby.

From Queensland

NO one enjoys Randwick meetings more than Mrs. Arthur Rogerson. Comes all way from Queensland for most racing fixtures. Chose lovely tulip noir shade for costume on first day. Was accompanied by pretty daughter, Mrs. John Bryant and bachelor son, John. Hotel Australia, Sydney headquarters.

Smart Melbourne Matron

ONE of Melbourne's smartest young matrons, Mrs. K. M. Niall, at present visiting Sydney. In spite of recent robbery depriving her of some thousands of pounds' worth of her gems, she still sports impressive ropes of pearls and stunning rings. Only recently returned from abroad, she already contemplates another speedy return to the other side. Mrs. Niall was formerly Miss Doodle Griffith, daughter of Mrs. Charlie Griffith, of Albury and Melbourne.

Men's Fashion Parade

FASHIONS not exclusive to women punters at Randwick. Ernest Watt resplendent in green. Socks, tie, shirt, and hat all toned with dull-green tweed suit. Brown felt hats in vogue and favored by Ashton brothers, Harry Meeks, and John See. Hunter White unique in choice of white tie with formal attire and topper. Grey bowler worn by Frank Penfold Hyland, and Hugh Mann discarded usual silk hat for grey felt.

Mashies and Niblicks

AFTER long and pleasant holiday in Sydney, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Segart have left for North. Delightful weather waiting for them in home near Cairns. Mr. Segart member of C.S.R. organisation, and cousin of Consul-General for Belgium. Frequent trips were made by popular couple to Green Trees, Bowral, where they golfed from dawn to sunset.

Explorer's Descendants

MR. AND MRS. FRED HUME left for country home in south last week. Illness of younger son detained them several moons at Clifton Gardens Hotel. Elder son, Eric, boarder at Tudor House. No doubt Eric has bent for exploring bush in neighborhood of school with ambitious ideas of following in famous ancestor's footsteps.

Bound for London

THE Hon. Mrs. L. J. Clifford, now recuperating from recent illness at Melbourne home, Moore Abbey, Marne Street. Unable to go gay for Easter, so Sydney friends will not catch glimpse of her at festivities. With her husband she expects to leave for England shortly, where permanent home will be made.



Sport in Shanghai

DOUGLAS WHITE couple now rejoicing in addition of daughter, Judith Anne, to family. Christening party took place in Shanghai home, with Judith centre of attraction. Dog-racing all the vogue with Shanghai sportive set at moment. Shanghai ponies not so smart, and remind Doug of rocking-horses.

Mr. A. G. White, owner of Belltrees station, Scone, and Mrs. White leave this week by Oronsay for London.

Snow in Switzerland

WINTER sports at St. Moritz indulged in by Marjorie Moran of Sydney. Just loves skis and bob sleds. Has weathered cold season in Southern France and Italy. Accompanied by mother now ensconced in London for Jubilee parties. Will stay in world's hub till autumn colors beech trees.

Week-end Departures

LADY FAIRFAX sailed away by Strathnaver on Saturday. Did some last-minute shopping in depths of basement store before leaving town. Mrs. Crawford Robertson, of perfect coiffure, also departed for England, and Ruth White, of Edenglassie, Muswellbrook, is looking forward to meeting family's recent guest, Prince Henry, at London celebrations.



MISS JANET SAXTON, photographed while picking winners at Randwick. Her charming ensemble is carried out in forest green boucle cloth with a shovel brimmed hat and handbag of the same material. Miss Saxton recently announced her engagement to Mr. Stanley Utz.

Tourists in Italy

LAST news from Mrs. T. F. Furber and travelling companion, Marjorie Wade, from Florence. Both in good spirits and thoroughly enjoying Italian beauty spots. Had just been to ancient city of Siena, by way of Apennine Mountains. Intended staying night in Bologna en route to Venice. Also hoping to see new operas during stay in Milan.

Margaret Burns and Betty Fogarty, two bridesmaids at the Ashton-Thatcher wedding, entertained a large party in private dining-room at Romano's on Saturday night.

Lord Howe Honeymoon

NEWLY-MARRIED Mr. and Mrs. Darrell Hall left on Thursday for honeymoon trip to Lord Howe Island. Here's hoping they are best of sailors. Wedding at All Saints', Sutton Forest, picturesque affair with bride in flowing white chiffon and sheaf of red roses in arms. Reception held at Sutton Farm with bride's mother, Mrs. Campbell Dibbs, of Temora, doing honors.

Bound for Fly River

MOST adventurous are two Sydney women, Miss G. Harris and Miss E. Smith. Have set sail by Taiping for missionary work in Never Never. Will tranship at Thursday Island to pearl lugger for part of journey. Then smaller boat with native crew will pilot them to destination on Fly River. No white women to greet them on arrival.

Betty Bowden great gift to members of "Laburnum Grove" company. In good-natured fashion darns socks belonging to fellow artists during stage presentation.

Audrey Nicolson Sails

JUST too lucky is Audrey Nicolson in having fiancé travelling in same party. Not a care will she have as to dancing partners, Customs officials, and general upheavals associated with travel. With parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Nicolson, of Rose Bay, and John Bruxner in attendance, Audrey sailed by Nieuw Holland. Party including Java and Singapore in itinerary.

After serving on board H.M.A.S. Canberra, Lieutenant-Commander A. V. Walker is on high seas bound for England.

After-Dinner Speaker

REAR-ADMIRAL AND MRS. H. J. FEAKES visiting Peking, Moscow and Berlin en route to London. Admiral makes good use of travels and can be depended upon for snappy comments on customs and scenery of countries visited. Charming after-dinner speaker with fund of world-wide anecdotes. Expected back in Sydney in October.

Have You Noticed—

The outsize in butterfly bow ties favored by John Mansfield in evening array?

Jane Anne

—Women's Weekly photo

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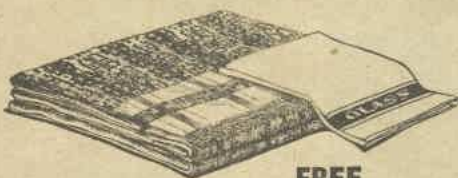
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LONDON CLAIMS that Sir Macpherson Robertson is responsible for "Tom" Campbell Black, air race hero, embarking on the sea of matrimony. Anyhow, here is the grand old Australian at the wedding—and on the left is C. B. Cochran, the famous producer, in whose show, "Streamline," Florence Desmond—the bride—is one of the stars.

BLUE BLOODS get into HOT WATER

By Air Mail from Our London Representative
A prince, a duke, a countess, and a princess occupied neighboring columns in the London papers recently.
All except the princess were standing trial.

THE Prince, a 34-year-old Russian known as Prince Dimitri Troubeskoy, was labelled by the Judge as "a nuisance and a wastrel."

It was even problematic whether he was really a prince at all, although he proclaimed in grand style: "I accept ten years if I lie. I am Prince Troubeskoy."

Whoever he may be, this well-dressed young man had been using the fascination which he undoubtedly exercised over women to his own advantage. He tried to blackmail the wealthy father of a girl he had persuaded to elope with him.

He obtained money from a wealthy woman in Mayfair who became infatuated with him. His record was bad, but he could not be deported, so he was given six months and a scathing lecture.

THEN there was the Duke of Manchester, father-in-law of Neil Sted, ex-Melbourne girl. The Duke got in a muddle with some jewels which belonged to the late Consuelo Duchess of Manchester.

He pawned them and says he had a perfect right to do so—but the magistrate at the Old Bailey isn't so sure. The Duke has an income of £3600 a year. The Countess in the news, Marie Olga, Countess de Rouge, a 36-year-old Frenchwoman, is having a spot of trouble over evading Customs duties on dresses brought over from Paris.

She declared them as her own personal wear, and was later discovered to have sold them to English customers.

She is being sued for treble the amount of the worth of the goods, which amounts to £3408.

She has sold £50 worth of the jumpers and hats, but it now appears that the Countess is in the employ of a French firm and working on a commission basis, by which she only makes £2/15/- on the sale of all the goods she smuggled in.

Hardly worth the risk, the Countess has now decided, especially as the firm for which she was working now disclaim all responsibility. But the beautiful Countess pleaded for lenience, as she has a mother and two young children to support entirely alone.

She is the daughter of very distinguished parents, her father, the Count, having held high official positions.

THE poor little Princess mentioned is hardly in the news at all.

All we know about her is that she works as a "scivvy" for ten shillings a week. Yet her mother was a Princess of Burma, and her father was an Irish Colonel with a Government position in the East.

Here is her story: "I ran away from home to become a nurse in Rangoon. But my health gave out, and my father was persuaded to allow me enough to live in luxury at a Rangoon hotel. After a year, however, he stopped, and I landed in Dublin without a penny. Eventually I got to London as a maid-of-all-work."

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About

CHOCOLATE CAKES!

Some people are quite blatant about it, small boys and flappers, for instance. On the other hand, earnest young men are definitely furtive, while retired Colonels say "Humph!" then steal from the pantry—but they all have a leaning towards Chocolate Cakes! So here's a specially good recipe for them—"specially good" because it's a COPHA recipe and that means something extra in the flavour and a featheriness in the weight.

COPHA CHOCOLATE CAKES

1 lb. Sugar.
3 ozs. Pure Copha (softened).
2 Eggs.
1 lb. Self-raising Flour.
1 dessertspoon Cocoa.
2 ozs. chopped Lemon Peel.
Vanilla and Milk.

Cream Copha and sugar, add eggs, one by one; then peel and essence, and lastly sifted flour, cocoa and milk. Bake in patty tins for 15 minutes.

When you are using Copha in your own recipes remember that as it contains no moisture you need far less than other shortenings. Use 1 lb. of Copha, 2 tablespoons of water, and a pinch of salt in place of 1 lb. of any other shortening. And when you are "creaming" the Copha with sugar (caster sugar, by the way), add a quarter of the flour during the process because Copha is so extremely light. Save yourself the trouble of running out at odd moments for 1 lb. of shortening, keep in a large stock of Copha—it will never go rancid.

If you would like a book of recipes that are specially good made with Copha, write for the free and post free COPHA RECIPE BOOK. The address is:

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

★★★ CLIVE OF INDIA

Ronald Colman, Loretta Young. (20th Century; U.A.)

IN the recent welcome rediscovery of history as dramatic material it is not likely that the figure of Robert Clive could have long been overlooked. Here his splendid story has been handled worthily so as to merit very high praise. We see the impetuous young clerk in the East India Company's service, chafing at the restrictions of his position and contemptuous of the army's incompetence, become the soldier whose daring and intuition amounted to genius, whose tricks of diplomacy were more than a match for wily Indian princes, and whose unselfish statecraft laid the foundation of an empire. Of his life's unhappy close we are shown only, in abbreviated form, his arraignment in the House of Commons, when his health was impaired through his Indian experiences, by envious and dispossessed opponents.

The film, following closely the stage play from which it has been adapted, is substantially accurate in its rendering of the hero's glorious exploits, and gives us the tense moments of drama at the crises of the great adventure. The Indian scene has been lavishly mounted, the prelude to the assault of Arcot and the crossing of the river under the monsoonal rains to the incredible victory of Plassey against armored elephants being particularly memorable. Contrasted with these are the tender episodes of his perennial domestic romance with his beginning in India.

Ronald Colman is not perhaps the ideal interpreter of Clive's compelling character, a character not free from the faults of overbearing arrogance and unpleasing boastfulness. But we gladly admit that he is a very able performer. The somewhat sympathetic Loretta Young, with betraying American intonations of speech, but with no signs through the years of age or grief in her face, acts passably. The rest of the cast are excellent.—State; com. Apr. 20.

★★ NELL GWYN

Anna Neagle, Cedric Hardwicke. (B.D.F.)

OF its kind this film is very good. If we are to have episodes from the love life of the Merry Monarch treated on the screen, the thing could not be done with better tact. Naturally, since it is for the benefit of general audiences, this is history prettified. But we enjoy the frothy elegance of the period served up to us in a series of beautifully photographed scenes. "Pretty, witty Nell," the promoted orange-girl and actress of Drury Lane, has all our sympathy as well as a large part of the King's affections, and we can only feel surprise that the French mistress (the others are discreetly left out) was allowed to continue her intrigues so long.

Anna Neagle plays the saucy wench with the utmost abandon of which a thoroughly nice girl is capable, hearty rogueries, bursts of jealous temper and all. Her stage jig is a spirited performance, and in the graceful dance after the banquet she is lovely to watch. Jeanne de Casalis, as the Frenchwoman who was created Duchess of Portsmouth, looks like an authentic portrait of the time. As for Cedric Hardwicke, he gives distinction to the part of King Charles along traditional lines. In make-up he is very like the "Black Boy," and shows us a monarch whose interests extended beyond lapdogs and pretty women to scientific apparatus, with a thought betweenwhiles for the job of government.—Mayfair; com. Apr. 24.

★★ BORDERTOWN

Paul Mann, Bette Davis, Margaret Lindsay. (Warner Bros.)

BY contrast with the more usual story of the hero's triumph over odds we see here how vaulting ambition doth overstep itself. Yet Johnny Ramirez (Paul Mann), a Mexican residing in Los Angeles, who tries to rise above his peasant class into professional ranks, does not set himself too high a mark for his abilities. It is his insufficiently-controlled fury at the slight on his race and at what he regards as the chicanery of the courts that causes him to be disbarred.

Still a man of this strong nature, too fiery but disdainful of treachery, is bound to succeed. Abandoning the law for the hotel business on the Mexican border, he soon has fortune at his feet. It is then, however, that the spoiled debutante (Margaret Lindsay), who was indirectly responsible for his failure at law, and his partner's wife (Bette Davis) between them wreck his career. In this relentless tragedy, Mann acts with great conviction, though we are left wondering why, after this bitter experience, he should wish to endow a law school. It is completely just that the society girl who so wantonly plays with fire should be herself scorched. But the high moment of the drama is Miss Davis' appearance at the murder trial. In the role of Potiphar's wife she is excellent.—Capitol; com. Apr. 26; King's Cross; com. Apr. 27.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars no good.

★ MURDER ON A HONEYMOON

Edna May Oliver, James Gleason. (R.K.O.)

BROADLY speaking there are two kinds of detective thrillers—those that are serious, sometimes even macabre, and those that are only half serious. Nobody already acquainted with the detective partnership of Miss Hildegard Withers (Edna May Oliver) and Inspector Piper (James Gleason) needs to be told to which category this film belongs. Not that we are stinted of gore. One murder occurs on an airship travelling from New York to Catalina and two more are added for good measure after we get to the island. But our attention is focused far more on the old-fashioned mannerisms of that redoubtable amateur detective, Miss Withers, and on the breezily-blundering inspector than on the corpses that strew their path.

The inspector is surely a fierce caricature of a New York detective, and this series of crimes is more prolific of false clues and irrational behaviour than is really necessary. Moreover, much as we admire Miss Oliver's comedy work, we are sometimes visited by a wistful recollection of her once in a homely drama that called for restrained pathos. But Miss Withers is an accomplished study. With her crisply-quelling utterance, her meaning glance and precise gestures she stands before us complete. To use an expression with which films have familiarised us, this remarkable woman "knows all the answers."—Lyceum; com. Apr. 13.

★ BEHOLD MY WIFE

Sylvia Sydney, Gene Raymond. (Paramount.)

IT may be that it was necessary to abridge Gilbert Parker's novel, "The Translation of a Savage." But there is a suddenness about certain developments of the story here that turns it from a probably interesting psychological study into a well-produced melodrama. A rapid growth of affection on the part of the proud and scornful Indian maiden (Sylvia Sydney) for her wounded New York aristocrat (Gene Raymond) is very briefly assumed. One would have liked to see something of the process by which the hero's snobbish sister grooms his ignorant little bride for the social debut which is such a sensational success. And the final reconciliation in the prison is too abrupt.

Moderate sympathy is felt for the young blood whose fixed, and almost sole, idea is to mortify his family by interfering in his previous love affair. Miss Sydney is well made up, but we feel that she has not really got under the skin of the part. Incidentally it seems a little odd for the raven-haired Juliette Compton to make contemptuous reference to the Indian's black hair. H. B. Warner and Laura Hope Crews play very capably.—Prince Edward; com. Apr. 12.

★ LIFE BEGINS AT FORTY

Will Rogers, Rochelle Hudson. (Fox.)

TO his other small-town parts Will Rogers has now added the editor-cum-printer of the local rag. We should doubt whether this organ of public opinion came out very regularly. The work-room seemed more often than not to be cumbered with the lank form of Slim Summerville, sprawling over the desk sunk in slumber, or whittling away at the drawers with his knife, what time Rogers was writing his brief but breezy comments on life in general under the trees, in the intervals of shooting at squawking jays. There were the overdue subscriptions, too, paid in kind. But we should say that whenever it appeared the sheet was eagerly scanned. The editor evidently had news sense and a just appreciation of the power of a fearless press.

The young man (Richard Cromwell), coming back after three years in prison for an embezzlement which he did not commit, introduces a more serious note, and provides Rogers with an opportunity for matchmaking between him and the young schoolmistress (Rochelle Hudson). The stampede of the hogs from the show when they hear their masters' voices is excellent fun. So, too, the duel with the aggressive and politically-minded banker in the misty woods. But the tree-for-all fight in the garden is too willing. The anger of the rabble is an ugly note.—Capitol; com. Apr. 26; King's Cross; com. Apr. 27.



RONALD COLMAN and Loretta Young, as Clive and his wife in their youthful days, in the film, "Clive of India."

COLMAN in Role of HIGH Adventure!

ONE of Ronald Colman's comparatively recent film appearances was as the dashing "Bulldog Drummond." This is a character for which he probably has some affection, since he had played it previously. And, though he endowed this hero with a more graceful person and greater charm of manner than were originally suggested by the author, that, to be sure, was no drawback to the numerous admirers of Colman himself.

In "Clive of India," however, Colman turns from the gullant exploits of a fictional hero to the actual career, more dazzling than fiction, of one of England's truly great men.



(Above, Right): Colman in Clive's picturesque uniform as a soldier in the Indian campaigns.

(Left): A picture which shows the hero and his wife together in their house in London.

Colman doesn't deny it for a moment. Neither does he regret his missed chance. For that failure to make good on the London stage led to his taking a leap in the dark and going to New York, whence, after some discouraging waits, he found his way to Hollywood, and to the favor of millions per the screen.

Hobbies

HIS tastes are mainly for outdoor hobbies, though he enjoys browsing over detective stories, and is well read in English history.

He plays tennis enthusiastically, frequently in the company of Richard Arlen, William Powell, and Clive Brook, his closest friends in Hollywood. He is fond of horses, and rides a good deal. And he is one of those men who are often seen with a pipe and accompanied by a favorite dog. The dog in this case is a handsome creature, named, appropriately enough for the man who plays Clive, Rajah.

Between pictures he believes in having a complete holiday, preferably as far from Hollywood as may be. And he has taken several yachting cruises to Europe and elsewhere.

Whether it is superstition, or merely the partiality that some men have for a particular garment, even when it may seem to others to have outlived its usefulness, Colman insists on wearing once at least in every picture a macintosh that he bought 17 years ago.

This deathless garment appears even in "Clive of India."

East India Company's service before he transferred to the Government to protect the company's interests in India. Curiously enough,

THE part of Robert Clive, created by Leslie Banks in the London stage success from which the film is adapted, must have appealed strongly to an actor of Colman's temperament.

Here is a man who starts from very humble beginnings, who has vision and does not shrink, a gambler with fortune, and who, while quite young, finds himself the conqueror of princes and master of a vast country.

Clive's story reads like a fairy tale—yet it is true!

Furthermore, in his private life Clive is an ideal subject. His letter from India to Margaret Maskelyne proposing marriage after seeing her picture in her brother's hands was the prelude to a romance which lasted undimmed through his life.

THERE is one circumstance at the beginning of Clive's career which brings it into parallel with Colman's own life. Clive started out as a clerk in the

Colman as a lad was a book-keeper to a small steamship company in London, and his salary, reckoning the difference between the value of money in Clive's day and ours, was even more exiguous.

Then came the war. Colman served in that and thus learned something of what it means to be a soldier in modern times at any rate. He does not care to dilate now on life in the trenches. A most vivid impression remains, however, of the Battle of Ypres, where he just missed death when a shell exploded a few feet away from him. But happily the only physical hurt he suffered from this nerve-shattering experience was a fractured ankle.

After the war Colman, like others on demobilization, was out of a job and beginning to find himself up against it. He recalls how in 1921 he sat on a bench in Hyde Park with another

young man who said he was trying to earn a living by writing plays. This young man was full of determination, though his clothes were shabby. He

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OUR cow, "Strawberry," died, and was carted away. The following day we let a herd of cows into the paddock she had been in. The cows rushed straight for the spot where "Strawberry" had lain, and went mad. They bellowed and stampeded round and round for fully half an hour—P.M.O.

An Obliging Barber

A SMALL boy, juke out from England, where a haircut was fourteenpence, was given sixpence and sent to a barber. On inquiring the price of a haircut and being told that it was ninepence he said, "Would you take sixpenny-worth off, please?" The obliging barber did so.—J.A.

FOR Young WIVES . . . and MOTHERS
How To Wean Baby . . .
Third and Fourth Weeks

By MARY TRUBY KING

At the end of the second week of weaning, baby has become used to the taste and consistency of both cereal jelly and emulsion.

During the third week the breast is discontinued at the 6 p.m. feed, and by the end of the fourth week baby is having only two breast feeds daily.

THE following are the meals to be worked to by the end of the third week:

6 a.m.: Breast feed.
10 a.m.: Baked finger of bread (to be given 10 minutes before 10 a.m.), 1 tablespoon of cereal jelly with a little

milk-mixture over it, 1½ level teaspoons of Karol emulsion, 8oz. of humanised milk.

2 p.m.: Baked finger of bread. Breast feed.

6 p.m.: 1 level tablespoon of cereal jelly, 8oz. of milk mixture, 1½ level teaspoons of Karol emulsion.
10 p.m.: Breast feed.

At the end of the second week baby was having 1½ level teaspoons of emulsion daily. During the third week increase this amount by only quarter-level teaspoon daily, till at the end of the week the daily allowance is three level teaspoons.

It is best when making the milk-mixture in the early morning to measure out into a scalded egg cup the day's allowance of Karol. It can then be divided evenly between each of the artificial feeds. Baby should finish what is in the egg cup by the end of the day, and a fresh lot should be measured out the following morning.

Karol may be bought in tins or glass jars. If bought in tins, it is wisest to empty out the contents into a scalded jar. If kept in a cool spot, this emulsion will keep for years, if need be.

The recipes for cereal jellies were given in last week's issue.

The following is the recipe for the humanised milk for third week of weaning.

NEW LIFE TO LINOLEUM

WORN linoleum—provided it is in good condition—may be given a new lease of life by painting over with a good, hard-wearing paint in a shade to harmonise with the color scheme of the room. Wash the linoleum first with warm water and soda to remove all traces of polish, and allow to dry before applying the paint.

It allows for two feeds of 8oz. each and enough to pour over the jellies. Directions for method of making humanised milk were given in the issue of April 13.

Humanised milk for third week: Fresh milk, 8oz.; Karolac sugar, 1 level tablespoon and 1 level teaspoon; water to make the total up to 20oz.

List of Meals

THE following are the meals to be worked to by the end of the fourth week:

6 a.m.: Breast feed.
10 a.m.: Baked finger of bread, 1½ tablespoons of cereal jelly, 8oz. of milk-mixture, 1½ level teaspoons of Karol emulsion.

2 p.m.: Baked finger of bread, 8oz. of milk-mixture, 1½ level teaspoons of emulsion.

6 p.m.: Baked finger of bread, 1½ tablespoons of cereal jelly, 8oz. of milk-mixture, 1½ level teaspoons of emulsion.
10 p.m.: Breast feed.

The increase in emulsion and cereal jelly should be made slowly throughout the week as before.

The following is the recipe covering the increased quantity, allowing for three complete feedings, and leaving one ounce over for use with the cereal jelly.

Humanised milk for fourth week: Fresh milk, 11oz.; Karolac sugar, 1½ level tablespoons; water to make the total up to 25oz.

It should be remembered that the additional fat element of the humanised milk is the Karol emulsion, which is really part of the milk-mixture, though not mixed in with it.

Nurses calculating the caloric value of the mixture as a whole should allow 180 calories per ounce of Karol.

DURING the fourth week of weaning, baby may commence having a little fresh scalded whole (unhumanised) milk poured over the cereal jelly in addition to the humanised milk used for this purpose. Begin with only one teaspoon and increase gradually to one tablespoon.

Directions for the fifth and sixth weeks of weaning will be given in next week's issue.



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Tins, Sinks,
Pots, Pans
IN A SHAKE!

7-30-15

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

April 27, 1935.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

29

Now... Here are Six Lovely Guest Towels!

In Huckaback or Colorful Linen for Your Home or Your "Box" — all carrying Original and Exclusive Designs by Bertha Maxwell!

TOWELS are usually prosaic things, and in the past have not been considered very important aesthetically. Modern housekeeping and modern bathrooms, however, demand that there be a supply of small linen or good cotton towels in the linen chest, ever ready for the luncheon or tea guest who requires a mere wisp for use only once.

Fashion has long decreed that these trifles must be decorative as well as useful, and we have passed the stage when any scrap of a flower was thought suitable for a towel.

The three designs shown here as picture-towels represent a type of needlework which is immensely popular for colored stitching; the three cut designs will please the woman who loves good linens of the handsomest kind.

Two materials have been used for these designs: one is a white huckaback which washes well and always comes back from the laundry snowy and fresh.

The other material is plain linen of a lovely heavy weave, with little hems at the sides, always a strengthening touch to a towel.

At the ends of all the towels, the finish is buttonholing, with picots as shown, but if you require hemstitched ends order them and they will be sent. Huckaback and linen colors are rose-pink, blue, lemon, and green. You may have any design on any color, but suggestions made below will help you to decide. Order from The Australian Women's Weekly by post or personally. Unobtainable elsewhere.

Here are the prices. We pay postage:

In heavy white or cream linen, 2/6 each.

Rose-pink, blue, lemon, or green heavyweight linen, 2/11 each.

Superb quality white huckaback, 2/3 each.

Same quality huckaback, in rose-pink, blue, green, or lemon. Price 2/11 each.

Hemstitched ends cost 3d. extra for each towel ordered.

The huckaback towels measure

If all your guest towels are worn out, or are not very interesting or pretty, there is bound to come a moment in which you will wish you had attended to them... that unexpected guest whom you wish to honor, that other kind of guest who notices your housekeeping... Don't let that happen—just pick up your needle and begin on the designs which you like best on this page.



DON'T you think these guest towel designs as quaint as they are lovely? You may have them in white, rose-pink, blue, lemon or green best quality linen or huckaback; also in cream linen. Designed for simple stitching by Bertha Maxwell.

15 x 22 inches, and the linen towels 17 x 22 inches.

Primroses

DELICATE yellow is the color we associate with the flowers, but do not forget that there are blue, mauve, and pink primroses if you prefer them. The leaves are light green, rather rough and irregular. The little bowl may be brown, deep green, black, or dark blue. This towel looks well in green linen.

Water Lilies

WHITE, pink, rose, blue, and yellow may be used for the flowers and bud tips, with masses of yellow dots in the flower centres. The leaves are dark green above, lighter green beneath. The lines of the water may be the same green as the leaves. This design is lovely on the white huckaback when the flowers are worked in colors; on

the linen, it looks well on blue or green.

Country Cottage

YOU can paint your own little picture here and let your fancy run riot with the colors you would use if you were building a little place of your own. If you cannot think of colors, look round and see what the neighbors' houses suggest to you. The roof is red tiles, the cottage is cream or buff, the rounded shapes are bushes of every green, the tall poplars are deep green or light, according to the season, the fence is grey or brown, and the road line beneath it is blue-metal shade or brown, and the odd little flowers, which close the story, are pink or mauve.

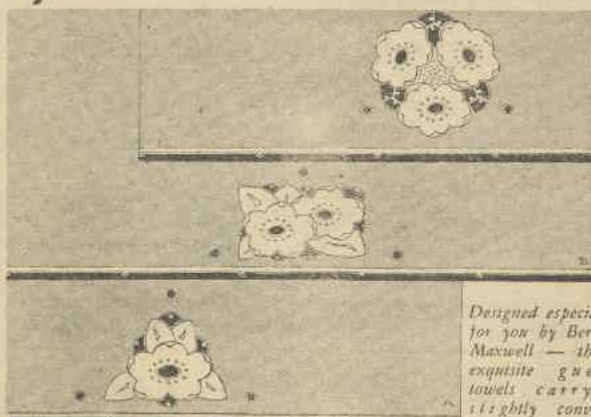
Put a thin line of pale blue for the thread of smoke from the chimney, and ask for this design on white, blue, green, or yellow.

The Cut Designs

SIMPLE buttonholing over one thread will do this work well. The flowers may be worked first; then the leaves; then the tiny bits of cutwork. Put in the small picots where shown. If you like them, and add the centre dots and eyelets last. Very little cutwork is included in these three designs, as towels should not be weakened by flowery effects; there is here only enough open work to suit the worker who revels in this lovely type of stitching, which always looks so handsome when finished. All these cut designs are recommended on the linen of various colors. It may be worked in pure white, or in tones to match the linen, or in realistic flower tones.

The Stitches

IN the picture-towels, the worker will find scope for all the stitches used in simple em-



Designed especially for you by Bertha Maxwell — these exquisite guest towels carrying slightly conventional cutwork ends. White or cream linen, cost 2/6 each; white huckaback, 2/3 each; colored linen or huckaback, 2/11 each. With hemstitched ends, 3d. each extra. Here is your opportunity to acquire the loveliest towels for your bathroom — seize it!

Make Beautiful Things to keep, to sell, or give away...

CAN you embroider? Would you like to possess, easily and cheaply, beautiful house linens and exquisite underwear and frocks such as you see in books and shop windows? Then follow these needlework articles — they appear every week — and everything which is prescribed may be purchased all ready for you to sew. You are not told "to get this" and "do that" and muddle through by yourself; it is all arranged for your own lovely work. Bertha Maxwell tells you how to do it, easily and simply.

broidery; buttonholing in the primrose design, or a little patch

of applique for the bowl may be tried. In the lilies and cottage, there may be used outlining, stem-stitches, satin-stitch, and loose buttonholing. One please oneself.

The ends of all the towels are shown buttonholed over several threads, with tiny picots here and there. If hemstitching is being used, a crochet edging will be added, when the picots will appear in the crochet work.

Threads

USE stranded cotton or embroidery cotton. All threads must be fast dye to endure frequent washing, so be careful to buy good ones even if they cost a little more.

HAPPY · HEALTHY YOUTH

depends upon the wise choice of food.

Thousands of wise mothers give their children Granuma, the all-wheat Porridge Meal, which contains all the essential vitamins, proteins and bran, that ensure health and vigour.

Made easily digestible by a special mashing process Granuma has a delicious nutty flavour which makes it appetizing and enjoyable.

Order a packet from your grocer.

A PRESENT IN EVERY PACKET

Save Bonus Labels for Valuable Presents



Try this recipe for GRANUMA SCONES

14 breakfast cups S.B. flour
1 cup Granuma
Level teaspoon salt
1 dessertspoon butter
1 egg
3 cup milk

Sift all dry ingredients together, melt butter, add beaten egg and milk. Mix all together into soft dough. Roll out, cut as desired, bake in a very hot oven.

GRANUMA

PORRIDGE MEAL

CONTAINS THE WHOLE OF THE WHEAT...

Manufactured by INGLIS LTD., 396-404 Kent Street, Sydney

CLEVER IDEAS

EIDERDOWN QUILTS.

AFTER EIDERDOWN quilts have been used for some time they begin to lose their lightness. To restore them, beat well, using a cane beater, then hang on the line on a dry day for a few hours in the wind.

TEA OR COFFEE POTS.

A LUMP of sugar kept in any disused tea or coffee pot absorbs any moisture, and prevents rust or mildew.

THE WET UMBRELLA.

DO NOT open a wet umbrella to dry it. Wipe it down with an old soft silk handkerchief, and leave it to drain in a bath or basin, shut up.

BUTTER ECONOMY

DON'T THROW away butter that has become rancid. Cut it up into quite small pieces, and cover in a dish with fresh milk—but only just cover. Let the butter remain in the milk for an hour, take out, and leave to drain. It will then be quite sweet.

SHOE WISDOM.

NEVER PLACE wet shoes near the fire to dry; this ruins the soles very often, and damages the leather. Let them dry slowly in the warmth, but away from the direct rays of the fire.

OILCLOTH.

NEVER SCRUB oilcloth; first sweep it, and then wash it, but do not use soda or hot water.



"Eagley" Pure Wool Underwear has all the qualities of a "warm" friend. In cold weather it comforts and protects the wearer from chills, and gives years of service. "Eagley" Underwear is warm because it is ALL pure wool... comfortable because of the fine knit and special form-fitting styles... long-lasting because infinite care is paid to detail in its manufacture and finish. There are sizes, weights, and styles for every need in the "Eagley" All Wool and the "Yelga" Wool and Cotton Underwear ranges.



To "see" and "feel" Eagley Underwear is to realise its superiority.

Eagley
UNDERWEAR
ALL WOOL

"Yelga"—Wool and Cotton Underwear.

A WARM FRIEND.

DAYLIGHT MURDER

Continued
from Page 7

A TRIPLE piqued by the realisation of his self-deception, Harkness lingered over his refreshment until about a quarter to twelve, when the urge for a cigar from the special box in his bag on the rack drove him back to his carriage.

He met no one as he made his way from coach to coach along the gangway; and when he reached his own compartment he found the door close shut.

His fellow-passenger still occupied her corner, and appeared to be asleep. The thick fox fur was drawn up cosily around her ears, and partly concealed her face. Her eyes were closed.

The blind was drawn behind her head. Her hands, ungloved, were folded in her lap, and her legs were stretched out upon the seat on which she reclined.

Harkness opened the door as noiselessly as possible, reclosed it, and tipped across to his own corner. As he passed the recumbent woman he noticed that the coffee tray had been removed. Then he sat down.

The cigar forgotten, he stared out of the window for a while. Then he felt his eyes drawn around to the woman resting in the far corner.

How soundly she slept! And how pale her slender hands looked against the black of her dress. They were

beautiful hands, perfectly manicured. But they seemed somehow different to him now.

The realisation of what that difference was came to him almost like a shock. They were ringless. Strange that she should have removed her rings—especially her wedding ring.

Her handbag lay open at her side. That, too, was strange. Then he slowly raised his eyes to her face.

What he could see of it was pale as death—like her hands. And a feeling of vague alarm began to creep over him.

This could be no natural sleep, he thought, but a fainting fit. Rising, he stepped across the carriage and bent over her.

Not the slightest movement of her breast betrayed her breathing. He touched her pale hands. They were cold—cold as the hands of a corpse.

Placing his hand on her arm, he shook her gently. There was no response.

By now, his instinct had told him that she was dead, but he shook her again, more urgently. As he did so, the fur fell from her face, and in falling opened the front of her little coat. Beneath, she wore a pale mauve silk knitted jumper. Upon it, under her left breast, was a small dark stain.

Harkness lightly touched his fingers

to the mark, and withdrew his hand hurriedly. His finger tips were wet. He looked at them. They were wet with blood.

She had been stabbed—stabbed to the heart!

Now a change came over the Professor. The agitation and concern which even he, the hard-bitten crime tracker, had betrayed while approaching the tragic discovery were submerged in a wave of cold and bitter indignation.

Replacing the fur closely about her head and face, he stepped out into the gangway, closing the door of the compartment behind him.

Standing as to screen the still form as much as possible from observation, he awaited the appearance of one of the train attendants.

The man who presently approached him from the direction of the restaurant car was not the young steward who had waited on the dead woman, but another.

"I want you," said Harkness. "Who is in charge of the train?"

"The rear guard, sir," replied the man, an inquiring look in his eyes.

"Please find him, and ask him to step this way."

"Certainly, sir. Thank you, sir," said the man, pocketing the shilling Harkness proffered him. Then he hesitated an instant, and glanced into the compartment.

"Anything wrong, sir?"

"Something important—and urgent. Hurry, will you?"

A COUPLE of minutes passed and the guard appeared.

"You wanted to see me, sir?" he said, touching his cap.

"Yes. I'm Professor Eldon Harkness. Here's my card. You may or may not have heard of me, but I've frequently been of assistance to Scotland Yard in the unravelling of crime mysteries."

"Oh, yes, sir," returned the guard, respectfully. "I've heard of you, right enough! What can I do for you, sir?"

"Exercise such authority as you have until we reach our destination and can inform the police, to conceal the fact that a dreadful crime has been committed on this train."

"A crime, sir? On this train?"

"An appalling crime. It was committed in the compartment behind me—my compartment. It was murder. There lies the victim."

Harkness stepped aside and gestured towards the form that, partly hidden by the drawn blind, could yet be seen lying stretched upon the seat.

The guard turned pale, and gazed with horror-stricken eyes, through the glass at the dead woman.

"But—but—did you see it, sir?" he stammered.

"No," replied the Professor. "I was in the restaurant car when the murder took place. I'd left the woman, who was a complete stranger to me, and with whom I hadn't exchanged more than a dozen words, sitting alive and well in her corner. She had ordered coffee for two, and the untouched tray stood on the seat facing her."

"When I returned about a quarter of an hour ago—for I see it's now 12—I at first thought she was sleeping. Then I discovered she was dead—stabbed in the breast. Who was her assailant I know no more than you; but that he or she must still be on the train is, I think, obvious."

By this time the guard was in a state of marked agitation.

"My God!" he exclaimed, pushing back his hat. "Here's a pretty get! I s'pose my duty is to inquire if there's a doctor on the train?"

"Then just forget your duty for once," advised Harkness. "There's no need. I'm myself a qualified medical man—amongst other things; and I can certify that the woman was killed within the last three-quarters of an hour. The great thing is not to alarm the passengers—if we want to spot the culprit."

"You know best, sir," returned the guard, looking anxiously at the Professor. "I wouldn't like it brought against me that I'd failed in my duty."

"Don't worry yourself about that," said Harkness. "I'll see that you don't get into any trouble. Now, just step inside, and I'll tell you what I want you to do."

With no more hesitation than might have been expected, the guard followed Harkness into the compartment and carefully closed the door.

"FIRST," said the scientist, "tell me whom it will be necessary to take into your confidence, to make sure that no one intrudes into this carriage during the rest of the run. I don't feel disposed to finish my journey in company with a corpse, but I prefer my luggage to remain here while I move about from place to place in the train, in the hope of dropping on a clue. But the compartment must be kept closed."

Please turn to Page 33

New Discovery Helps You To Prevent Colds

Companion-product to Vicks VapoRub perfected after Years of Research

Especially designed for
Nose and Upper Throat
where most colds start

After years of research, the makers of Vicks VapoRub, the famous vapourising salve for relieving colds, have now perfected Vicks Va-tro-nol, an amazing new liquid that aids in preventing colds.

Va-tro-nol is designed especially for the nose and upper throat, where 3 out of 4 colds start. You can use it at any time and in any place—at home or at work. You simply put a few drops up each nostril.

When to Use Vicks Va-tro-nol

After Exposure—to any condition apt to cause a cold (crowds, wet feet, sudden changes in temperature, etc.) and especially after contact with anyone who has an active cold, use Va-tro-nol promptly. A few drops, used in time, prevent many colds altogether.

If you start to catch cold—use Va-tro-nol at the first sniffle or sneeze. Its tingling medication swiftly spreads through the hidden passages where colds begin, clears the head instantly, aids Nature to throw off most colds in their very first stages.

Whenever the head is stuffed up. Even in the case of a fully-developed head-cold or nasal catarrh, or whenever a stuffy head accompanies a cold of any kind, Va-tro-nol opens up the nasal passages in the same quick way. It reduces swollen membranes and clears away the clogging mucus—thus helping to drain the sinuses. It lets you breathe again.

Makes Possible Vicks Plan for better CONTROL of Colds

Vicks Va-tro-nol is a worthy ally of Vicks VapoRub, the famous vapourising ointment which reaches even the deepest colds by penetration and inhalation. These two products are the basis of the remarkable new Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds.

The Vicks Plan provides the proper care and medication for every type and stage of a cold. It means fewer colds, less severe colds, far less danger and expense from colds. Full details of the Plan come in each package.

Just a
few drops
up each nostril



They do good...
They taste good!

Also... A NEW COUGH DROP!

A new idea in cough drops: medicinal ingredients of Vicks VapoRub in the form of a convenient—and delightful—sweet. You will find the new Vicks Medicated Cough Drops wonderfully effective for relieving coughs, for soothing the throat after speaking or singing, and for refreshing the mouth and breath after smoking.

Free Samples

Every chemist has Vicks Va-tro-nol, Vicks Cough Drops, and Vicks VapoRub—also a limited supply of trial packages. These packages contain generous free samples of all three products and a brief description of the Vicks Plan. If you prefer to test the new products before buying, ask for your samples today.

INDIGESTION



**ACIDITY
GASTRITIS
DYSPEPSIA
HEARTBURN
FLATULENCE
ULCERATED
STOMACH**

Sufferers can test this New-
Principle Remedy FREE!

No matter whether you suffer the "slight" inconvenience of the first symptoms of Indigestion (Heartburn, Wind, Palpitation), or the more painful and dangerous Gastritis, Dyspepsia, Colitis, Ulcerated Stomach or Bowels—you can get relief. Relief immediate and progressive. Not through harmful and deadening drugs, but by common-sense and modern principles. De Witt's Antacid Powder acts in a three-fold way.

Firstly, it neutralises the excess acid which the stomach continually produces, and allays the irritation.

Secondly, the ulcers are coated with a film of colloidal-kaolin. So finely powdered is this kaolin, that it is easily spread over the entire surface of the stomach. This protects the inflamed tissues from the hot, burning acids.

Thirdly, it actually digests portions of your food, thereby still further taking the load off the weakened stomach, and finally, the ingredients in De Witt's Antacid Powder so assist Nature to build up an alkaline reserve in the body, that, with ordinary care, there will be no recurrence of your trouble.

Take De Witt's Antacid Powder regularly, as directed, and you will get rid of your digestive troubles for good. Sold only in the sky-blue canisters by chemists everywhere, price 2/6 (month's supply). If you wish to have a free test supply, fill in the coupon NOW.

DEWITT'S ANTACID POWDER

For INDIGESTION. Price 2/6

Be sure you get the genuine De Witt's Antacid Powder, in sky-blue canister. Prepared by the well-known house "De Witt's," which has supplied medicinal remedies to the public for 50 years.

FREE GIFT COUPON

To E. C. De Witt & Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.
(Dept. H-14), P.O. Box 26,
MELBOURNE.

Please send me, free and postage paid, a sample of De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Address _____

SMALL ROOMS made to LOOK LARGER!



—with
Built-in
Fitments
of Smart
Utility!

By
OUR HOME
DECORATOR

A WRITING desk built into the corner of a small room, having natural lighting advantages. Unit pieces or hold hooks may be added at will.

*I*N the modern small home or flat, large rooms are usually conspicuous by their absence. Hence the need for smaller units of furniture, or furniture that serves a dual purpose in order that the occupants may enjoy that feeling of space which even the smallest room should have.

So, in this search for space, let us consider the smartness and utility of built-in furniture. On this page are illustrated three examples that are as modern as modernistic tastes could wish for, and yet as simple and as pleasingly practical as the most ardent home-lover could desire.

Very often in a small house or flat it is a real convenience—a necessity, in short—to combine living-room and dining-room; and the chief problem in cases of this kind is always the arrangement of the dining-room fitments so that they will not be noticed other than at meal times.

Camouflaging dining-chairs is by no means easy, though the table itself presents comparatively little difficulty. A highly original and at the same time convenient way in dealing with these features is to be seen in the central illustration, which shows a delightfully modern corner in a living-room.

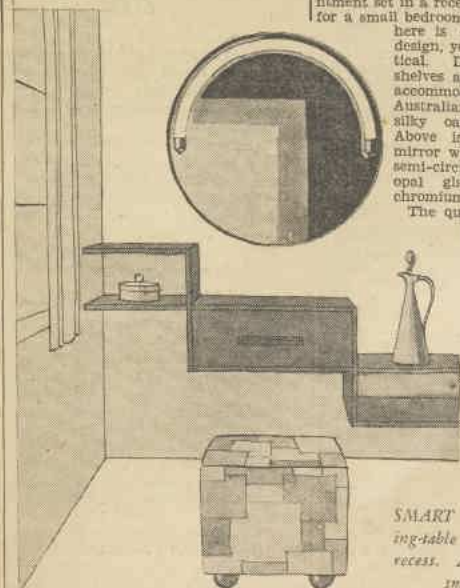
A carpenter could, at very little cost to yourself, build in such a corner seat. This could be upholstered with material matching easy-chairs or curtains, and serve as a lounge at other times. The table, preferably a light one, could be moved against the wall at a moment's notice.

AN IDEA for the dual dining and living-room. The built-in seat serves as a lounge when the light table is moved away after the meal.

and add considerably to the decorative scheme. As you can see at a glance, the whole affair—compact, attractive, useful—would not burst the purse-strings to construct. However, it's just another example of what can be done advantageously with a corner in a restricted area.

We come now to a wall dressing-table fitment set in a recess—an excellent idea for a small bedroom. The one sketched here is distinctly modern in design, yet pleasing and practical. Drawer and double shelves afford a good deal of accommodation. Any good Australian wood, preferably silky oak, could be used. Above is placed a circular mirror which is fitted with a semi-circular strip light in opal glass finished with chromium.

The quaint stool introduces an Old World touch to the room. By the way, the original room from which Petrov made his sketch had walls of duck-egg-blue, ceiling and woodwork deep cream. The carpet was beige and the curtains and matching bedspread were in off-white tones, patterned with tan, turquoise, amber, and beige.—E.E.G.



SMART simplicity! Dressing-table fitment set in a recess. A good idea for a small bedroom.

Twelve flowers—whose precious oils perfume sweet Cashmere Bouquet—gave her added charm.



For 129 years . . .
women have loved its perfume

To-day, the haunting fragrance of Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet is imprisoned in three perfect Beauty Creams, which come to you in fascinating jade-topped jars. First, there is Cashmere Bouquet Cleansing Cream . . . to remove make-up and gently soothe your skin . . . next, the Tissue Cream for nourishment, and to ward off wrinkles . . . and then—the Foundation Cream. Use it every day and every evening . . . it's a perfect powder base. You will love the soft, smooth texture of the Cashmere Bouquet Beauty Creams, and their economy will please you, too.

Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet

Cleansing Cream Tissue Cream Foundation Cream



C.B. 35/2



Other Cashmere Bouquet products that will appeal to you are Toilet Soap, Face Powder, Lipstick, Rouge (Cream or Camellia), Talcum Powder, Dusting Powder, Brilliantine (Liquid or Solid), Perfume and Eau de Cologne.

"OH, YOU ARE GETTING FAT!"

Woman's Action After Friend's Remarks

NOW SHE'S 49 LBS.
LIGHTER

If you are one who hears remarks from friends about "getting fat," you will naturally be interested to hear this woman's story. Fortunately, it had a happy ending. Here is her letter:

"I had put on weight gradually—not noticing it myself—until my friends kept saying to me, 'Oh, you are getting fat.' I had myself weighed, and nearly had a fit. I was 12 st. 10 lbs., and I am only 5 ft. 3 ins. in height. Then I saw an advertisement for Kruschen, and I thought I would try it. I did so, and to-day I weigh 9 st. 3 lbs., and feel better. I continue to take Kruschen, as I find it is still helping me, and I wish to lose a little more weight. I am recommending Kruschen to all my friends."

(Mrs.) T. W. Kruschen is an ideally balanced blend of six separate mineral salts. The formula represents the ingredient salts of the mineral waters of Carlsbad, Ems, Kissingen, and other well-known European spas, which have been resorted to for generations by the over-tired. Only in Kruschen can you get this precise combination of salts. The exact correctness of the formula of every batch of Kruschen



is checked by a staff of qualified chemists, before it is passed for bottling.

Kruschen combats the cause of fat by assisting the internal organs to throw off each day those waste products and poisons which, if allowed to accumulate, will be converted by the body's chemistry into fatty tissue. Thus, Kruschen acts upon surplus fat only; if you have no excess fat to lose, you cannot lose weight with Kruschen.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/9 per bottle.

BABS KNOWS THE RIGHT WAY WITH WOOLLIES



Woollies, undies and fragile silks can be washed with safety, the PERSIL WAY. PERSIL'S active suds coax clean without rubbing, twisting or stretching. Don't risk imitations for your dainty things—get the real



Softening Beauty of CLIMBERS

Let them cover joyously the unsightly places in your Garden

... SAYS THE OLD GARDENER!

Get into the habit of covering awkward places in your garden—dead stumps, bare walls or ugly fences—with pretty climbers. Lots of people are unwilling to use their imagination where their garden is concerned—and do not realise the softening beauty of the climbing plant. The Old Gardener gives you in this interesting article a selection from which to choose.

"The flowers bloom along the road that has no end, Cool breezes blow, the gam trees sway and bend. The wild doves coo their soothing notes and mend"

Heart's throbbing pain to sweet content, And peace lights on the mind's sad trend."

How true that little verse is—yes, there are roads that have no end, yet not so with our flowers—their end comes only too quickly! Very soon now our beautiful floral displays will be gone. Drab, dreary winter will be here, and many gardens will seem deserted, so to-day we will have a talk on how to cover up those unsightly places such as old fences, out-houses, dead stumps, ugly banks, and various places that are a source of annoyance.

It is surprising the many places around a home that can be made more attractive by the judicious use of climbing plants. Just let me run over a list of climbers for you. Jot them down, as I explain them, then in your leisure moments you can make a selection for various places around your home.

Lathyrus, the everlasting sweet pea, is very ornamental, very easy to grow. Ordinary soil will do, for it is very hardy and gives a profusion of flowers. Yes, there are various colors—red, white, blue, and pink.

Jasminum, sweetly-scented flower, is also easily cultivated and of evergreen habit.

Bougainvillea always commands attention. It thrives in rich soil, and must be grown in a warm situation. It does well along a brick or stone wall, facing east or north-east. There are rosy-purple, brick-red, bright purple, rich pink and red varieties. It is evergreen, and can be trained to any shape. I have seen miles of this climber along fences in Queensland—a wonderful sight when in full bloom.

Dolichos is a very fine climber to cover old fences, and the white variety makes a fine show at flowering time.

Clematis, of which there are three varieties, does well in cold climates. The evergreen variety is Aristata, and a native plant, the deciduous, is called Montana, white in color; and Montana Rubens is pink.

The young leaves of the pink are reddish-brown, and when in flower the two colors, pink and red, make an attractive display.

Bignonia is a fast grower—easily cultivated—and they have splendid blooms. During the dreary winter months Venusta give a wonderful display of orange-colored flowers. They are evergreen, and there are several other varieties—Jasminoides, evergreen, flower white with dark eyes. Jasminoides Alba is pure white. Tweediana is evergreen, with golden flowers. Guitayia is deciduous, the color red and orange. Rosa has rosy lilac flowers and is deciduous.

Australia is evergreen, flowers cream and brown, and is known as the "Wonga Wonga vine." Lindleyana is evergreen and has lavender flowers. Cherrie, evergreen, with flowers very large and scarlet in color.

Rhynchospermum is a beautiful climber, evergreen, grows quickly, handsome foliage, and has sweetly-scented white flowers. Thrives in warm climate. It will also grow in colder districts, but loses its leaves during winter in cold areas.

Solanum is worthy of a corner in the garden—evergreen, white, blue, or lavender-blue. Antigonon is a very charming climber, flowers abundantly, color pink, and is deciduous.

Lonicera, the honeysuckle, is a good old-timer, and how we like the perfume! No garden is complete without this valuable friend.

Mandevilla is deciduous, but when in full foliage is very attractive. The flowers are white and sweetly perfumed.

We must not forget wisteria, for this flower always gives a handsome display, grows quickly in any class of soil well enriched, deciduous in character.

Stigmaphyllon is the golden vine, evergreen, and has a profusion of orchid-like flowers, and is strikingly handsome.

Medeola, the smilax, has very graceful foliage, grows quickly, and is evergreen. Thunbergia is one of the beauties of the climbing family, flowers for a long period with orange and large blue flowers, and is hardy and easily grown.

Ampelopsis, the Virginian creeper, is grown specially for the foliage. During spring it is soon covered with rich green leaves which become tinted through the summer, also deciduous.

A very pretty climber also is Manettia, having yellow and red flowers. It is evergreen.

The kudzu vine is a rapid grower and has rosy, purple, pea-shaped flowers.

Aristolochia, or "Dutchman's Pipe," grows quickly from seed. Very attractive when in flower, color purple and white. There are also several annual climbers, such as mima lobata, convolvulus, cardinal climbers, and various varieties of climbing nasturtiums.



HEADACHES

nearly drove me mad

"THE pain seemed as though it would never stop. I was nearly frantic . . . couldn't work . . . couldn't sleep . . . until a friend recommended NYAL ESTERIN tablets."

NYAL ESTERIN contains Estarin Compound, the new non-habit-forming sedative which acts directly on the nerve centres and quickly soothes away all nerve pains. The ingredients in NYAL ESTERIN are regularly prescribed by Doctors, and are safe as well as sure. For prompt relief in all cases of headache, neuritis, faintness, sleeplessness, rheumatic and nerve pains, take NYAL ESTERIN tablets. Your chemist sells NYAL ESTERIN Tablets at 1/3d. a tin of 24 tablets.

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MEN who "couldn't see me" are all eyes now!

"I'm the happiest girl in the world! Yet, just think! A few months ago I was 'that little Roland girl'—won't someone—someone—ask her to dance!"

"And then, one day, I overheard the men discussing the girls in our set. Here's what was said about me:

"You know, she's pretty enough. But when she smiles . . . those teeth!"

"For hours that day I sat staring into my mirror, gazing through my tears . . .

"He was right! Though my teeth were even, their color was . . . well, just plain dingy! Yellowish! It had happened so gradually I hadn't noticed.

"And then, through my head ran some words I'd read the evening before. 'Food and drink leave seven kinds of stain on teeth. If these stains remain, teeth grow duller and duller, till all the natural sparkle is gone. Use Colgate's—it removes all seven kinds of stains.'

"To-day—well, look at my teeth . . . my smile! I know it's a winner now. And you'd know it, too . . . if you could see my date-book."

Banish all 7 stains with Colgate's and glory in your smile

Get a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Let its two cleansing actions remove all food stains—stains that no dental cream with only one cleansing action can remove.

You see, Colgate's has an erasive action that washes many of the stains away. Then a polishing action that removes all the more stubborn ones. So don't delay. Try Colgate's. And ten days from now, see for yourself what an amazing difference this two-action dental cream can make in your teeth.



If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has the T.B.T. cleaning action. It gives the same remarkable results, and sells at 1/6.

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SLIM fast WITHOUT Thyroid or harmful drugs

OR PAY NOTHING

Many women—and men—are fat in parts—often worse than being fat all over! Abdomen, Waist, Bust, Thighs, Calves, Ankles—Neck—any of these, and other parts, may be out of proportion, and ugly.

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Would You Like These Measurements? Neck, 12½-in.; Bust, 24½-in.; Waist, 25½-in.; Hips, 28½-in.; Thighs, 22½-in.; Calves, 14½-in.; Ankles, 8½-in. NOW, you can have a figure that won't distress you; you can get about, look well, and enjoy life. Enjola begins effective reduction within 24 hours! No "toxins", no starvation; no exercises; no trouble; no danger. As soon as you're down to normal, you stop taking, and reduction stops. BUT YOU HOLD YOUR NEW SLIMNESS! It's simple—and safe!

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—ENJOLA— Slims Safely, Pleasantly: Even Where other 'Reducers' Put on Weight!

DAYLIGHT MURDER

"I'll speak to the ticket inspector," said the guard. "He must be told about it. I don't know as there's any call to tell anybody else. He can lock the door and stick a 'reserved' label on the window."

"Then perhaps you'll find him, and send him along at once. I'll wait here till he comes."

"Right you are, sir," said the guard, and left the compartment with very evident relief.

A few minutes later the ticket inspector who had already visited the compartment before the tragedy sidled in and slid the door to.

"I can hardly believe it, sir," he said, in awestruck tones. "Why, it only seems about just now that I was making out the lady's receipt and taking her money. And you were sittin' there, sir!"

"Yes, yes, I know," said Harkness soothingly. "But we mustn't lose our heads or allow ourselves to get too sentimental. Now, tell me, when did you last pass through this coach?"

"About half an hour ago, sir, or a bit more, perhaps. Eleven-thirty, I should say."

"Did you notice anything?"

"Well, yes, I did notice two things, sir. Nothing of importance, though. I noticed that the gentleman in the end compartment wasn't there, and that one of the waiters was standing in this doorway, talking to the lady."

"Ah!" said Harkness. "I expect he'd come to collect the tray."

"I couldn't say, sir. I passed on, and left him talking in the doorway."

HARKNESS looked thoughtful for a moment.

"Was the gentleman you mentioned in his compartment when you passed just now?"

"I didn't come that way, sir. Would you like me to go and have a look?"

"No. Leave that to me. What I want you to do now is to help me to lower this poor woman to the floor and lay her under the seat."

"What, sir?" exclaimed the man.

"Yes," said Harkness, with decision. "We'll lay newspapers on the floor—there are plenty. I'll mean no disrespect to the dead, but may help to discover her assailant."

"He, or she, will be puzzled by the absence of excitement on the train, and might feel impelled to pass the compartment. In that event, the disappearance of the victim might betray the assassin into some gesture of surprise."

"I see what you mean, sir," said the man. "Shall we do it now?"

"The sooner the better." With the utmost care, the body was lowered to the floor and pushed back, well out of view, under the seat. The woman's handbag, with the concurrence of the inspector, Harkness looked up in his own attaché case.

"Now," he said. "I'm going on a voyage of discovery. So you can lock the door, and if you think it necessary, stick a notice on the window to prevent the entry of any stranger."

Harkness turned in the direction of the restaurant car, walking leisurely along the gangway, followed closely by the inspector. He did not trouble to look in at the compartment adjoining his own in that direction since he already knew it to be occupied by a merry family party—father, mother, and three children, all in the highest spirits and filled with holiday excitement.

Just as the two men approached the next compartment, the young steward who had brought coffee to the murdered woman appeared in the gangway, hurrying towards them.

"Stop him, if you can," said Harkness over his shoulder.

"Where you bound, chum?" asked the inspector genially, standing full in the other's way.

The steward stopped, and looked at the inspector in some surprise, in which showed also a little resentment.

"Oh, just running up an' down the train for a little exercise," he retorted sarcastically.

"Well, don't barge into that smoker there," said the inspector, indicating the fatal compartment. "The lady

Continued from Page 30

don't want to be disturbed. I've stuck a label up—see?"

"But what about my tray?" demanded the young man. "We're short of 'em."

"Tray?" repeated the inspector.

"What tray?"

Harkness nudged him.

"The tray on which you brought the lady coffee for two—is that it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't bother about it just now," said Harkness. "The lady's really not at all well, and must be left quiet."

And he passed the man a coin.

"Oh, all right, sir. Much obliged I'll get it later."

Turning, the steward retraced his steps along the gangway, leaving Harkness and the inspector looking at each other questioningly.

"Is it likely that any other steward collected the tray?" asked the former.

"Hardly, sir. I should say each man sticks to his own job while we're on the run. But I'll find out—quickly—if you like."

"No, say nothing. It might arouse curiosity."

"Well, perhaps it would, sir. Anyhow, it's mighty queer. Those waiter chaps don't do jobs for each other, as a rule, without being asked. And if young smarty had asked one of his pals to fetch the tray for him he wouldn't have come along for it himself, would he?"

"Not unless he'd forgotten," replied Harkness, thoughtfully. "But you told me you saw a steward talking to the woman when you passed. Was it the man we've just spoken to?"

"I couldn't say, sir—not for sure. He'd got his back to me, and I didn't look close. They all seem much the same from the rear, with their white jackets."

"So they do," agreed Harkness. "Now, you get along, and leave me to my own devices. If you see anything at all suspicious, find me at once."

"I'll do that, sir," promised the man, touching his hat and moving off and out of sight round the bend in the gangway.

Harkness was left standing outside the compartment second from his own in the direction of the restaurant car, which was forward.

He was thinking deeply, marshalling such facts as had so far emerged, and in respect of which there could be no doubt or question, before allowing his faculty of intuition to function—that faculty which, in so many of his previous cases, had guided him to the final solution, and which, maybe, is no more than the subtle judgment of the subconscious mind.

At twelve minutes past eleven, he calculated, the waiter had brought the coffee—for two. Three minutes later he himself had left the compartment. Returning in half an hour, he had found the woman dead and the coffee tray removed.

During that comparatively short interval, the ticket inspector had passed and seen a waiter standing in the doorway of the compartment. This, as near as could be made out, was at 11.30—a quarter of an hour after Harkness had left and a quarter of an hour before he had returned.

Presumably, therefore, the woman was alive a short time, which narrowed down the period of time during which the crime could have been committed to the quarter of an hour between 11.30 and 11.45.

Now remained the problem of the waiter or waiters, and the disappearance of the coffee tray.

Leaving the coach with a certain feeling of reluctance—for something seemed to tell him that the secret of the murder lay within its confines—Harkness hurried to the restaurant car and took the seat he had occupied before, and which he had reserved for the 12.30 meal.

A waiter, seeing him, approached. "Bring me a dry martini," said Harkness. "And, by the way, he added, as the man was moving off, 'I suppose I can change my mind, and lunch at 1.30?'"

"Oh, yes, sir, if you prefer it. I'll try to keep this table for you."

"Get a drink yourself, in that case," Harkness suggested, pushing a coin across the table. "How many waiters do you employ on this car?"

"Four, sir—besides the head waiter." "Quite enough for four to do. I should imagine—running up and down the train, taking orders and so forth, eh?"

"Well, yes, sir—sometimes. But we're not over busy to-day. I haven't left the car once, myself, so far. I'd better get your drink, sir—time's getting on."

AS the waiter hurried away, Harkness mentally ticked him off the list of possible visitors to the compartment during his absence. Then, across the aisle, he noticed the young waiter of earlier in the day. Catching his eye, he beckoned him over. "I suppose you can manage without that tray and things?" asked Harkness, smiling.

"Why, yes, sir—for the present, at any rate."

Please turn to Page 36

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This service will meet the needs of those whose eyes require medical treatment, and who dislike going to a public hospital and cannot afford the private fees now charged.

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MEMBROSUS IS NOT A NEW, UNTRIED, EXPERIMENTAL TREATMENT, BUT ONE THAT HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY TRIED AND TESTED, AND PROVED OVER A PERIOD OF 30 YEARS.

Many letters full of heartfelt gratitude have reached us, and the following is a typical one:—"I cannot say enough for Membrosus, and would have no hesitation in recommending it to anyone with Lung Trouble. It certainly makes me feel very fit. I am still improving, and will continue until completely recovered. I am very pleased with the progress I have made through using Membrosus. It is great to feel so well after years of suffering. I have gained 15 lbs. in weight, and my chest feels quite sound. The cough is gone now, and there is very little sputum, and the pain in the chest has cleared up. I feel better than I have done for 20 years."

This wonderful treatment is just as promptly effective for

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By INHALED MEMBROSUS REGULARLY TWICE DAILY, THE ATTACKS BECOME LESS SEVERE, LESS FREQUENT, AND THEN CLEAR UP ALTOGETHER. Many reports reach us telling of wonderful cures effected by this excellent dry inhalation treatment in chronic cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, and Whooping Cough.

"No more wheezing or coughing or gasping for breath . . . no more smothering . . . that tight, bound-up feeling gone . . . able to lie down and sleep again . . . to walk up hills without distress . . . his again becomes a pleasure." Such reports—and there are many of them—give you definite reason why all sufferers from these ghastly afflictions should try Membrosus, the logical treatment.

The healing fumes act directly upon the affected parts . . . destroy the germs . . . dislodge the mucus and, gradually and surely, aid the restoration to normal health.

ASTHMA HAY FEVER ANTRUM TROUBLE WITHOUT OPERATION

This dry inhalation completely clears away the mucus and inflammation from the Bronchial tubes, nasal passages, Antrum and Eustachian tubes—the very things that those suffering from Catarrh, Hay Fever, and Antrum trouble are looking for. Remember, it does not merely relieve. Membrosus gets right to the seat of the trouble, slaying infection and eventually completely restoring normal health.

Mrs. A. Wilson: "I wish to report that I have made further progress towards recovery. The attack appears to be leaving me and I am seldom troubled with coughing and spitting, except when I lie down, when I get a bit of coughing and a considerable amount of sputum comes away. After a little while it stops, when I can lie down as much as I like, when there is no further coughing. I feel grateful that a cure is in sight."

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For the interesting booklet regarding the wonderful inhalation treatment and a stamped addressed envelope with particulars of your complaint to MEMBROSUS CO., LTD., 183 Victoria Road, Drumoyne, Sydney, N.S.W.

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When you serve Foster Clark's Custard with fruit, the smooth delicate flavour of the custard enhances the rich yet piquant qualities of the fruit, making a delicious and appetising dish.

It is better not to serve custard at all than to spoil good fruit with inferior quality powders. Foster Clark's Creamy Custard is made from only the most wholesome ingredients. It is obtainable everywhere and is easily prepared. Write for Elizabeth Craig's Cookery Book with nearly 100 custard recipes. (Enclose 1d stamp).

Be sure your grocer gives you Foster Clark's.

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TAKE TEA FROM THE WORLD —AND WHAT?

"Tea," said a famous doctor of the seventeenth century, "warms the stomach, clears the mind, strengthens the memory, befriends learning, and lends substantial aid to the acquirement of wisdom and piety. . . a supreme remedy for heaviness of spirit and melancholia. . . promotes sober and moderate cheerfulness."

NO famous doctor is required to substantiate that tribute in the twentieth century. We can do that for ourselves.

But what a debt we owe China! Ages before it was heard of in England the Chinese knew its worth. They spent centuries in nurturing and perfecting it on the great north-west mountain slopes.

It was not until the seventeenth century that tea was introduced to England, and, as it is known, it cost from £6 to £10 per lb. in those good old days. Despite taxation, despite repressions, it gained nation-wide affection.

We learn that Pepys drank his first cup in 1660, the tea costing a mere six guineas per lb.

We learn, too, of many strange experiments with the new beverage. Salt, ginger, nutmeg, or eggs were added in those early days to tea. . .

Housewives could not bring themselves to believe that anything that looked as good as a tea leaf should be unfit for consumption—in any form.

It is said that the Westminster schoolboys were given discarded tea leaves spread on bread and dripping as a special treat. But one of the most amusing cases dished up to us in tea history is the story of the lady who, on receipt of a precious one pound gift, boiled and seasoned it, and then served the lot up to a curious but unhappy company as a vegetable!

Tea was hailed as a deliverer to a land that called for deliverance: a land of beef and ale, of heavy eating, of grey skies, and wintry winds. . . and the bubbling kettle and the fragrant breath of tea came to be part and parcel of English life.

No wonder! It would be hard to conceive existence without tea, nothing can take its place—and as far as we know, nothing will.

Which reminds me. At a function the other evening, a trim waitress asked a gentleman beside me whether he would take tea. His answer intrigued me rather. "Tea," he said. "Ah, that's music to the ear!"

"Music to the ear"—that phrase just about sums up the magic of tea. . . It symbolises for us stimulation, refreshment, contentment, warmth, intimacy, kindness, good cheer and friendship.

AND now, after reading this, and before you rush off to satisfy that urge for a steaming, fragrant cup, let me give you a hint on getting the best from your tea.

Freshly-boiled water is essential. And make sure it is still boiling when poured into the teapot. Warm the teapot itself first, either by pouring in a little hot water, or by standing it in a warm place.

For the medium cup of tea allow a level teaspoon of tea for each person.

The Love Letter

Continued from Page 12

"WHAT do you mean?"

Colter sprang up.

"I mean that your friend whom you call Bundy has found out that I am a German spy. It had to come, sooner or later, but listen." The German fought to hold his control. "That letter is in our code, and it's a warning that a timed mine is under this house—and it's due to explode at twelve o'clock today."

Colter glanced at his watch. "Beat it!" he yelled, and dived for the door. Bundy didn't move, and I watched him. He had his pistol pointed at the German. "You're a pretty good one," he said acidly, "but you overdid the trick when you asked 'what' things. Keep off the street, warnings were. Any soldier who's been over here six months knows what those signs are whether he can read German or not."

"Get out of it!" Colter shouted from the yard, and my nerves snapped. I plunged to join him.

"Wait, you!" Bundy halted me. "Don't be a fool. Come back and help me search this fellow. There's nothing wrong. I wrote that letter myself."

(Copyright)

HOST HOLBROOK says: Shake the bottle, remove the stopper. Ah! My Worcestershire Sauce has such an appetising taste.



THE TEA HOUR—loveliest hour of the day—when woman looks her prettiest, pouring and handing out steaming hot tea. . . when, pleasantly stimulated, the happy circle indulges in friendly chat and banter above the clatter of the cups. . . There's a wealth of magic in the very word tea.

and an extra one—for the pot! This should be varied according to the strength you require, and according to the tea itself. Usually the cheaper teas are less economical, and require more tea.

Then allow it to draw for a few minutes before pouring.

And here's a young plantation owner's hint: Warm the pot, and make the tea with boiling water in the usual way. But, after the pot has been filled with boiling water, add one teaspoonful of cold water. This tiny drop of cold water, he avers, brings out the full flavor of the tea.—E.E.G.

"AFTER ONE BOTTLE I FELT DECIDEDLY BETTER"



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(Mrs.) WIFE.

(Original letter on file for inspection)

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DON'T FORGET . . .

The supper meeting, Carlton Hotel, April 29, at 8 p.m., arranged by members of ladies' committee of Faculty of Dentistry annual ball.

The opening of the Exhibition of the Sydney Industrial Arts Society by Lady Morehead at the Education Department's Gallery, 101-103, Sydney, May 2, at 2 p.m.

A NEW MASSAGE

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Four Fairy Plays at Farmer's Restaurant, May 4, 10.15 a.m., in aid of the Women's Hospital, Crown St.

The Cooking Competition at Parramatta Town Hall, April 26, at 2 p.m., for the benefit of St. Margaret's Hospital.

The lecture on "The Italian Theatre," by Dr. R. Baccarini, at the Junior Theatre Club Rooms, Scot Chambers, Hosking Place, May 2.

The performance of "When Ladies Meet" at the Studio Theatre Club, April 27, Emerson Hall, Liverpool St.

The bridge party at the Hotel Carlton, May 1, at 2 p.m., in aid of the Newtown Free Kindergarten. Tables may be reserved by ringing PM2041.

The "At Home" at the Forum Club, May 2, at 2.30 p.m., arranged by the Ladies' Central Committee of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society. Members of the Society's Younger Set are invited to be present.

The bridge party at Maxima, Darlinghurst Rd., May 2, in aid of the East Sydney Centre of the Rachel Forster Hospital for Women and Children.

The card party in aid of the Crusade for Life Saving Club, arranged for May 1 at the Carlton Hotel.

Main Jamb's Fair, arranged by Society of Women Writers of New South Wales, in the Assembly Hall of State Shopping Block, May 1, 2 p.m. to 10.30 p.m.

The Independent Theatre's production of "The Distant Shores," commencing a season of four Saturday night performances April 27.

The Golden Jubilee Ball, arranged by ex-Students' Union of St. Mary's College, Rosebank, April 27, at Roderic Bros.

The "Mocking Bird" at Bryant's Playhouse, May 1, and subsequent Wednesday nights at 8.15 p.m.



BETTY BOWDEN, the well-known English actress, star of "Tabernum Grove," the splendid Priestley play at the Criterion, will give a talk from 2.30 on Thursday at 11.45, by arrangement with Dorothea Vautier.

THINGS THAT HAPPEN

Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

Saving

A LARGE retail butcher gives vouchers to every customer. For every £1 worth of these presented, the butcher gives in return two lb. of meat free. Most of the customers, when leaving the shop, throw their tickets away. But an unemployed man spends a lot of time outside the shop picking these up. Then he presents them over the counter and receives a parcel of free meat every week.—T.B.

Novel Decorations

ON my birthday my married daughter made me a cake and decorated it in a novel and very pretty manner. Instead of the usual candles she put jubilee kewpies to represent my dear ones at home. There was great excitement when the cake was cut and the little grandsons were given Nanny, Mummy, Daddy, and Aunties to eat.—N.H.

Not the Same

THE teacher was giving the Sunday school class a lesson on Job, and time went all too quickly, so, after giving the first chapter the teacher said: "I think that will do to-day. We will continue the next chapter on Sunday next." One little boy was quite thrilled, and exclaimed to his sister in the teacher's hearing: "Gee, this is going to be a serial!"—B.S.

A Novel Pipe-cleaner

A FRIEND of my grandfather had allowed the nail on his small finger to grow very long—level with the top of his third finger. As a child its interest to me was great. Lucky, indeed, would I think I was to see the old man using it—and what did he use it for? Why, to clean out his pipe.—W.K.H.

Sure To Get It At . . .

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WINTER
FASHIONS
At Keenest Prices!

GRACE BROS. have all the Fashions which will create the smartest Winter wardrobes—at prices astoundingly low for such style and quality! Note these typical examples:

No. 1.—An Exceptional Offer for the Matron!

1000 Individual velours from which to choose! In deep and broad-fitting crowns, in all new shades and wanted colours. Fittings, 22, 22½, and 23 ins. Regular Value, 12/11. SPECIAL PRICE 8/11

Below: No. 5

Ladies' Smart Tailored Suit in an All Wool Lightweight Fabric, featuring a Sports design, with stitching on wide lapels and back, plain skirt with inverted pleats, back and front, trimmed with stitched Belt and Coat fully lined Jap Silk. Colours, Dusty Blue, Dusty Pink, and Beige. Sizes, S.S.W., S.W., and W. PRICE 49/11



5.—FOR THE AFTER-NOON! A SMART TUNIC FROCK, trimmed with Gold Spot Moroccan, finished with Black Satin Skirt. Frock has a Cowl Front, with four Gold Buttons. Fastening at back. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., and W. PRICE 49/11

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7.—Dainty AFTERNOON FROCK, trimmed in good quality REVERSIBLE SATIN, trimmed with Brown and Gold Cheek Silk to tone with Smart Sleeves, and the new ideal Belt of Satin and Cord. Colours: Rust, Brown, Black, and Navy. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., and W. PRICE 49/11

GRACE BROS. BROADWAY SYDNEY PHONE M 6506

DAYLIGHT MURDER

Continued from
Page 33

Try
LEA & PERRINS
NEW SWEET PICKLE
PIKANTI
A delicious blending of
Fruits, Vegetables and
Spices
Ideal for salads, picnics, lunches, etc.



Yes it is -
a Ladye Jayne
YOU CAN TELL
BY THE TAB

To retain the set and beauty of your waves, wear a Ladye Jayne Slumber Helmet, cut to a registered design. Fits perfectly and keeps waves firmly in position. Net 1/6. Ties 2/6. Ask Sir S.B. Manufacturers, Rainsford Ltd., 11A York St., Sydney.

Beauty Sleep - EVERY NIGHT




E.N. DAVIS, Ph. C.
Specialist Chemist,
The Eupathy Company, Aust.

UNSOLICITED REPORTS

"I have only three more days to go to finish the Eupathy Course. My health all through is better. I feel bright and willing to work, and do not feel tired after a hard day's work, as I used to. I now consider myself cured, and have informed quite a number of sufferers of the instant relief it gives."—A.C. MAMAKU, ROTORUA LINE, N.Z.

"It is now five months since my daughter commenced your Eupathy Treatment for Catarrh. I am pleased to be able to say that the results of the Treatment have exceeded all expectations. Coughing, spitting, headaches and discharge from the nose have disappeared, and in place of a worn-out, listless being with no inclination to do or being anything, she is now a strong, healthy girl, ready to join in with other girls of her age and enjoy life. I feel that words cannot express my gratitude to you, or fully show my appreciation of your Eupathy Treatment."—(MRS.) G.M.R. THORNTON, N.S.W.

"I cannot begin to tell you how much your Eupathy Treatment has done for me. It is absolutely priceless to sufferers from any form of Catarrh. Before starting the Treatment, my nose, through which I found it impossible to breathe at times, was swollen to an alarming degree. I was a frequent sufferer from septic throat, and only a fortnight before I sent for the Treatment was in hospital with every symptom of diphtheria. I am now convinced that Catarrh was the real cause of all the trouble, and since taking the Eupathy Specific Course there has been no sign of a recurrence."—E.R. CARRER, N. QLD.

INSTANT RELIEF for CATARRH now available for all sufferers

If you have Catarrh, either slight or severe, whether merely a "stuffy nose" or a sore spot at the back of your throat, or whether you have been a sufferer for years, you will be glad to accept this invitation to try, without cost or obligation, the new Eupathy Fume Distillate for Catarrh, which, though perfectly harmless, bland and pleasant, gives instant relief and is remarkably effective in definitely conquering Catarrh. This Fume Distillate is non-toxic and non-irritating to the membranes. It reduces nasal swelling, relieves pain and fullness of the head and checks excessive discharges.

Complete Freedom From CATARRH

The results of the Eupathy threefold Course in reaching the deep-seated centres of Catarrh are astonishing. It brings about a lasting condition of internal cleanliness. No matter where the trouble is located—in the passages

THE JOY OF EASY BREATHING

Accept our FREE OFFER today and you will soon experience the joy of easy breathing. Those constant headaches, choking, coughing and sneezing attacks will end. No more head noises, catarrhal throat or offensive breath due to Catarrh. You will cease catching colds. Your digestion and your general health will improve beyond belief. Your sense of hearing, taste and smell will all benefit.

Send NOW and prove for yourself, without financial risk, what Eupathy will do for you. Fill in the coupon immediately—this is the first step to glorious new health and freedom from an annoying complaint which steadily gets worse if neglected, and which leads to dangerous and even deadly consequences.

of the head, throat, chest, in the stomach or intestines—the Eupathy plan of treatment most effectively banishes it right out of the system. Catarrhal discharges stop, the blood is purified, throat and lungs are strengthened, breathing and appetite improve, health is restored. You may be sceptical as to loudly proclaimed "cures" for Catarrh, so The Eupathy Company has decided upon a means of convincing you that this British Eupathy discovery is something unique and really effective.

REMARKABLE FREE OFFER

The Eupathy Company will send to every reader of this announcement who applies by forwarding the coupon below:

1. A FREE SAMPLE of the powerful new Eupathy Fume Distillate, which will give INSTANT RELIEF, even in the worst cases. Also a Free Sample of Mucosolvent and Memorex Tablets.
2. Full particulars of the Eupathy offer to treat everybody under a binding guarantee to remedy their condition completely. Either they are fully satisfied, or it does not cost them one penny.

From past experience in thousands of cases The Eupathy Company knows that you will be not only satisfied, but so astonished and delighted with the way your Catarrh has been cleared away, that you will gladly recommend it to your friends.

FREE COUPON INSTANT RELIEF FOR CATARRH SUFFERERS

To E. N. Davis, Ph. C.

THE EUPATHY COMPANY,

224 Castlereagh St., Sydney, N.S.W.

Please send FREE INSTANT RELIEF Sample of Eupathy Fume Distillate and Eupathy Tablets for Catarrh, together with full information of your offer to banish the trouble.

NAME

ADDRESS

(Please write clearly and enclose 4d. in stamps for postage)

308

"YOU'D looked in for it once before, hadn't you?—when I was having a snack here."

"No, sir. That was the first time—when the ticket collector tried to be funny. He ought to mind his own business—punching little bits out of cardboard."

"Ha-ha!" laughed Harkness. "You'll get your own back. I'll be bound—a smart young fellow like you."

The young waiter grinned.

"You bet, sir," he said.

"By the way," went on Harkness, "would any other of the waiters have looked in at my compartment while I was here?"

"Not unless they were halted by a passenger, sir. That's my coach."

"Well, you might inquire, will you? I'm a little curious to know. Got a little bet on with—well, never mind who with."

"Quite so, sir," smiled the waiter. "I won't be a minute."

He was back in half the time, with the definite assurance that no other waiter save himself had had anything to do with the Professor's compartment that morning.

"That's queer," laughed Harkness. "Well, I lose. Anyhow, here's my drink."

Harkness drank and paid for his martini, left the restaurant car and made his way back thoughtfully towards his own compartment.

As he turned the bend into the familiar gangway, he saw a man emerge from the compartment at the far end—the second from his own towards the rear of the train—and come towards him.

Here, Harkness thought, is the passenger who "tickets" said was absent from his place when that official passed by at about eleven-thirty.

Harkness turned and gazed out of the corridor window as the man approached and passed; but he had had time to note his foreign aspect, his approximate age, and the color of his

suit—a dark brown—ere he looked away.

He also noticed that the man kept his gaze directed straight ahead as he passed the locked compartment. Rather too rigidly, Harkness thought. It occurred to him that it would have been more natural for a little curiosity to have been evinced regarding the "reserved" label on the window.

But, he said to himself, he must not be too hasty in his judgment.

As soon as the corridor was once more vacant, save for himself, Harkness made straight for the compartment whence the man had emerged.

Feeling secure from interruption for at least half an hour, he sat down in one of the corners on the gangway side and surveyed the carriage.

On the rack over the far corner seat facing the engine was a large suitcase. On the seat below were scattered several newspapers, a pair of pigskin gloves, and a dark brown Homburg hat.

Harkness reached over and examined the latter. In the crown it bore the label of a Paris hatter. Among the newspapers he found a copy of the "Matin" two days old.

At the risk of being observed by a passer-by, Harkness tried the two heavy brass fastenings of the suitcase. They were locked. He then turned his attention to the window.

On the exterior of the left-hand pane—that is to say, the one farthest from the engine—he noticed two long, narrow, brown stains, like splashes of liquid that has become elongated, in striking the glass, by the speed and draught of the train's passage. They might have been compared to attenuated drops of brown rain.

From the window, the Professor's eyes dropped to the floor. There, under the seat in front of him, and barely visible in the shadow, lay a small, oval object. Harkness went down on his knees and picked it up. Then, after a keen glance, with a grim smile, he dropped it into his side pocket.

Apparently satisfied with the results of his investigations, the Professor recrossed the compartment and resumed his corner seat by the gangway.

It was a few minutes after one o'clock when the man for whom he waited returned from lunch. Harkness felt rather than saw his hesitation on finding the compartment occupied.

Perhaps it scarcely could be described as hesitation. It may have been a mere catch of the breath, a sudden movement of the eyes. But, whatever it was, it was even less than momentary, and too slight a thing to build suspicion on—as yet.

The original occupant of the compartment begged pardon politely as he passed by the Professor's somewhat bony and protuberant knees. Then he sank into the corner facing his luggage.

"I think it's I who should apologise," said Harkness, genially. "But I'm an outcast from my compartment and have sought refuge here for a smoke. If you've no objection."

Watching the other intently, the Professor thought he detected a faint shadow lift from the man's dark face.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, with a doctor's accent, "you were in a non-smoker, is it not—yes?"

"Not a bit of it!" laughed Harkness. "Catch me travelling in a non-smoker on a journey as long as this! No, I was in a smoker—the second compartment from this—with a lady."

"But when I returned after going to the restaurant car for a drink, I found the door locked—and the lady gone. Also a 'reserved' label on the window."

"What can you make of that?"

Piercing black eyes returned the Professor's bland regard, and seemed to be searching the mind behind the scientist's shining spectacles. The cruel lips curled back from the stark white teeth.

"So," said the man, with an unpleasant sound that might have meant for a laugh, "so—the lady disappeared, yes? That was a disappointing for you—no?"

"Well," returned Harkness, in a confidential tone, "I don't mind admitting that it was. I'm rather afraid of strange women in railway carriages, as a rule. And I was a little bit scared of her, to tell you the truth; especially when she ordered coffee for two. So thought I'd better escape. I hope it didn't feel hurt. What do you think?"

"I do not understand," replied the other, beginning to show signs of uneasiness. "What do you mean when you say 'What do you think?'"

"I asked you whether you thought she felt hurt—you know—pained—so to speak."

"I do not understand," replied the man, a little wildly, springing his feet and gesticulating. "You are hurt—cut—pained; what is it all? I do not know. And excuse me." He added, sitting down again suddenly, "I wish to read."

"I wanted to read, too," went Harkness mercilessly. "But I'm like if I could. She looked too charming too attractive altogether, sitting so gracefully in her corner with her beautiful fox fur round her shoulders."

"Although I'm getting on in years, believe me I could hardly keep my eye off her. And when she ordered coffee for two—well! If I'd been a young man—your age, for example—what would you have done?"

Again the man sprang to his feet, his face distorted, and shook his clenched fists above his head.

"Will you stop, please?" he shouted. "I do not wish to hear. I am interested. It is nothing to me. The woman—she is nothing to me! Do I not understand?"

Once more he slumped into his seat and drawing the silk handkerchief from his breast pocket mopped his forehead.

"I'm sorry," said Harkness quietly. "Well, she's nothing to me either now. She's gone! Where do you think she could have gone to?"

"I do not know! I do not care! What is it to me where she has gone?" said the man, thickly. "You say she's gone. So much the better."

"Well, I think I know where she's gone to," said Harkness, in a hoarse whisper, sliding along the seat towards his companion, who seemed inclined to shrink back from the approach.

He did not speak, but stared at the Professor with black, bulging eyes. "She found she was in the wrong part of the train—don't you think?"

Still the man kept silent. "She found it was taking her somewhere where she didn't want to go," went on Harkness, raising his voice, "so they took her to the rear of the train into the coach they sit at tonight."

Please turn to Page 40

HOT HOUSEHOLD says: Since Mrs. House of Holford has brewed Pure Vinegar. It is mellow and fragrant.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

By
Evelyn

IF YOU Honestly WANTED Your Hair to BE LOVELIER . . . You'd Do This!

YOU'D tend and care for it regularly... massage and brush it daily... shampoo it in the right way as often as necessity and good grooming call for... give it sun and fresh air whenever possible... and find new ways to dress it — discover, perhaps, new beauty in it, perhaps even a new and lovely line in the shape of your head never before noticed, perhaps add one hundred per cent. to your general appearance.

ONE of the first rules for healthy, luxuriant hair, is brushing and massage. In this modern age, I am afraid, the hair brush is merely an ornament on the dressing-table. But remember: the tiny muscles of the scalp need exercise and stimulation just as much as do your limbs and your circulation. Your scalp, therefore, cannot be really healthy without sufficient stimulation, acquired by constant and careful brushing and massaging.

It seems such a boring business to many to brush the hair for five minutes or so daily. But once brushing becomes an established habit in the beauty ritual you feel you can't slip into bed without the hair receiving its stimulating "night-cap."

For a really thorough brushing, two brushes should be used. The two can be used together. One should have thick, firm bristles in order to get to the scalp; the other softer, finer bristles, to stimulate the scalp and "polish" the tresses. Change them from side to side occasionally. Brush with short, sharp movements.

Brushes should be washed every other day to keep them spotlessly clean.

Massage should follow brushing. Use your finger-tips vigorously. Once a week a bay rum tonic may be used to advantage. If the hair is excessively dry, a small proportion of olive or castor oil should be added to the tonic.

Necessary Beauty Aid

THE right shampoo is a definite aid to hair beauty. But any shampoo will not do.

If your hair is inclined to oiliness, here is an excellent home-made shampoo.

Shred one cake of pure castile soap,

OLIVE OIL applied with a pledget of cotton wool at the end of a stick—so that the entire scalp will benefit—is Irene's preliminary to the castile soap shampoo.

Into a pint of cold water. Place this in a saucepan and simmer until dissolved. When the soap has entirely melted, strain and put the mixture aside to cool and jelly. This amount will be sufficient for two shampoos. Before using, add one well-beaten egg, one tablespoon of alcohol, two ounces bay rum, and one-eighth of a teaspoonful of powdered borax, and mix well.

When you shampoo your hair (and this applies to every shampoo), moisten hair with warm water first, then work up a good lather with the hands, rubbing it well into the scalp as well as into the ends of the hair.

After the shampoo has been worked into every bit of scalp and hair, rinse off in warm or lukewarm water.

Now you are ready to use your shampoo to work up a second lather to the hair, rubbing it well into the scalp as well as through the ends of the hair. Be very sure you don't neglect the back of the head.

Rinse off all soap, using several waters, beginning with warm, and finishing with cooler water.

Have the strained juice of two lemons (one at least) ready to use in the last rinsing water of all. Lemon juice cuts the soap from the hair, and will leave it brilliant and delightfully soft as well. Moreover, you'll find that if the hair is wet immediately after the shampoo, there will be no need to use the sticky, glutinous, dulling, setting lotions.

SHE follows by briskly rubbing with a rotary movement of the finger-tips to loosen and move the scalp. This massage stimulates circulation and growth of hair.

Dry the hair by hand, first rubbing with warm and not too rough towels, then brushing thoroughly with a clean hair brush.

If possible, the hair should be dried in bright sunshine.

Never, never use soap in the cake form directly on your hair.

For Dry Hair

BREAKING hair, brittleness and dryness are due to lack of natural oils, and a hot oil treatment is strongly advised before the shampoo.

Heat some olive oil. When fairly warm, part the hair and rub well into the scalp. When the entire head has been well oiled, take two towels and wring them out in very hot water. Bind one round the head, and immediately it begins to cool replace with the other. Do this alternately for about 10 minutes, and then wash with shampoo made as directed with castile soap, but minus the ingredients added to the shampoo for greasy hair.

Of course, I could go on with scraps of advice, give other home-made recipes for shampoos, etc., but space forbids. Some other time we will talk again about hair. And I hope by that time your hair will honestly be lovelier!

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: What is mongolism? I heard the word applied for the first time the other day to a person whom I would call feeble-minded. I would like to know exactly what it means.

MONGOLISM is the name applied to certain feeble-minded states in which the physical appearance of the patient suggests the Chinese.

These special characteristics can be observed in all cases, although they may not be marked. As a rule, the more marked the physical appearance, the lower the mentality of the patient.

In mongolians, the eyes look almond-shaped and tend to slant downwards and inwards. This feature suggests the appearance of a member of the Mongolian race. On the inner, or nasal, corner of each eye there is also found a fold of skin that tends to round off the corner, thereby obliterating the normal acute angle.

The skulls of these patients are small

and decidedly round. Ears, likewise, are small and usually exceedingly well formed, and they lie close to the head. The nose is somewhat stubby and the nostrils seem to "look forward" instead of downward. The nostrils may be decidedly triangular in shape.

The tongue is characteristic. Instead of being smooth, it shows ridges and fissures which give the appearance of having been cut into the substance of the tongue. Adenoids are exceedingly common.

The skins of these patients are dry and scaly. Hands and feet are broad and clumsy. The toes and fingers are short, and often there are decided incurvings of the little fingers. A common characteristic is "double jointedness," that is, an increased flexibility and mobility of all the joints.

MONGOLIAN children may appear in the most normal families as far as heredity and social status are concerned.



...BY A DOCTOR...

That is why the mongolians are sometimes referred to as the "aristocrats of the feeble-minded."

Often their parents are intellectually above the average. Brothers and sisters who are normal in all respects may precede or follow the birth of a mongolian.

The disposition of mongolians is good-natured and even-tempered, interspersed with periods of stubbornness and silliness. Usually these patients are quite tractable, and often they reveal marked affection for people whom they know well.

They take great delight in "cutting faces" and in assuming comical poses. Their sense of rhythm is truly remarkable for individuals who are mentally defective. Therefore, they can be taught simple dances, even in groups. In fact, they love to hear music, and often they try to sing.

THE mentality of the average mongolian is of the grade called "imbecile." In other words, even after they have reached the age of puberty, their mentality remains that of a six or seven-year-old child. In some cases the mentality is much lower; in others it may be higher, falling into what is called the "moron" class.

The cause of this interesting mind defect is still a mystery. Gland disturbances probably play a part; also exhaustion factors within the womb before birth.

Improvement often results with the proper administration of the glands of internal secretion, particularly the pituitary, which is situated at the base of the brain.

HOST HOLBROOK says: I mature my Washington State Dace until age imparts a full, rich, mellow flavor.



Protect the Beauty of your Smile

Beauty's most vicious foe, teeth's stealthiest enemy, is Germ Acid. It forms in every mouth and, if allowed to have its way, may do incalculable harm. It causes decay and gum irritations.

Squibb Dental Cream combats this menace scientifically. It is alkaline and counteracts Germ Acid. It leaves the teeth beautifully clean and the mouth refreshed. Its taste is delicious. And you need never fear harm to enamel or gums for Squibb Dental Cream contains no grit, no astringents, no bleaches. It is SAFE. And you will also find it economical.

Use Squibb Dental Cream daily. It is the product of a House that for more than three-quarters of a century has specialized in the manufacture of medical preparations of the highest quality. In two sizes, 1/3, 2/3.

Efficient—Non-Irritating—Deliciously Flavored—Protects Scientifically



SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

TRY IT IT'S MARVELLOUS!

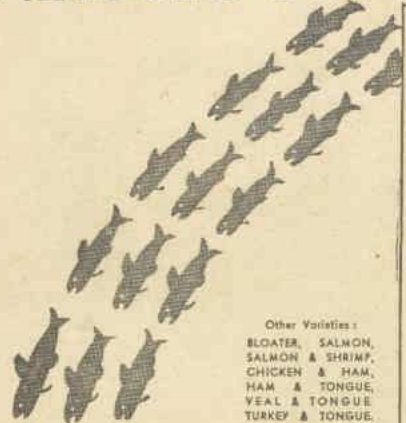
All over the world to-day... discriminating women choose NIVEA ALL-PURPOSE CREME as the ONLY creme they need... a combined skin food... cleansing creme... and vanishing creme! Commence using NIVEA Creme now... for skin health and beauty!

NIVEA

All Purpose CREME CONTAINS EUCERITE 6% & 1/6



ANCHIOVIES



Other Varieties:
BLOATER, SALMON,
SALMON & SHRIMP,
CHICKEN & HAM,
HAM & TONGUE,
VEAL & TONGUE,
TURKEY & TONGUE.



HOLBROOKS ANCHOVY PASTE

AP. I.

HOST HOLBROOK says:

"I pack in dainty jars
a paste made from
finest Gorgona Ancho-
vies and, ah! it is
delicious.

Try it spread lightly
on hot buttered toast,
or, for a more substan-
tial meal, serve it on
toast with a poached
or scrambled egg."

GOLDEN Opportunity for GOOD HOUSEWIVES Our Big Recipe Competition

It's a golden opportunity for all women, a profitable way of using one's recipes (other than serving them up tastily for one's hungry family). For the recipes judged best every week we give £1 for the first prize, 10/- for the second, and four at 2/6 each.

We only ask you to write your recipe out clearly, mark it and the envelope "Best Recipe." No coupon is necessary. So let's hear from you this week!

Prize-winning recipes for the week:

SUMMER NIGHT VEAL DELIGHT

One and a half pounds tender veal,
1 cow heel, 1 young carrot, 1 lb. good
ham or bacon, rind of 1 lemon,
bunch herbs, bunch parsley—finely
chopped—3 cloves, 2 hard-boiled eggs,
1 blade mace, 4 peppercorns, 1 onion.

Cut meat into neat pieces, also meat
from heel. Place bones, vegetables (cut
up roughly), spices, and flavorings into
saucepan. Cover with water and boil
gently for two hours. Strain and return
flavored stock to saucepan with the meat,
and stew until quite tender. Remove
meat, boil stock briskly for seven
minutes. Have mould ready lined with
sliced eggs and chopped parsley—add
meat and ham carefully. Strain hot
stock over this and set in cold place,
turn out and serve with lettuce, cucum-
ber, tomato, beetroot, and mayonnaise
dressing.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. A. Brady,
Wills St., Kew Rd., Melbourne.

"PEACHES"

Half a cup sugar, 3oz. butter, 2
eggs, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch
salt.

These are very dainty and attractive
for afternoon tea.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream,
beat eggs in separately. Add flour, then
flavor with vanilla essence. Put a little
in hot gem tins, and bake in a quick
oven. When cool, scoop a small piece
from flat side of each cake with a tea-
spoon, fill with mock cream, and place
two together. Color all over with
cochineal water (painted on with a
pastry brush) and roll in coconut whilst
damp.

Mock Cream for Peaches: 1 tablespoon
butter, 2 tablespoons sugar. Beat to
a cream. Add about 1 eggcupful of milk

BUTTER SANDWICH

Three eggs, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup flour,
1/2 cup cornflour, 1/2 teaspoon carbonate
soda, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar.
Beat together sugar and eggs for 15 minutes.
Add 1/2 cup sifted flour, add 1/2 cup cornflour
with 1/2 teaspoon carbonate soda and 1 tea-
spoon cream of tartar. Mix together lightly.
Beat in butter, milk and butter. Bake in
moderate oven for 10 to 15 minutes.
Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Dwyer,
2 Union Rd., Auburn, N.S.W.

Relief for Constipation

"What is the use of taking purgatives
and so forth when what you really
need is something that will give per-
manent relief for constipation?"

"If you take steps to ensure that your
diet contains the necessary amount
of roughage to stimulate the bowels
naturally, you'll soon notice a
wonderful difference. No more sick
headaches! Sanifarium San-Bran is
a most valuable source of roughage."

"It's expertly cooked and appetizingly
flavoured; you'll like its taste. You
don't need much of it—just two
tablespoonsful added to the break-
fast cereal every morning is usually
enough to keep the bowels regular.
Best of all, San-Bran has no harmful
after-effects. Yes, you can get San-
Bran from any grocer."***

Now Available

Delicious . . . New Season's DRIED FRUITS

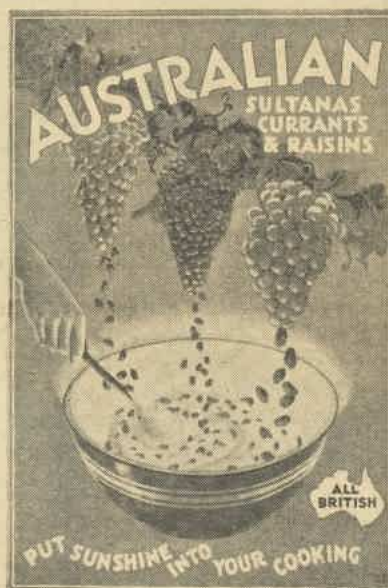
HOUSEWIVES: These delicious health-
giving, energising Fruits should be used
in your cooking in some way... every
day.

Try This Recipe:—

PLAIN FRUIT CAKE

6 oz. butter, 6 oz. self-raising flour,
6 oz. sugar, 6 oz. sultanas,
3 eggs and a little milk, 6 oz. currants,
6 oz. plain flour.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs one at a
time, and beat in well; add milk with a few
drops of essence of vanilla or almond. Mix
fruit through the sifted flour, and then add
gradually to the butter mixture. Put in a
greased tin, lined with paper, and bake in a
moderate oven (375 deg.) for 1 1/2 hours. Half a
nutmeg grated or a teaspoon of cinnamon may
be used as a change from the essence.

ABSOLUTELY THE WORLD'S
BEST AND CLEANEST

Secure Your Supplies from
Your Local Grocer To-day!

There are many and various ways of using Dried Fruits, let us show
you how.

— SEND FOR —

THE NEW SUNSHINE COOKERY BOOK

OBTAINABLE FREE FROM:—

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Postage 1d. on this Coupon if forwarded in unopened envelope.
FILL IN COUPON AND POST NOW!
The Victorian Dried Fruits Board
623 COLLINS STREET,
MELBOURNE C.I.
NAME _____
ADD. _____
W.V. _____

Diet Hint

The Lima Bean

By R. E. FIGGIS

ONE of the problems of the
modern housekeeper is to get
enough of the so-called alkaline
foods in the daily diet to balance
the acid-forming meats and breads.
All the members of the bean
family are useful in this direction,
but the Lima bean is a prize-win-
ner. It is the most alkaline food
known, containing 41 points of
alkalinity. Soaked and boiled, it
is a splendid addition to the
vegetables; but don't lose the water
it is cooked in, or some of the
precious potassium salts will be
lost. Mashed, after cooking, into
a thick paste, it can be spread
thickly upon the breakfast toast,
and will serve to neutralise the
(hidden) acidity of the toast.

Lima bean flour will be a wel-
come addition to the cook's cup-
board, for then alkaline scones,
muffins, and waffles are possible.

and a little water alternately until soft
and fluffy. Flavor with vanilla essence.

Second Prize of 10/- to Miss C. Lloyd-
Jones, P.O. Box 34, Barcardine, Qld.

CARAMEL GRAMMA PIE

Take 4 cups cooked gramma and add 1/2 cup
brown sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 tea-
spoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg, and the
juice of a lemon. Stir gently for half
an hour. Prepare pie-crust by mixing 1 table-
spoon butter and 1/2 cup sugar to a cream,
then adding 1 egg, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon
baking powder, and sufficient milk to make a
thin mixture (about 1/4 cup). Place the
gramma in a pie dish and pour mixture over.
Bake in a moderate oven until a golden
brown. Remove from oven and sprinkle with
red jelly crystals. Serve cold with whipped
cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Everett,
Mullumbimby, N.S.W.

APPLE PUDDING

One cup brown breadcrumbs, 1 cup
of wholemeal self-raising flour, 2 table-
spoons each of sugar, treacle, and currants,
1 tablespoon butter, 1/2 dessertspoon lemon
juice, 1 egg, 1/2 cup milk.

Melt butter and treacle, beat in egg and
milk, add to dry ingredients, then add lemon
juice. Pour into a greased pudding mould.
Steam 2 hours. Serve with white sauce or
boiled custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss K. Barnis-
ton, 27 Goodwood Rd., Warrille, Adelaide.

YORKSHIRE PARKIN

One pound fine oatmeal, 1 lb. flour, 1 lb.
treacle, 1 lb. sugar, 1/2 lb. butter, 1/2 lb. lard
or dripping, 1 teaspoon ground ginger,
1 teaspoon each soda, 1/2 cup milk (tea-
cup).

Rub butter and lard or dripping into
oatmeal and flour. Add sugar and ginger,
and mix thoroughly. Add treacle and milk
in the rest of the milk and add. Mix well. Bake
in a flat dish in a moderate oven about 1 hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Waldron,
Nymagoe St., Narrung, N.S.W.



Watch your
complexion improve
as mine did..

when you begin using
these creams

Women who have tried many vanishing
and foundation creams know from
experience that no other cream can
compare with Daggett & Ramsdell's
Perfect Vanishing Cream. It protects
the most delicate skin from exposure
to the ravages of sun, wind, rain and
dust. It is an ideal powder base be-
cause it lends a smooth finish to pow-
der and make-up. It conceals skin im-
perfections and imparts a soft natural
tone to the complexion. Start looking
your best through the daily use of
Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanish-
ing Cream.



Daggett & Ramsdell

SCOTCH RECIPES .. and Verra Guid an' a' that!

Shortbread, Oatcakes, Buns, Griddle Cakes, Savories, Slices, Scotch Eggs, and even the Celebrated Haggis . . . all here and more!

THE good housewife and mother's constant thought is, "What can I give them for a change?" . . . It is essential, too, for the health and well-being of the family that the nutritive properties of dishes be considered, and with both these thoughts in her mind our cookery expert introduces you this week to a "wee bit of Scotch." Her recipe alone for haggis will satisfy the curiosity of thousands who have always associated the name with some kind of mystery.

WHEN Scotch dishes are mentioned we immediately think of shortbread, haggis and porridge, but besides these there are many exceptionally nice recipes which are great favorites in Scotland and elsewhere. Of course, we all know how to make porridge—and don't forget the Scot's porridge is made from oatmeal.

The recipes I am giving are all genuine Scottish ones, and have been tested and approved by myself.

SCOTCH OATCAKES

One pound medium oatmeal, 4 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon salt, good pinch bicarbonate soda, boiling water.

Mix the oatmeal and salt, and add the melted butter. Pour the water on to the soda, then add to the oatmeal. Turn on to a board dredged with oatmeal and knead well. Roll out very thinly. Cut with knife or cutter. Cook on a hot griddle, or bake in a moderate oven. Store in an airtight tin.

SCOTCH BROTH

Stock, carrot, turnip, onion, pearl barley, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Prepare the stock the day before. Allow it to become quite cold, and remove all fat to avoid having a greasy soup. Scrape the carrot, peel onion and turnip. Cut all into dice. Put all into a saucepan with the stock and pearl barley. Cook slowly till the vegetables are tender. Add salt and pepper if necessary. Serve hot with crisp nibbets of toast.

SCOTCH BUN

Half-pound flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon ginger and cinnamon, 1-2 teaspoon black pepper, 1lb sugar, 1lb raisins, 1lb currants, 2oz almonds and peel, 1 cup milk, 8 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 4 dessertspoons butter, little water.

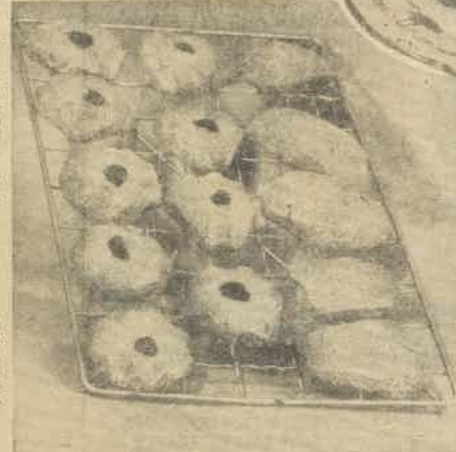
Sift flour, soda, cream of tartar, ginger, cinnamon, and pepper. Add sugar and fruits. Moisten with the milk, mixing well.

Make a pastry of the last ingredients, having a stiff dough. Cut one-third off. Roll out thinly. Line a cake tin evenly with the large piece. Put in the fruit mixture, pressing it down well. Roll out smaller piece and cover top, pressing the edges well together. Prick with a fork. Bake in moderate oven 2 to 2½ hours. Turn out and keep for a few weeks before using.

SCOTCH SAVORY

Buttered toast, 1 onion, large tomato, salt, pepper, 1 egg, grated cheese, slice bacon, butter.

Remove skin from tomato. Chop onion and bacon finely. Put all into saucepan with a little butter and cook



THE MAKING of Scotch shortbread is considered a difficult art. But the recipe given on this page is simple. Follow it and you'll have the hand who had a reputation for the most delicious shortbread. By the way, you can use the mixture in various ways as shown above and at left.

onions, 1 teaspoon oatmeal, liquor to moisten, salt, pepper.

Wash liver, put into a saucepan, and just cover with cold water. Cook very slowly till tender, about one hour. Remove and cook the onions in the same saucepan. Put the oatmeal on to a dry pan, and dry it in a slow oven till a golden brown. Chop the ver, onion, and suet very finely. Add the oatmeal and enough liquid from the liver to moisten it. Press into a well-greased basin, and cover with greased paper. Steam for two hours. Remove the paper and turn out on to hot dish.

SCOTCH COLLOPS

One and a half pounds steak, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, pepper, 1lb bacon, 1 pint water, Worcester sauce, parsley. Rounds of fried bread.

Mince onion, cut steak into small pieces. Fry meat in the fat till it changes color. Remove from the saucepan. Add onion to saucepan. Fry till brown. Add flour and brown it. Then add water and sauce. Stir till it boils. Add meat and bacon. Cook very slowly till meat is tender. Serve the meat in hot entree dish, put the rounds of fried bread round the dish. Sprinkle with parsley.

SCOTCH SHORTBREAD

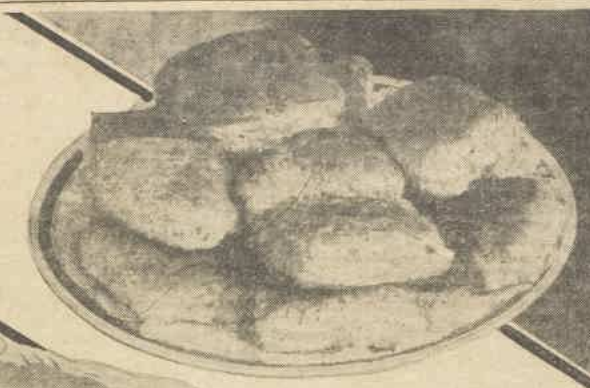
Half-pound butter, 1lb icing sugar, 1lb plain flour, candied peel.

Cream the butter, add the sugar, and beat well. Add the sifted flour gradually, making into a stiff mixture. Turn on to floured board and knead thoroughly. Cut into three and flatten each piece into a round about six inches in diameter. Pinch round the edge. Mark in to eight. Put a piece of peel on each portion. Place on greased tin. Bake in a very slow oven till a pale straw color. Leave on till cold.

SCOTCH EGGS

Four eggs, 1lb sausage meat, flour, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs, brown sauce.

Boil eggs till hard and remove the shells. Divide the sausage meat into four equal parts and flatten out. Place an egg on each piece of sausage meat, then, using a little flour on the hands, carefully mould the meat evenly round the eggs. Dip in egg-glazing. Coat with breadcrumbs. Fry in deep fat till a golden brown. Drain. Cut in halves. Lay on a hot dish and surround with



REAL SCOTCH scones and butter—eyes will brighten when you serve them, hot from the oven.

milk. Roll out and cut into squares. Bake on greased tin in quick oven. Serve hot with butter.

SCOTCH GRIDDLE CAKES

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 cup sugar, salt, 1 egg, milk.

Sift the flour and sugar. Mix in beaten egg, then stir in enough milk to let the batter drop from the spoon easily. Beat well. Grease griddle iron or thick frying pan and have it very hot. Drop in a dessertspoon at a time. When set, turn, cooking till both sides are evenly browned. Turn on to clean towel. Serve buttered either hot or cold.

SCOTCH BEEF CAKE

One and a half pounds lean beef, 2 dessertspoons shredded suet, parsley, herbs, salt, pepper, 1 egg, small onion, 1lb mashed potatoes, brown gravy.

Put the meat through a mincer, add the suet, chopped onion, herbs, parsley, salt, and pepper. Mix in the well-beaten egg. Shape the mixture into a thick round cake, and place in a well-greased baking dish. Cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven till brown on the outside, and cooked through. Mash the potato with butter and milk. Arrange it in a neat bed on hot dish as nearly as possible the size of the meat cake. Then lift the latter on to it. Strain the brown gravy. Have it well heated, and pour round the meat. Serve at once.

Suggested Menu for Any Week-day

BREAKFAST

Oatmeal Porridge.
Grilled Kidneys and Bacon.
Tea. Honey. Toast.

LUNCHEON

Egg and Cheese Salad.
Stewed Fruit and Cream.
Tea. Bread and Jam.

DINNER

Steak and Kidney Pie.
Mashed Potatoes. Peas.
Queen Pudding.

move skin from tomato. Cut in slices and lay on the bacon. Sprinkle with cheese. Break in the eggs. Sprinkle with cheese. Cover with pastry. Bake in moderate oven. Serve hot or cold.

POT HAGGIS

Half-pound liver, 1lb suet, 2



14 Soups

When Soup has such goodness, and flavour, that people insist on it, then, indeed, it must be special.

Housewives throughout Australia are insisting on the 14 Rosella Soups. Nourishing and wholesome, they offer delightful variety and are ready to serve in a moment.

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CASTILE no.4
The genuine olive oil soap



DAYLIGHT MURDER

Continued from Page 36

A LOOK of desperation appeared for an instant in the man's eyes. But with an obvious effort he mastered his emotion and contrived to speak casually.

"You think that is so?" he asked. "No doubt of it," responded Harkness, who then rose, glancing at his watch.

"Well," he said, "I've enjoyed our chat. We may meet again. Now I think I'll go and watch them slip that coach. Although it will seem like a chance slipping away for ever, I shall enjoy it—somehow."

His companion muttered something unintelligible and hid his face behind an outspread newspaper. Harkness noticed that the hands that held it were trembling.

Turning towards the rear of the train, he hurried along the succession of gangways until he came at last upon the guard.

"Any luck, sir?"

"I think so. Is there time to get a message on the slip coach, instructing the Taunton stationmaster to phone to Plymouth?"

"I'm afraid not, sir. But you can drop a message out either at Teignmouth or Newton Abbot, which will be picked up and acted on."

"Good," said Harkness. "Can you give me a couple of your official forms and an envelope?"

"Certainly, sir. I'll bring them along to you. Where shall I find you?"

"In the restaurant car. I've a table reserved for the 1.30 luncheon. You can come to me there."

"Very good, sir."

Harkness hastened back along the train until he nearly reached the coach in which the tragedy had been

enacted. Then he proceeded more slowly, and, turning the bend which brought the familiar stretch of gangway in view, peered along its length.

Not a soul was in sight. As he passed the suspect's compartment he looked in. It was vacant. His own carriage was still locked, and the label in its place on the window. Nothing appeared to have been disturbed.

He glanced up at his luggage on the rack, and felt a momentary hunger for one of the cigars in that special box, but sighed and passed on.

Reaching the restaurant car he took his place and looked around for the young waiter of the morning. Seeing him, he beckoned him over.

"What biscuits do you serve with morning coffee?" he asked.

"Osborne, sir."

"Like this?"

Harkness drew from his pocket the small object he had found on the floor of the compartment he had visited.

"That's right, sir."

"Very good biscuits, too," declared the Professor, replacing the sample.

"Yes, sir," agreed the waiter, looking a little mystified.

"Now, I'll have my lunch. I think I've earned it."

"I'm glad to hear it, sir. Anything to drink, sir?"

Over luncheon, and while awaiting the appearance of the guard, Harkness again reviewed the evidence he had accumulated.

Apart from the manner of the

Frenchman, there were the stains on the carriage window and the biscuit found on the floor of the suspect's compartment.

THE stains might be coffee—the biscuit was one of the sort served to the dead woman with her coffee.

And the tray, with all its appurtenances, was missing.

These considerations suggested that the murderer, from some motive or other, had removed the tray after stabbing his victim. And, if the crime was committed by the man he suspected, the criminal had thrown the tray and its contents out of the window of his own carriage. Probably the biscuit had fallen to the floor, unnoticed, when he was so doing.

But what could have been his motive? mused Harkness. Why have removed the tray at all?

It must have been a twofold reason: first, to prevent as long as possible the discovery of the crime, and, second, to provide him with some sort of disguise if he chanced to be seen in the vicinity of the woman's compartment.

No doubt he thought that if the other passenger (Harkness) returned to the carriage to find the coffee and biscuits untouched, and the woman to all appearances asleep, he might be tempted to awaken her.

If on the other hand, he, Harkness, had thought her to be sleeping, and there appeared no reason for arousing her, the crime might have remained undiscovered until the train reached Plymouth.

But, he proceeded in his thought, the carrying of the tray alone would not provide a sufficient disguise in case of observation, but might rather have awakened curiosity. He must, therefore, have had something to supplement it.

What was it?

A white jacket. That was all he needed.

It must have been he whom the ticket inspector saw standing in the compartment doorway, and whom he naturally mistook for one of the waiters.

It was possible, too, that he had a third reason for removing the tray. It was feasible to expect that the waiter would come for it, sooner or later.

Seeing the lady to all appearances sleeping, and no sign of the tray, the waiter would have gone away without question, either concluding that another waiter had collected it, or that he had made a mistake in the compartment.

It was well thought out, admitted Harkness, and but for the cupidity, or some other motive, of the murderer, the discovery of the crime might well have been delayed, even until the train's arrival at Plymouth.

If the murderer only had left her rings on the dead woman's fingers, Harkness' own attention might not have been drawn so closely to her, and absorbed in his reading, he might have continued unconscious of the company of a corpse until the end of the journey.

But how did the criminal propose to get away? Harkness felt that he had solved that, too.

THE murderer had intended to remove to the slip coach and get off at Taunton.

That would account for the man's look of consternation when Harkness declared that the woman had been removed to that coach; for he realised that his way of escape would be cumbered with the victim of his crime.

So deep had been the Professor's cogitations that he had failed to notice until then that the suspect was also in the restaurant car. He was seated at the far end; and as he had partaken of the 12.30 luncheon, Harkness concluded that he was drinking to steady his nerves.

Harkness did not give him a second glance, being satisfied with the knowledge of his whereabouts, but proceeded with his own meal, pending the arrival of the guard with the desired forms.

However, the absence of the man from his compartment suggested an expedient which might, or might not, force him into a betrayal of his guilt.

When the guard appeared at his side, Harkness indicated the suspect.

"There, I believe, is the criminal," he said.

"You really do think that's him, sir?" said the guard in an excited whisper.

"I've not the slightest doubt about it," was the reply. "But, at present, and from the legal point of view, it's only my suspicion. I know neither his name, his motive, nor what weapon he used; but I feel certain he struck the blow."

"Now, while I'm writing out this message, I want you to do something to assist the ends of justice—which, in this case, I trust will be the ends of a hempen rope."

"Anything I can do, sir—within my duty, of course—I'm ready for."

"Right. Then it's this. Go straight to his compartment. You know which it is?"

Please turn to Page 42

H. FOSTER HOLBROOK, says: The highest Queen Ovals are the most popular. They are always so truly and truly so.

SUE'S FRIEND COMES INTO HER OWN

AT LAST YOU'RE VISITING ME, SUE! I'M DELIGHTED BUT IT IS GOING TO BE PRETTY QUIET FOR YOU—NO PARTIES. THE WOMEN HERE AREN'T VERY NEIGHBOURLY. EVEN YOUR FRIEND CALLED ONLY ONCE

HOW FUNNY, DEAR. I THOUGHT YOU AND ANN WOULD BE GREAT FRIENDS. I'LL ASK HER WHAT'S WRONG



NEXT DAY— Sue gets the "lowdown"

ANN, YOU SAY THAT YOU...THAT EVERYONE LIKES HER...IT IS ONLY THAT SHE'S CARELESS

YES, PUT YOUR THINKING CAP ON, SUE. GET HER TO END "B.O." AND I'LL SEE THAT SHE'S SWAMPED WITH INVITATIONS



A CONSPIRACY IT SHALL BE! I HAVE IT. ALL WORKED OUT WHEN I GO HOME NEXT WEEK I'LL....

THAT'S A REAL IDEA, SUE. IT'S SURE TO WORK. FOR ONCE PEOPLE TRY LIFEBOUY THEY NEVER USE ANYTHING ELSE



NEXT WEEK

OH DEAR, SUE'S FORGOTTEN HER TOILET SOAP WHY, IT'S LIFEBOUY! M-M-M...HOW CLEAN IT SMELLS, I'M GOING TO TRY IT



NEVER SAW SUCH SOFT, RICH LATHER. LEAVES YOU SO CLEAN-FEELING! I'LL ORDER MORE LIFEBOUY AT ONCE



"B.O." GONE — appreciated at last!

YES, I'D LOVE TO JOIN THE WOMEN'S LEAGUE, ANN. THANKS FOR ASKING ME

DON'T THANK ME, MY DEAR. THIS PLACE IS JUST BEGINNING TO REALISE HOW FORTUNATE IT IS TO HAVE YOU



"LIFEBOUY keeps the skin so healthy"—SAYS MRS. LINDSAY

"We have used Lifebuoy Soap for over twenty years in our home and have highly recommended it to many friends. We all think it is absolutely on its own for everyday use, it is so refreshing and keeps the skin so clean and healthy."

A LEVER PRODUCT

All over the world... every day MILLIONS USE LIFEBOUY



Our FASHION SERVICE and FREE PATTERN



WW300A—HAS GRACEFUL LINE. Afternoon smartness is portrayed in this design. The front is gathered where it joins the raglan sleeves. Skirt moulds the hips and has a seam back and front. Material for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 34 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW301A—NEW GATHERED COLLAR. A straight-from-Paris model depicting the new gathered collar; this is pleated and gives the very newest effect round the throat. Material for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ¼ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW302A—AGED ONE TO TWO YEARS. Picture this little frock, with sweet, light collar and cuffs. It slips over the head and fastens under the front trimming. Pattern is provided with box-pleats. Pattern for child 1 to 2 years. Material: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ¼ yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW303A—WRAP-ON SKIRT. The wrap-on skirt can hold its own for most occasions. It is ideal for sport or hiking, large buttons giving a really chic touch. Material for 31-inch waist: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 27 to 35 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW304A—SPORTY AND TRIM. Choose one of the rough woollen fabrics when making this coat. The collar adopts the new style—cut in one with revers. Pattern for 12 and 14 years. Material: 2½ yards, 34 inches wide. Contrast: ¼ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW305A—SPECKLED TWEED. Speckled tweed would be a perfect choice for this frock. The short, basque and military pockets add a note of distinction. Skirt fashions low pleats at the sides. Material for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ¼ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW306A—FROCK AND COAT. This frock is specially designed for maternity wear. It is a straight-down model with wrap-over fastening. Hip-length coat is worn under the revers of the frock. Material for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 34 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW307A—IDEAL FOR WINTER. An informal afternoon frock of wool crepe, with a touch of contrast. Skirt favors inverted pleats back and front. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ¼ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW308A—A "MARINA" TOQUE. If you wish to follow fashion truly, make yourself a Princess Marina toque. It is smart and youthful. Full directions for making enclosed with pattern in sizes for 21 and 22-inch heads. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept." to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A share of the proceeds will be made for free patterns over one month old.

ADLAIDE—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.

BRISBANE—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 499, G.P.O., Brisbane.

MELBOURNE—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 183, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NEWCASTLE—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

SYDNEY—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1138X, G.P.O., Sydney.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address on our other pages.

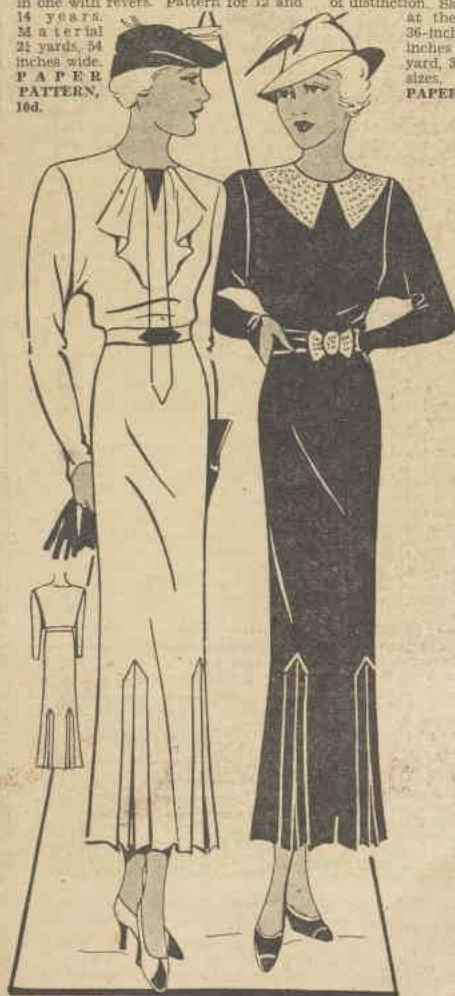
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS

Name

Address

State

Pattern Coupon, 27/4/35.



Our Free Pattern

FOR this week's free pattern we present one of the large armhole models. The skirt has pleated sections inserted in the front and back. Contrast neck trimming adds a youthful touch.

Pattern is cut to fit a 34-inch bust.

Material: 2½ yards, 54 inches wide.

Contrast: ¼ yard, 36 inches wide.

Turnings must be allowed when cutting.

Softly glow the lights...

by Kathleen Court

The garden stands silvered in moonlight. On the breeze is wafted the mingled perfume of roses, jasmine, violets. A fountain plays, the crystal drops sparkling like diamonds; as musically they splash and play. Across the scented air comes music—the "Invitation to the Waltz." Gracefully, the lovely lady rises from the garden seat and moves across the lawn, towards the house, where softly glow the lights. Her hair is like gold—no, like bronze and gold, burnished and shimmering. Her cheeks are reminiscent of a flower-petal, her eyes wonderful, yet alight with the vivacity of Life and Youth . . . Softly glow the lights . . .

In an age where cynics are many, Romance yet remains, and Loveliness is still the Greatest Gift. To-day, a clever woman may embrace illusions, and make them realities.

Softly glow the lights on many a lovely lady whose wisdom has seen in the Kathleen Court Beauty Method a sure and easy way to the thrilling Happiness that comes from truly flawless beauty.

THE GOLDEN WAY TO CHARM...

Each night, before retiring, wash the face with 'Paris' Facial Soap and warm water, then use a little 'Facial Youth' Cleansing Cream—patted in, wiped off. Next apply Kathleen Court's Night Cream, with fingers slightly moist. Wipe off. Apply more, leaving on till morning. . . . When you awake, wash with 'Paris' Soap. Day. Apply 'Facial Youth' Day Cream, then 'Golden Youth' Velvet Skin Powder. Finish by touching the cheeks with 'Rose Petal' Rouge, and the lips with Kathleen Court's Lipstick . . .



PHOTO KATHLEEN COURT BY BROOTHORN

SOFTLY, SOFTLY GLOW THE LIGHTS

No DANDRUFF NOW



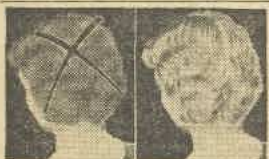
"YOU WANT TO KNOW what I wash my hair with? I keep to Wright's Coal Tar Soap. It makes my hair beautifully glossy, and it does prevent dandruff."

Undoubtedly, Wright's is the SAFE soap for cleansing the scalp and hair. Its antiseptic properties are a dependable safeguard against dandruff; its fragrant lather stimulates and refreshes the scalp.



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WRIGHT'S coal tar SOAP



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Try this New Way to Keep your Fair Hair from Darkening—Lightens Faded Blonde Hair

"How dark your hair has got to be—You need never hear these painful words—if you use Stablond, that wonderful new secret formula shampoo for natural fair hair only—It's taken England by storm. Stablond not only prevents blonde hair from darkening, but it brings back to even the most faded fair hair that golden beauty of childhood. It also corrects depigmentation (colour pigment elimination) due to cold, gas, diet and lack of milk diet, etc. Even with one shampoo your hair is fairer, silkier and more beautiful. It makes the permanent waves last longer. Stablond Cures almost all Scalds and Blotches in the largest selling shampoo in the world. Wonderful for children. Stablond contains no harsh, caustic dyes or injurious chemicals. Money back if not delighted. Stablond is sold by all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers. Sole Distributors: Fawcett & Johnson, Ltd., P.O. Box 2670, N.S. Sydney.

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● If Kidney Trouble or Bladder Weakness makes you suffer from Getting up at Night, Nervousness, Dizziness, Headaches, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching or Acidity, try the new discovery, **Oxytex** (Dissolve). Guaranteed to end your troubles in 3 days or money back. At all chemists.

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have been obtained through use of course of **ARTERIAL TABLETS** (Dr. Neubauer's Genuine German Remedy). Mrs. Green, Adelaide, writes: "For years I suffered from

BLOOD PRESSURE

I had to hold on to my bed to save myself from falling—I dared not go into the street for fear of collapsing. After a course of this Wonderful Remedy (as I call it now), I am set out of bed without fear of falling over and am anywhere in town by myself. If you suffer from Depression, Coughing, Pains in the Head, Irritability, Lack of Energy, Unsteadiness in Walking, Loss of Hearing, Hot Flashes, Headaches, Fading Memory, etc., etc., then **ARTERIAL TABLETS** are on the safe side with the only safe remedy—**ARTERIAL TABLETS** Price: 12/-, 5 weeks; 25/-, 10 weeks (full course), sent simply, 3/6. Outpayers all leading Chemists or direct from O. WINTER, 83 WELLINGTON STREET, NEW, N.S. VICTORIA.

DAYLIGHT MURDER

Continued from Page 40

"YES, sir."

"Take down the suitcase you'll see there on the rack, and place it in a similar position in my compartment, where the dead woman lies, being careful to lock the door again when you've done."

"I think I can see what you're driving at, sir," said the guard. "If you think I can properly do it. You know, sir, without trouble at headquarters—I'll do it now."

"You're more likely to be praised than blamed," replied Harkness. "Don't hesitate."

"Right you are, sir. I'll come back for your message presently."

Left alone, Harkness wrote his message for transmission to Plymouth, which he decided to have dropped at Teignmouth.

"Stationmaster, Teignmouth. Please phone stationmaster, Plymouth, as follows: Woman murdered on Cornish Riviera Limited. Assassin suspected. Provide ambulance. Inform police.—Professor Eldon Harkness. Certified correct by me Guard."

Harkness had finished addressing the envelope when the guard returned.

"I've done what you wanted, sir," he said.

"Good!" exclaimed the Professor. "Now, run your eye over this and sign it . . . That's right. Seal it down, and see that someone gets it at Teignmouth."

"You can rely on that, sir."

"Now we've nothing further to do but wait," said Harkness, with a sigh. "I shall remain here until the end of the journey, if you should want me."

AS the train passed through Teignmouth station it slowed down perceptibly, whether fortuitously or by design, Harkness could not tell. But it encouraged him to hope that the message had been safely dropped and secured.

A few minutes later the man he suspected rose from his table and made his way out of the restaurant car. As he approached, Harkness turned his face to the window.

Between Teignmouth and Kings-teign occurs one of the steepest ascents in the long run between London and Plymouth. So severe is the incline that heavy trains are sometimes reduced to a speed of fifteen miles an hour.

On the right of the track the ground rises gradually from about 250 to close on 1000 feet above sea level, and across the summit winds a secondary road from Newton Abbot to Exeter.

The train had just topped the rise when the guard in a state of some agitation, appeared at Harkness's side.

"He's got away, sir!" he whispered hoarsely. "I happened to be looking out along the train when I saw him jump from the coach. He fell, but was up again directly, and appeared to be making for the high ground yonder."

"Then he's definitely and indubitably guilty," declared Harkness. "We can do nothing more. We've forced him into the open, in more ways than one, and now it rests with the police."

"I suppose so, sir," agreed the guard, a little regretfully. "I should have liked to pull the train up and given chase."

"You couldn't do that," was the reply. "After all, at present he's only a suspect. There's no warrant out for his arrest, and I suppose he'd paid his fare. So he couldn't be held on that account. All the same, I wouldn't give much for his chances."

"I don't know, sir," returned the guard. "If he can get a lift to Exeter, he might very well double back to town."

"I hope he will," said Harkness. "He might find a friend of mine waiting for him at the station."

At Plymouth, an examination of the man's luggage revealed identity, motive, and weapon with which the crime was committed.

The dead woman's handbag disclosed nothing of moment, but hidden under her corage, next her skin, was found a letter which revealed very clearly how she had been lured on to the train, and what had been her relations with her murderer.

She was an English girl who somehow had been brought into association with certain members of a notorious gang of Continental crooks.

AN exposure of a tragedy that had startled all Europe appeared to have opened her eyes to the enormity of the crimes in which she, more or less innocently, had been assisting; and judging by papers found in the man's luggage she had betrayed some of her associates to the police.

There appeared to have been love passages between her and the man



The Week's Outstanding . . . FREE OFFER

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Fashion's favorites this season, blouses and skirts are a wonderful standby for the girl and woman with a limited dress allowance. Moreover with these amazing patterns as guide, they ask for little material, little time and trouble, in the making. . . . And note the chic results!

IN this pattern we do your thinking for you. How often have you said, "Oh, I'm making some blouses, and I can't think how to make them different!" So we solve the problem, and introduce here the most important fashion notes, in a most varied way in three blouses. You may make one, two, or three—you'll be smartly attractive in them all.

You'll note the tailored skirt—so youthful—has a stunning effect, and

who had lured her to her death, and the method he adopted to get her on the train included a promise of marriage on their arrival at Plymouth, and a clean, fair start for them both, away from their old evil associations.

The weapon used was a thin-bladed stiletto, which was found in the suitcase, enclosed in a scabbard packed with cotton wool, stained with blood.

Both the names of the man and his victim are immaterial to this account. But it is of some interest to know that later in the afternoon Harkness rang up Scotland Yard and spoke to Detective-Inspector Garton.

"Are you looking for a man called D—?" he asked.

"Am I not!" shouted Garton.

"Why?"

"Then watch the trains from the West," advised the Professor. "He's wanted for murder as well."

"How on earth do you know anything about—" spluttered the detective.

"Well, I thought I was on holiday, but I found I wasn't," Harkness replied, with a chuckle.

"You take the biscuit, you do!" declared Garton.

"I do—an Osborne biscuit, to be exact. Let me know when you get him. I'll wire my address from Penzance. I shall be wanted as a witness. I am afraid it will mean curtailing the holiday I had looked forward to. G'bye!"

Outside the telephone box on Plymouth station, Harkness found the stationmaster waiting.

"Just got a wire through from up the line, sir," he said. "Tray and coffee service, and a white jacket, found on the permanent way half an hour after the 'Limited' had passed. That confirms your theory, sir."

Harkness nodded.

"I'm still convinced," he said, "that he'd have got away if the rings hadn't tempted him."

The following day, at Penzance, Harkness had the satisfaction of hearing that Garton had got his man.

It meant a shortened holiday for the Professor, but he consoled himself by selecting a cigar from the special box in his bag.

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A TRUE STORY

By an Australian Mother

who has found the secret of continued good health.

HERE'S a story that tells the secret of how two people have maintained their precious good health through many years. In telling us of her experiences with Nujol, Mrs. Burns, of Hamilton, N.S.W., writes as follows:—

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"Now the both of us feel that our continued good health for years past can be largely attributed to Nujol, which is so simple to take. A bottle is always to be found in our kitchen cupboard."

We have published Mrs. Burns' letter in the hope that it will help other families to keep well. Doctors recommend Nujol. You should try it yourself. See what Nujol will do for you. Particularly if there are children in the family well you find that there's nothing so helpful in bringing them up with regular habits and ensuring perfectly clean and healthy systems.

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What is your Nujol story? If you have been a regular user for several years, or if you are bringing up rose children on it, tell us. Address: Stano (Aust.) Ltd., Box 7470, G.P.O., Sydney.



MAN WORKED OVER-TIME WHILE LEG HEALED

"Vacc" treatment has been quite successful on that leg of mine—a miracle, in fact. In five weeks the wound healed up completely and I never lost an hour's work from the first day. In fact, I have been working overtime on it three days a week. I have not failed to tell people of your simple and cheap cure. Write to-day for Free Vacci Booklet. Street, Hoxley, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Vacci Ltd., 3rd Floor, Dymally's Building, 454th George Street, Sydney. N-22

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Child, age 12, gains 6 lbs. in 6 weeks

Weight	Height	Age
21	4	12
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Hundreds of testimonials from all over the world. For 22 St. Margaret, Dublin, Ire. Write now to A. W. ROSS, Height Specialist (P.O. Box 13) Scarborough, England

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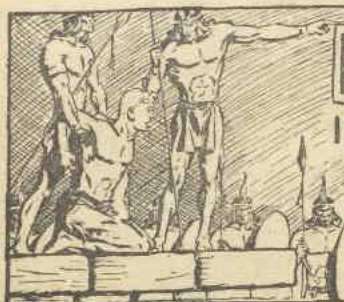
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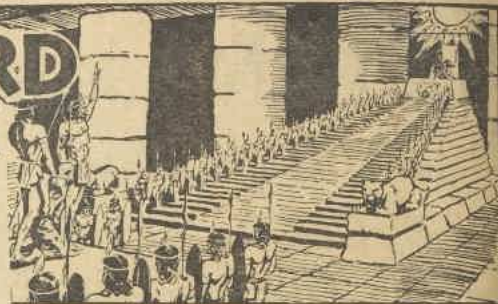
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BRICK BRADFORD

IN THE CITY BENEATH THE SEA

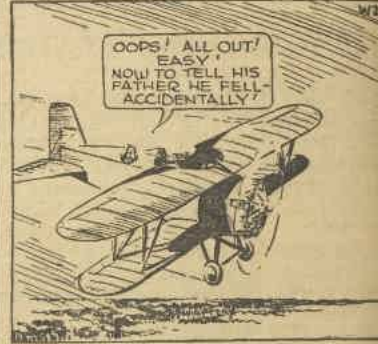
Brick Bradford penetrated the Peruvian jungle as a member of Professor Salisbury's expedition in search of Amaru. Owing to the treachery of Gahle Zane, another aviator of the expedition, Brick is given up for lost, as is, also, June, the Professor's daughter, who has really been betrayed by Zane into the hands of Inca Hasta, King of the Beetic tribe. Saved by Manco, Indian heir to the throne of Amaru, who owes his life to Brick, Bradford finds himself in Amaru, the city beneath the sea. He and Manco bring tidings of an approaching invasion by the Beetic warriors whose chief, Inca Hasta, covets Amaru for himself. Gahle Zane has allied himself to Inca Hasta, to whom he has promised June when Amaru shall be won, but now Zane plans to betray Hasta after using him, and, as a preliminary, takes his son, Rocca, up for a flight from which he is never to return. Now continue.



WE'RE OUT OF SIGHT - NOW TO TURN THE PLANE OVER AND TOSS HIM OUT!



I FALL! I FALL! O WHITE HAWK!



OOPS! ALL OUT! EASY! NOW TO TELL HIS FATHER HE FELL ACCIDENTALLY!



THE WHITE HAWK RETURNS WITH MY SON - SEE!

MAJESTY, THERE IS BUT ONE IN THE GREAT BIRD!



MY SON! MY SON! WHERE IS HE?

MAJESTY - HE BECAME FRIGHTENED - HE - HE LEAPED!



SOOS OF THE ANCIENT LAND - MY SON - MY HEART - MY HOPE HAS DIED THIS DAY!



ENOUGH OF THIS WEAKNESS! I AM A KING! I DOWN MY GRIEF IN AMARU'S BLOOD!



SHAKEN BY THE LOSS OF HIS SON HASTA SPEEDS PLANS FOR THE ATTACK ON AMARU. THE FIGHTING MEN OF THE YACAS MARCH TO THE KING'S CAMP AT HIS CALL.



THE HOYAC AWAIT THE WAR CALL!

I BRING THE YACAC TRIBE

AND I OFFER THE RUYAC WARRIORS!

THE MEN OF MANYAC AWAIT YOUR COMMAND

THAT IS WELL - FOR WE HAVE GRIM WORK TO DO



AS THE YACA TRIBES GATHER FOR WAR, MANCO, AS WAS PRE-ARRANGED, COMES TO THE HOUSE OF FEAR TO TAKE BRICK AWAY.



BRING FORTH MY FRIEND, THE WHITE STRANGER!

COME! WE ENTER MY LITTER - THE SIGHT OF A WHITE ONE WOULD AROUSE THE POPULACE



WE JOURNEY TO THE PALACE OF THE KING!



MANCO! HOW DID YOUR PEOPLE EVER DISCOVER THIS GREAT CRYSTAL CAVERN?

I WILL TELL YOU -



AS BRICK AND MANCO JOURNEY TO THE PALACE OF THE KING, THE PRINCE TELLS BRICK THE LEGEND OF THE CREATION OF AMARU'S CRYSTAL CAVERN.



"IN THE BEGINNING LIVED THE GREAT SERPENT WARMING THE WORLD IN ITS GREAT COILS.

"THEN CAME THE SUN, DRIVING THE SERPENT INTO THE VOID WITH BREATH OF FIRE AND FINGERS OF FLAME.



"BENEATH THE SUN'S WARM SMILE THE ONCE COLD WORLD BLOOMED AND MAN - THE FIRST INCA, DIRUA DACCARI MANCO - WAS BORN.



"BUT IN A CRYSTAL CAVERN, THIS VERY ONE, ALSO WAS BORN THE SERPENT'S SON, AMARU, ENEMY OF MAN!"

TO BE CONTINUED

<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4605696>

Acid Stomach inflicts untold misery



"Why am I always weak, nervous, despondent?"

There are countless women, men too, who for years have not known what it is to feel really fit and well. They drag wearily through life all unconscious of the fact that a chronically sour and acid stomach is capable of souring one's entire existence. You can easily detect an acid stomach by the following symptoms—Always tired and low-spirited, frequent headaches, disturbed sleep, overstraining nerves, loss of appetite, nausea, flatulence and indigestion. If that is how you feel, don't resort to pick-me-ups but take 'Bisurated' Magnesia to sweeten your stomach. This will correct the excessive acidity of your gastric juice and overcome the chronic sourness of your stomach. With the "mainpring" of your system in healthy working order your distressing symptoms will promptly vanish and you will soon be enjoying normal health and spirits. Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from any chemist and start on the road to good health by taking a dose after your next meal—the effect will be a revelation to you. In 'Bisurated' Magnesia you have the supreme remedy for stomach troubles, with over 20 years' reputation for unflinching efficacy.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA Banishes Stomach Ills

Every package bears the oval 'Bismac' Trade Mark—BISMAC

ONE WOMAN TELLS ANOTHER

Some secrets all women keep. One they pass on, because there is a bond of sympathy between all women of one point—that of never wanting to be "caught" by the world with a "loose and water" face or a shiny nose. So, one woman tells another that 'Australian Rice' Face Powder WILL stay on. Will prevent shiny noses will look well for hours, in any kind of light and any kind of weather. So the sales of 'Australian Rice' Face Powder remain at high-water mark. Popularity, to be maintained, must be deserved. And 'Australian Rice' Face Powder needs no expert eye to detect that it is as good a face powder as any could find, in a box or smart as we could wish, of a size larger than the usual 2 1/2 oz. box of powder, yet selling at only 1/3d. If you've got money to burn, buy dimes and dimes—more money won't buy a better beauty powder than 'Australian Rice' Face Powder. But be sure it is.

'AUSTRALIAN RICE' FACE POWDER

DEPRESSED & MOODY

Signs of Nerve Exhaustion

When the nerves begin to fail, one of the first symptoms is a feeling of depression and moodiness, so overpowering that it takes a supreme effort to shake it off. It is usually followed by fatigue, sleeplessness, headaches, loss of interest and ambition. What has happened is that the sufferer has used up too much vital nerve force, which is so easily done in these nerve days of striving, worry, and anxiety.

It is a recognised fact that the nerves receive their energy from the blood, and to establish and maintain a strong nervous system, the blood must be abundantly rich, red, and healthy. Good blood means good nerves, and that is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are renowned everywhere as a powerful nerve tonic. These pills always help to make rich, red blood. They have been tested at a large Public Hospital, and by an independent medical practitioner, and proved to increase in a remarkable way the haemoglobin and red corpuscles of the blood.

If you are nervy, sleepless, headachy, exhausted, and have lost ambition, take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills without further delay. They will enrich your blood, revitalize the whole of your system, and drive away all symptoms of nervous trouble. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle.

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VICTORIAN Family ROBINSON

CHAPTER 15

Continued from Page 45

A LONG way off, on the rim of the horizon, where now the coppers and purples of the thunderstorm were beginning to fade, the lightnings to die away, a leaning tower of ivory showed against the blue. The wind was foul, but the ship, whatever she might be, was making headway against it, taking long licks that brought her slowly nearer.

Ships of all kinds were well-nigh unknown to Vainamu. It is hardly possible for us, who live in the second quarter of the twentieth century, to realise the enormous isolation of certain parts of the Pacific. In mid-nineteenth century. Beyond the regular ship tracks, followed by timber vessels, whalers, and sandal-wooders, or blackbirding schooners, very little was definitely known, and almost nothing visited. Certain large and fertile groups—the Cooks, the Society Islands, and the Fijis—had been missioned more or less, and were visited, though rarely, by trading vessels. But the great empty spaces, barely specked by small islands of no particular value, remained as they had been for uncounted centuries. As Buzacott, the sailor, explained, it didn't pay to visit such places, so nobody went to them.

Since the emigrant ship wrecked on the formidable Vainamu reefs, had been lost in tragedy days, no keel from outside had furrowed the waters of Vainamu lagoon, scarce any ship had been seen in the farthest distance—until, some months before the wreck of the Philippa, Bully Hayes had come.

He had made the briefest of calls. He wanted water; thirst was threatening himself, his crew, and the unlucky Polynesians whom, not long before, he had "blackbirded" to sell as slaves in South America. He was in a tearing hurry to find some place where water could be obtained, and to get away again as fast as possible, before the valuable cargo diminished beyond all hope of profit. They had a habit of dying, these prisoners, hopeless islanders.

Hayes, bully of the Pacific, murderer, ransacker, but, above all things, great captain, South Sea sailor of repute, had heard at different times of a fertile island that was supposed to lie in some undescribed part of the great uncharted gap across which no ship in recent times had sailed. Men at the masthead had seen a shimmering in the sky that told of a wide lagoon somewhere just beyond sight. Ships becalmed had seen bunches of fruit, too fresh to have come from any known island, floating in the tide. The story of an unknown island persisted, was laughed at, and denied, but never quite died out. And Hayes, in extremity, thought it worth at least a trial.

He had seen the island; anchored off it, outside the lagoon—for you never knew what these wretched "blackbirds" might or might not do if you gave them half a chance.

He had sent the watering boat ashore, and when it came back, laden with well-filled casks and with tales of a race of amazingly beautiful women to be seen there on the island, he had promptly taken the second whaleboat, with an armed crew, and had himself rowed in ashore. There was no time to waste; he couldn't even stop overnight—but he had made good use of the little time there was. Terrorising the Vainamu men by the effect, hitherto unknown, of muskets, he had found it easy to carry away not all the women he wanted, but as many as his already crowded ship would hold. More than twenty of the Vainamu women were trussed up and carried, screaming to the boats, thence to the waiting Leonora.

THEY were fair, they were young, they had (pity them), the golden hair and blue eyes desired of all men, but especially of those who live in the lawless, burning South. Hayes was said, made as much from them, carried to the South American market, as from his last three cargoes of native "blackbirds." Little was heard of their fate, and not one of them saw Vainamu again.

Buzacott, familiar with the villainies of the lawless world of Bully Hayes, had guessed from the very beginning that Hayes would not remain content with one call at Vainamu. Even, he had been able to make a guess at the probable time of the next visit. So much to run to South American ports, so much to "spree" in port, so much to return.

And he had been right. And here was the Leonora once more, a few short miles outside, slowly beeping up against the wind that was dying as the storm died away. Just let her get a slant, he thought, and she'd be up to the passage in an hour.

Vainamu knew it, too, and the knowledge seemed to complete the change in the entire situation of the castaways that the death of Seremy had begun. No one, it seemed, deeply lamented that death. There had been shouts of horror and dismay, people hurrying to look at (but not to touch) the accused body, chattering as of excited parrots, and then a general running away. The

Pastor, with James Robinson, was busy calling back some of the youngest and most malleable men, arranging to have the melancholy wreck of a human being bound in leaves and carried to the cemetery, where already Malachi's grave was being dug by two of the police. Eleanor lay in a corner of the Council House with her face to the wall, so that she should not see when they carried him away. She had not cried. She was dully saying to herself, over and over: "He will sleep in the clay and the rain, to-night, who was to have slept in my arms."

SUDDEN silence, and the cessation of the noise of shuffling feet, told her that they had gone. She sat up, leaning on the palms of her hands, and saw—

Not solitude, not emptiness. Addie, it was true, had gone away, unable to keep from useless, hysterical crying. Buzacott was out on the grass, looking at the ship. But James Robinson remained, waiting.

He went over to her, sat beside her, and took her hand. That hand was cold. He warmed it in his own, and caressed it. She did not seem to know.

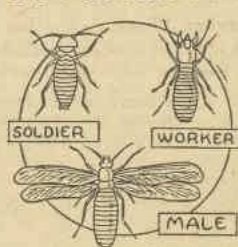
"Neil, my love," he said. "Don't think of him as there. 'I must,' it seemed to say."

"Neil," he went on, "he was a noble soul."

She listened, with her eyes fixed on the ground. "Different from the others here. Something finer. According to his lights, he lived well. My love, you must think of him," the Reverend James said simply, "in a white robe, with a crown, among the blessed spirits who walk the golden streets and stand beside the crystal sea. In the city with the gates of pearl."

To Eleanor, and to all her generation, the Oriental imagery descriptive of Heaven was God's own word, and literally to be accepted. Through it, behind it, into the enormous ideas it represented, the thoughts too great for human comprehension, they did not see

Do You Know . .



That what are believed to be the world's largest ant hills are the homes of the termites or white ants. In Ceylon and Abyssinia, these "skyscraper dwellings" often reach a height of from ten to twelve feet.

or desire to see. Eleanor, for the moment, was comforted by the picture of Malachi with a golden crown and a palm, perhaps a harp in his hand, walking with uncounted thousands of happy souls along the twenty-two carat streets of a city walled and gated with the shiny things one saw in jewellers' shops. The sea of glass, too, and the tree of life were as actual to her as the still lagoon of Vainamu, and the pains overhauling it.

But suddenly it came upon her that he had been pitifully young. Not twenty yet—with life before him. Life that he would have enjoyed.

"Oh, Father," she cried, with the tears running down her face, "I know it's all true, but Malachi did so want to have some fun!"

James Robinson, keeping back with difficulty his own tears, said: "Neil, my love, we may trust God so far. I'm sure."

He hesitated, struggling with new and unorthodox ideas that clamored for recognition, threatened to undermine, disturb the old. "I'm sure," he finished determinedly, "that God will see he gets—he gets plenty of fun!"

"Now, love," he went on, "now that you're a little quieter, I'll leave you alone."

She said: "Thanks," lay down once more, and turned her face to the wall. Outside, Charles and Adeline, walking arm in arm, were rejoicing in each other's company. Addie, who could not bear to see Eleanor's distress, had run away from it to Charles, beseeching him to comfort her, and Charles, fortunate in possessing no sense of humor whatever, was doing his best to console her for the suffering that Malachi's death and Eleanor's sorrow, had brought upon her. He was somewhat hampered by the presence of

Judith, who, like a neglected little dog, kept running after Charles, pulling at his sleeve, and whining for notice.

"You are my man," she complained. "I put my petticoat on you."

Charles could not be impolite to a woman. "My dear lady," she expostulated, "do restrain yourself. I don't know anything about your petticoats, and—pardon me—I don't want to."

"I put my petticoat," she repeated, like a cuckoo clock going on striking. "Undoubtedly you did, and I'm—I'm—I appreciate the compliment." He threw a nervous glance at Addie whose hand was clipping his arm very tightly. "But—in our country—we don't change partners so—ah—so—"

"Gerald he told me," she cut in, "Gerald he told me you got one wife another island, you frow her away, then you take this wife—"

Adeline as in duty bound, blushed, and turned away her head. "Shocking," she said. "The poor thing doesn't—"

"You take this wife, but no pastor married you. Thass all right. Vainamu law, I can leave my husband, who's very old, I can come to you. You can frow away the wife you aren't married to, and then Pastor marry you and me, proper fashion."

"The deuce he—I beg your pardon, but I really can't agree to anything of the kind. My dear Adeline, he broke off, 'do you suppose these people ever think of anything but marrying and giving—or one might say, talking, in marriage? It's—it's most monotonous.'"

Adeline, who never or rarely thought of anything else herself said: "Charles, dear, you must remember they're just wild savages. They haven't had our advantages."

"No, by gad," Charles agreed, twirling his long cavalry moustache. "If they had they wouldn't go on like this." He was going to add: "They would be more like ourselves," but a sudden remembrance of the mad errand that had brought him to Vainamu; of the circumstances responsible for the Hegira of the Robinson family, silenced him.

Judith remarked, as if a new idea had suddenly struck her, and must be given to the world with as little delay as possible:

"I put my petticoat on you." Adeline said: "This can't go on. Mr. Black seems very—very thick with these people. Let's wait till he comes up and ask—"

"What?"

"Just what happens when a woman puts her—ahem—on a man, and he doesn't want her—or it."

"Famous. We'll wait and ask him."

BLACK was not far away. He, with the others, had taken shelter during the last of the storm, but now that it was almost over, and that the rumor of a distant sail was drawing everyone forth again, Black, with Rispaah, had come out, as much to show himself off as to see what the strange ship might be or what she would bring. Gerald didn't want ships. He was as happy now as ever he had been in his life. Change, he thought, could hardly be for the better, and might be for the worse.

Rispaah and he, walking arm in arm, came down the grassland towards the sea and Charles beckoned to Black. "Hi," he shouted, unceremoniously, waving an arm, "come along here, we want you. What happens we want to know when a woman throws her petticoat over a man, and he doesn't want—at least, has already—Well, what does happen?"

"I don't know," Black haughtily replied. "I never did such a thing." Taking no further notice of Charles and Adeline, he continued his triumphant procession of two.

"The—sent," remarked Charles. Adeline said, half-crying: "Why don't you ask her herself?"

"Why don't you?"

"I will, in a minute. I—here, Mrs. Judith. What do you do when a man won't take you or your—hmm? What happens?"

"Something dreadful," answered Judith, and on that marched away.

"Sweet," said Charles, "don't bother your pretty head about her. Why, you've been as lucky as—"

"That devil with the crowbar's dead, and there's a ship in sight—"

"Mr. Buzacott said it was Bully Hayes' ship, the Leonora, and he'd as soon see the devil himself casting anchor—"

"Nonsense. A ship's a ship and this Hayes—I've heard of him. There was a navy fellow at home who'd been out on the Australian station, and he—"

But never mind. I'd like to see Bully Hayes, or the like of him, daring to molest the—lady of a British officer. Or Lady Gilliland." Charles spoke loudly, and with confidence, more confidence, perhaps, than he actually felt. The stories released by the "navy fellow" had been startling. And he remembered those that Buzacott had told. "Where is Lady Gilliland?" Adeline asked. They had forgotten all about her.

To be continued



Sweet Breath

This new way acts instantly

MOST people nowadays completely protect themselves against unpleasant breath. A small, pleasant-tasting tablet is slipped in to the mouth . . . and all odours of food, drinking, or smoking vanish instantly.

The name of these tablets is May-Breath. You may get them at your neighbourhood chemist. Always remember to take them along when going out among others. You will have so much more peace of mind.

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An Antiseptic Mouthwash in Tablet Form



Regular Habits

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It is vitally important to avoid even slight constipation during teething. For two years mothers have found that only equal Steedman's, the safe gentle aperient for keeping the blood clean. Invaluable up to the age of 12 years.

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INTERSTATE Rowers in ADELAIDE

Women Race for Big Aquatic Trophies

All is ready for the big interstate women's rowing championship, which is being held on Saturday, April 27, on the Port Adelaide River.

The pick of Australia's women rowers will contest for valuable trophies, which are to be presented by Mrs. J. H. Joustou on Saturday evening.

THE competing crews, numbering 48 girls in all, have come from all over Australia, except West Australia, for unhappily your association died lately. Last time interstate rowing was held there several years ago, W.A. was able to put a crew, and there were six competing, at the five that are in Adelaide now could put up a very close race.

The South Australian girls, though mostly inexperienced in big races, have even their trainer much cause for satisfaction, but Sydney and Queensland, who are represented by the same crews a last year, and were winners and runners-up respectively, will be very hard to beat.

Only one team is having a woman as the Victorian, for the others are either trainers or young boys. Perhaps the sight—and sound—of a stern-faced man will put such fear into the staid rowers that they will spurt to desperate finish! It will be interesting to see how a woman will urge on her crew.

There is to be a good programme of events on the day, which will begin with an invitation four at a quarter to three, when two women's crews will compete.

Then will come the great event, timed at 2.15.

After a short lull two crews will fight out the invitation mixed fours and eights, the team being picked from local girls' clubs and the Port Adelaide Men's Rowing Club.

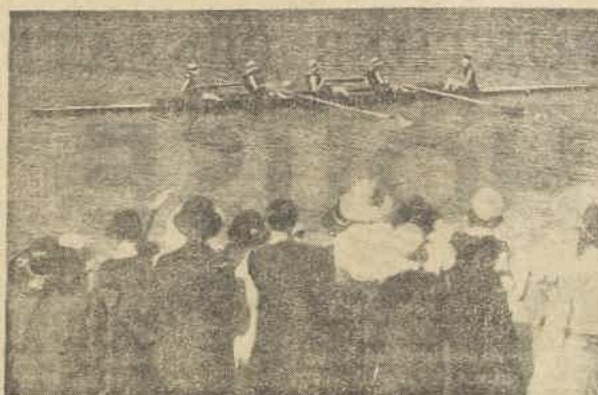
South Australia is very grateful to the men for their help; not only are they joining in the races, but the Torrens Club is lending a pair of oars and two racing blinkers.

Mr. J. P. Marcus, very well known in rowing circles, is the judge, and Mr. W. Salkeld, sen., is starting again. He has always been a good friend to the Women's Association. Great attention has been paid to the umpiring; the officials being Mr. T. K. Quibben and Mr. C. V. Nurettan.

Social Fixtures

BUT rowing will not be the only interest for the crews here. At the Town Hall on Friday, 26th, a civic reception is to be given to the girls in the morning, and on Sunday there are plans for a run through the Gorge and on to Angaston in motors lent by the association's friends. After lunch at the Hotel Angaston, they will go on and spend all day out in the open air. Other festivities have been arranged.

For Friday, 26th, at the Port Adelaide Town Hall, a conference of the Australian Women's Rowing Council has been



THE MEMBERS of the Essendon Women's Rowing Club, who have won the Victorian premiership for three years, and who will represent Victoria at the interstate rowing races, which will take place in Adelaide on Saturday.

arranged for two representatives from each State to discuss general business and receive balance-sheets and reports. Those attending are: Mrs. Gidson and Miss Pridham (Vic.); Miss M. Johnston and Miss P. Marsh (Tas.); Mrs. Lewis (manageress of the Bundaberg crew), and Miss Flo Skou (Q.); and four others from N.S.W. and South Australia.

Adelaide people will not be the only ones to watch this interesting race, for

two girls have motored all the way from Queensland to cheer their team to victory, and another has travelled with the little band.

Miss Madge Stewart, the stroke of Tasmania, must have much in common with Miss T. Smyth, from Sydney, for both are cycling enthusiasts, and, small though she is in stature, Madge has the honor of holding the Launceston-Hobart championship. An all-rounder, indeed.

WOMEN Cricketers for ENGLAND

Prospects and Possibilities of the Tour

By RUTH PREDDY

The cable received by Mrs. Waldron, secretary of the Australian Women's Cricket Council, conveying an invitation for a team of sixteen cricketers to visit England in 1937, has been greeted with enthusiasm in the various States.

NO doubt many of our foremost players are haunted already by visions of Piccadilly and Leicester Square. Will they be content to rest on their laurels or will they practise assiduously during the coming season and so safeguard their chances?

Who will represent Australia? Will the team be chosen from those who appeared in the recent Tests, or will fresh blood be introduced? Between now and 1937 there is plenty of time for new talent to show itself.

In the last series of interstate matches—which were held in Melbourne—Victoria won, New South Wales coming second, and Queensland and South Australia filling third and fourth places.

Some of the Players

IN the Test matches against England, Joyce Brewer, of Queensland, headed the batting average, although she only played in two Tests.

Essie Shevill (N.S.W.) filled second position, and she played in all three matches. Kath Smith, of Queensland, filled third place and as a left-handed fast bowler she was fourth in the bowling averages.

Ann Palmer and Peggy Antonio, of Victoria, were the two slow bowlers who secured the most wickets. It is a fair assumption at this stage that these players will be among the chosen sixteen.

It is an interesting question whether our slow bowlers will be a success on English wickets. We have been told that Ironmonger, of Victoria, was never picked to play in England because the wickets would not suit his type or bowling.

How will our batswomen fare? Will they need to be quicker on their feet than here, or will they find the pitches exactly to their liking? It is all a matter of conjecture at present. However, it can be safely assumed that interest will be quickened in all the States, and that representatives from each will find a place in the first Australian women's touring team.

Question of Finance

A MATTER that will worry the State Associations will be finance. Funds will have to be paid, and money found for incidental expenses. No doubt this can be arranged, but whether the chief States will contribute equally or on a basis of representation in the team is a matter for conjecture.

During the Australians' stay in Eng-

land, or perhaps in the British Isles, all their accommodation and travelling expenses will be borne by the English Association.

Australia holds the advantage inasmuch that though they will be sight-seeing in a like manner to that of the English team when here, they will not have such great distances to travel from county to county.

It is not only the cricket associations and the players who are going to be interested in the chosen sixteen. There is the general public, which made the last series of international women's cricket matches a financial success, and will watch all the important games from now on.

The Australian selectors will not be wanting for advice as to who should be selected and who should stay at home.

ANNEXING Club PLAYERS

Stir in Golf Circles

MEMBERS of one of the A grade golf clubs in New South Wales are licensed to find that attempts have been made to "buy" players to strengthen other clubs.

The bait held out in this instance was that this prominent player could enjoy free membership for twelve months. This kind of thing should be drastically dealt with. Fortunately the Golf Associates have not had to put up with this kind of tactics to date.

It is nevertheless distressing to know that some clubs do stoop to this kind of thing.

It is a well-known fact that captains and secretaries of some clubs, in an endeavor to strengthen their own teams, approach strong players in other clubs and induce them to leave and join them.

This sort of thing has been going on for a long while now, and it is a matter that should call for an Association inquiry.

Winning a premiership is often put before playing the game, and it is surely no credit to a club to win on the performances of players whom they have annexed from other clubs.

Associations will do well to take notice of the unfair tactics and endeavor to find a means of preventing teams or clubs from trying to secure the services of players from the clubs to which they already belong.

Ann Holds her Man



Don't envy the dazzling smiles of others

when film is removed your own teeth will delight you with their brilliance

8 times out of 10 it's not the teeth themselves but a sticky, stubborn coating that robs teeth of their beauty. When once removed, each gleams again with undimmed brilliance.

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DAVID JONES'

21'- Hemstitched SHEETS, 16/11

Superior quality linen-finished Sheet-
ing, guaranteed to give complete satis-
faction. Hemstitched and laundered.
Size 11 x 3 yds. Usually 21/-; pair 16/11.
Size 2 x 3 yds. Usually 25/-; pair 18/11.
Size 2 1/2 x 3 yds. Usually 27/6; pair 22/6.



They're "Osman"

Super quality linen-finished Pillow
Cases. Standard size, 20 x 30 inches.
Taped ends. Us. 1/7 1/2; ea. 1/3. Doz. 14/6.
"Housewife" Us. 1/9; ea. 1/4 1/2. Doz. 16/-.

2/11 'Osman' Cases

These are hemstitched.
A fine quality, linen-finished and free from filling. Hand-drawn hemstitched hems. 20x30ins.
Us. 2/11; now each at

"Finlay's" 1/9 Pillow Cases 1/5

An exceptionally saving price for
famous linen-finished Pillow Cases.
Taped end style, usually 1/9; now each
1/5. Down 18/6. Housewife style,
usually 2/3; now each 1/10 1/2. Doz. 32/-.

16/11 Quilts 12/6

A fine quality white Marcella, in a
light weight that is easy to launder.
Size 62x90. Us. 16/11; now ea. 12/6.
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Best downproof floral and Paisley
Cambrie covering, with plain satin
panels. They're filled with soft,
purified feathers and are de-
lightfully warm and comfortable.
Single bed size, 6x4 feet, at 19/11.
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16/11 Cretonne Bedspreads at

Modern floral designs on
blue, green or brown
grounds with plain con-
trasting borders. Good
wearing. 72 x 90 inches.
Usually 18/11; now 12/6.
90 x 100 inches. Usually
25/6; now each 16/11.

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8/11 "Service" Qual. Sheets

An absolute bargain offer of these famous quality Sheets.
Linen finished, bleached snow white, and they'll launder
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Single bed size, 11x23 yards, usually 8/11; now pair 6/11.
Double bed size, 21 x 24 yards, usually 13/11; now pr. 12/6.

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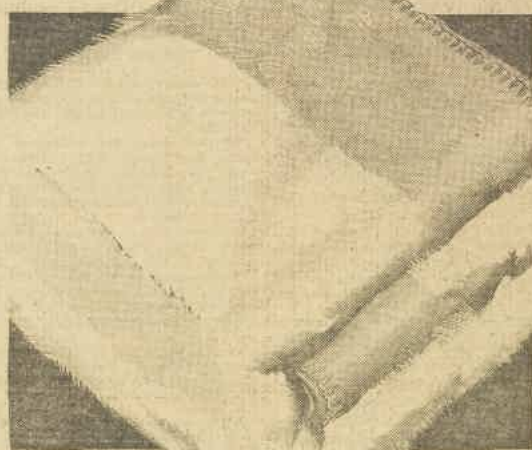
Full finished size, and they're free from filling.
Size 14 x 24 yards, usually 8/11; now priced at pair 6/11.
Size 14 x 24 yards, usually 12/6; now priced at pair 9/11.
Size 21 x 24 yards, usually 13/11; now priced at pair 12/3.



PER PAIR!

Look! "OSMAN'S" Sacrificed

We made a special purchase of 10,000 pairs of these sheets, every pair guaranteed by the
maker. Their superior quality is famous and completely reliable. The texture is soft, but
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11 x 23 yds., usually 12/6; now at pair 9/6. 11 x 22 yds., usually 16/6; now at pair 13/6.
21 x 24 yds., usually 18/6; now at pair 14/11. 21 x 23 yds., usually 19/11; now at pair 16/11.
21 x 22 yds., usually 24/6; now at pair 19/6.



All pure wool Blankets

With the new 12-inch coloured borders

There's a soft, fleecy texture to these Blankets, and
they're beautifully finished with wide coloured borders
in blue, dusty pink and leafy green and beige.
54 x 72 ins., at pair 22/6. 54 x 78 ins., at pair 25/6.
63 x 81 ins., at pair 31/6. 72 x 90 ins., at pair 37/6.

COLOURED Blankets

Fleecy, all Merino Wool in leafy green, dusty
pink, blue and champagne. Satin-bound edges.
54x90 ins., at each 23/6. 63x90 ins., at each 29/6.
72x90 ins., at each 31/6. 81x90 ins., at each 37/6.

25% Reduction on DAMASK CLOTHS

Such savings are only possible because we made a very
favourable special purchase of high-grade Damask.
Don't miss your share! Pure Linen Breakfast or
Luncheon Cloths with neat overcheck designs in
colours that are guaranteed fadeless. Blue,
peach, green, or gold. They launder splendidly.
Size 38x56 ins. Usually 3/11; now priced at each 2/11.
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4/6 Luncheon Sets at 2/6

Striped, Continental
Luncheon Cloths in the
gayest effects with string
tie fringes all the way
round. In red and grey
or brown, gold and
grey, all fadeless.
Size 34x34, us. 4/6; now 2/6.
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11/6 Jaspe Bedspreads

You can expect good wear from these strong
Bedspreads, and you'll like the well-covered
floral designs. Fadeless blue, green, or gold.
Size 68x90 ins., usually 11/6; now each 7/11.
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White Turkish Bath Towels
that will give years of service.
An excellent quality, soft and
absorbent. Large 24x48 ins.
size. Us. 2/11; now each 1/11.

Less 25% for luxurious Jac-
quard Towels with colourful
border and stripe designs in
peach, blue, green, gold
24x48 ins. Us. 3/11; now 2/11.

2/6 "Terry" Bath Towels, 1/11

A specially thick pile, and attractive striped headings in rose, blue
or green. Size 24x48 ins. A really splendid value at this price!

4/6 Coloured Bath Towels, 3/6

Linen and Cotton mixture Bath Towels that always keep crisp and
give a vigorous dry. Men like them particularly. Size 24x30 inches.

2/3 Col. Turkish Bath Towels

If you want a hard-wearing Towel, we can fully
recommend these, and the price is very accept-
able. Stripe and check designs in colour
colours, but there are only 300 dozen altogether.
Size 24x48 ins., usually 2/3; now priced at each 1/9.
Size 24x48 ins., usually 2/6; now priced at each 1/11.
Size 24x48 ins., usually 2/11; now priced at each 2/3.
Extra large size, 33x60 ins., us. 6/6; now each 4/11.



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75/- Hand Emb. Bedspreads

Exclusive Madeira designs on the finest of White
Linen—an offer much too good to neglect!
Size 72x90 ins. Usually 75/-; now at each 37/6.
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16/6 Filet Lace Sup. Cloth, 11/6

Heavy quality open mesh Filet Lace. Exquisite designs, hand made.
Size 45x45, us. 16/6; now 11/6. Size 54x54, us. 22/6; now 16/11.

5/11 Lin. Damask Cloths, 4/11

Luncheon or breakfast sizes in 3 designs. They'll launder perfectly.
Size 45x55 inches, usually 5/11; now priced at each only 4/11.
Better quality, size 48x56 ins., usually 7/11; now priced at each 5/6.

17/6 Guest Serviettes at 12/6

Many attractive designs in hemstitched Irish Linen Luncheon or
Guest Serviettes with a softly laundered finish and a rich blue.
Size 16x18 inches. Usually 17/6; now priced per dozen at only 12/6.

3/3 Table Damask, yard 2/3

It's mercerized, and can stand up to lots of hard wear. The designs
are neat checks. Heavy quality, 68 in. wide. Us. 3/3; now yard 2/3.

16/11 Linen Serviettes, 14/11

A special purchase! Pure Irish Linen Serviettes with a smooth
satin finish. Several attractive designs. They'll launder excellently.
Size 21x21 ins. Usually 16/11; now priced per dozen at only 14/11.

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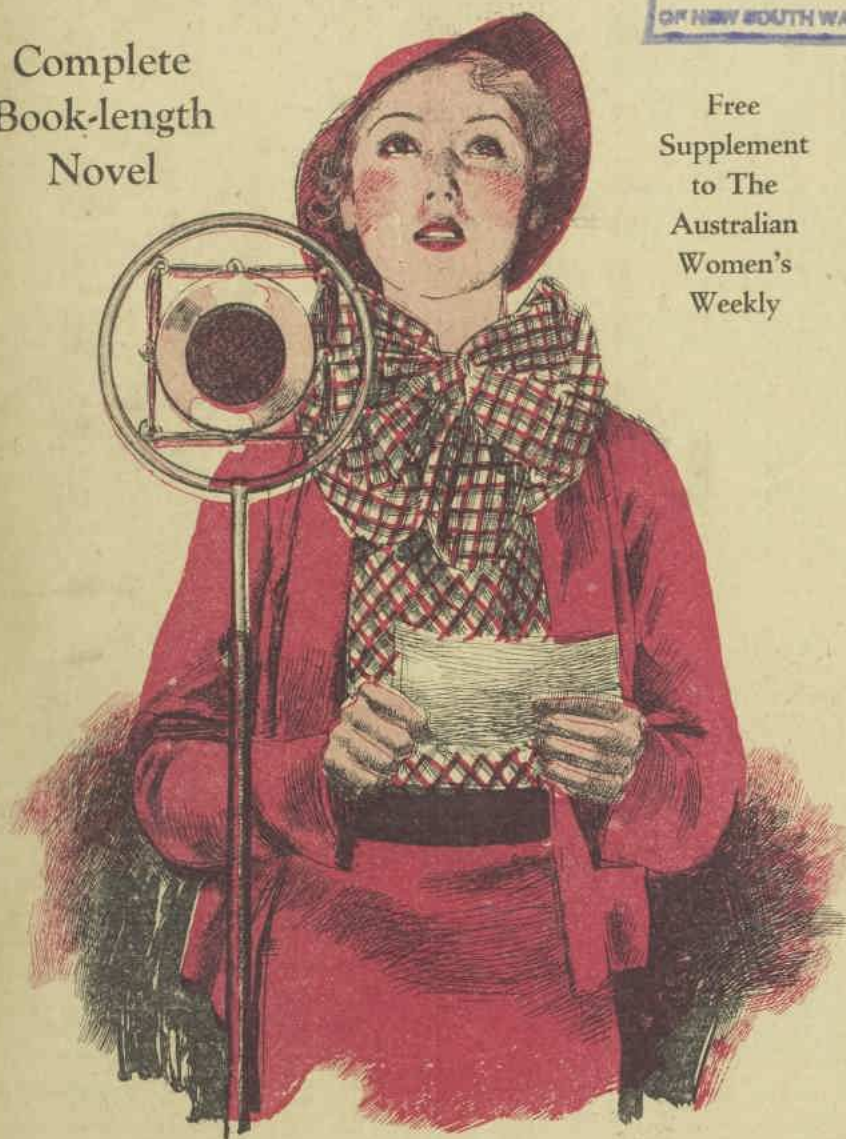
Station L-O-V-E

By CRAIG CARROLL

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STATION L-O-V-E

By CRAIG CARROLL

CHAPTER 1



HE two slips of paper burned in Judy's pocket-book. She did not need to read either of them again. She knew every word by heart.

"Miss Allison: Report at WAOA to-morrow at 10 for an audition. Beauty Builders. Just talking. You ought to get it. Best luck—DICK MASON."

That was one of the messages. That was why she was on the Sheridan Road bus now, going downtown in the bright, cold morning, wearing the new brown wool crepe dress, the tan lapin jacket, the new brown hat with the brown and tan bow. Wishing. Thinking about Dick Mason. Wishing.

And thinking about the other message. The telegram.

"Judy: I am not going to send you any more money. You have been to Chicago six months without getting anywhere. Now come home—FATHER."

That message had come first. It came about 3 o'clock the afternoon before, and for a long time after that Judy had just sat looking at the message, thinking how she would have to go home; how this had been the one chance of her life and she had failed.

She had gone downstairs to the tear-room. She sat alone at a little wall table until Mrs. Malone, who owned the tear-room, said: "Do you mind letting someone share your table? It's so crowded to-night?"

"No," Judy said, not looking up. "Of course not."

A YOUNG man sat down. She noticed he had very strong hands, tanned, and that he wore a small ring on his index finger.

She went on looking at her father's telegram, not looking up, until at last she heard the man say, "May I have the sugar, please?"

She passed the sugar bowl. Somehow it slipped suddenly from her hand, tumbled upside down on the cloth, spilling sugar everywhere.

"Oh!" She felt her cheeks flaming. She looked straight at the young man. He was smiling, chuckling. He had thick hair, brushed smooth. Nice eyes.

"I'm—nervous," she explained. "Sorry."

"You look worried about something. Could I help?"

"No. No. It's nothing. Nothing at all."

The telegram lay before her. Quickly she picked it up, crumpled it, stuffed it into her jacket pocket.

She looked down now and tried to eat. She couldn't eat. She kept thinking what it would be like to have to go home a failure.

"Pardon me," the young man said, after a long time. "I know this is all wrong. But—I've seen you often here. I live here, too, you know. On the fifth floor."

"Oh. I live on the third."

"My name is Dick Mason."

"Mine is—"

She paused. This wasn't the thing one does. Of course not. But he had a nice smile. He looked—nice. That

was the only word. All right. "Mine is Miss Allison."

He got up, made an exaggerated bow. "Charmed, Miss Allison. Charmed, in fact."

Then they both laughed, because they both wanted to laugh, and after all it was an autumn evening, and after all—After a while they talked.

"I'm going home Tuesday," she said, dismally.

"You shouldn't."

"I have to."

"But why?"

Afterwards it seemed like a terrible thing to have done; but she handed him the telegram from her father, not saying anything about it. He hesitated a moment. Then he read the message.

"That's—bad. Can't you do anything to keep from going?"

"How can I? I'm an organist. There's nothing for organists."

"Isn't there anything else?"

"I can sing—a little. I used to act in school plays. That's all. I can't run a typewriter or take dictation. I can't run an adding machine. I don't know how to sell shoes or silk or—or anything."

"You have a nice voice."

"Oh—"

He added, quickly, "You see, voices are my job. I'm a—don't laugh, now! I'm a radio announcer."

"Oh!" Judy remembered all the times she had listened to the radio back in Hiawatha; heard music coming from Chicago, from New York; heard pompous cultured voices intoning the announcements—heard, now and then, a warm, friendly, real voice like this voice.

"I'm on the staff of WAOA. Chief announcer," he said, with a touch of naive pride. "And I thought—I thought—Wait!"

His eyes sparkled. He was nice. Judy thought, "Wait a minute! I've an idea! You have a lovely voice. Really. And good diction. Good!"

He stared at his wrist-watch in obvious surprise. "I had no idea it was 7:30. I'm on the air in fifteen minutes. Got to run. But—I'll leave a note in your mailbox to-night. About a job. A job you can get, I think. And—you won't throw me down?"

"Throw you down?"

"You'll try for it?"

"Of course. Oh, of course. But—" She ought to protest. She oughtn't to take help from a man she didn't know. Not even from such a nice man. Not even from Dick Mason. "I—"

He was already half way to the door. It wouldn't do any good to argue. She could see what it was about later.

"Remember!" he said. "I'm counting on you! Bye."

"Bye," Judy had said, in a small voice. And the young man had gone. And now Judy, riding on the bus, remembered that Mrs. Malone had been smiling, had said, "Nice, isn't he? And so different from most of our young men. A really fine young man, Miss Allison." Match-making again. Judy had thought. The one thing Mrs. Malone loved was to see her "young people"—to see her young people going places together. She was proud of three marriages she personally had caused by careful introductions.

She went home, and to bed, and tried to sleep, and tried to believe she wasn't

going back to Hiawatha, after all. Sleepily she remembered that Dick Mason's hair was thick and brown, and brushed back smoothly. That his eyes twinkled. That he had a very small dimple in the exact centre of his cheek, and that—

SHE awakened to a sharp, loud knock, and she knew at the first moment of wakefulness that only Mrs. Malone would be knocking so early. Early? The clock said 8:20. She'd been asleep for hours and hours.

"Yes!"

It was Mrs. Malone.

"Miss Allison. Mr. Mason left a message for you. He said it was very important. He said he'd see you—down there. He said to be on time for sure. He said—"

Judy opened the door, saw Mrs. Malone smiling maternally, thought, "Match-maker!" said, "Thank you, Mrs. Malone," closed the door, read the message from Dick Mason. He wrote with funny, big flourishes. A nice, friendly way to write.

"Miss Allison: Report at WAOA to-morrow at 10 for an audition. Beauty Builders. Just talking. You ought to get it. Best luck. DICK MASON."

She couldn't understand for a moment. Talking. Talking? Oh, of course. Talking on the radio. But she couldn't. She didn't know anything about radio. She'd read about studios and microphones and all that, and the girl who used to live across the hall had acted on the radio once and she talked a lot about it. But—but—No. She couldn't. She couldn't possibly. Of course not.

She started back to bed. She stopped. Her father's telegram lay on the dresser. "You have been in Chicago six months without getting anywhere. Now come home. Father."

Suddenly Judy began to scurry here and there in her room. She heard herself all at once singing happily. The first time she had wanted to sing in days. She got out the new brown woollen dress with the beige lapin jacket. The color brought out the blue of her eyes and her chestnut hair. Nice. She got out the new stockings, the ones with the special tops. Nice, too.

Now, riding on the bus, she reviewed the events of the last day and felt a thrill of anticipation.

The bus was slow. Only to Walton Place. Blocks to go. She wanted to shout at the driver to hurry, never mind about the others; hurry.

She looked at the young man across the aisle.

"Please," she managed at last, in a very small voice. "Please. Could you tell me the time?"

The young man without a hat grinned at her.

"There's the Wrigley clock," he said, pointing.

Sure enough. They were almost to the building. There were the big black hands. Nine forty-two. Eighteen minutes left. Eighteen minutes, and another block to ride, and four blocks to walk.

She was sure she couldn't possibly make it. She jumped up, started along the

able, lurched as the bus swayed, against the young man's shoulder.

"Help you, lady?" he asked, still grinning. "No! No!"

Wildly Judy pushed the button. Wildly she jumped down to the sidewalk, turned, jumped into a man, another man, sped across the sidewalk.

One block. She'd never be on time. Two blocks. She couldn't possibly make

Three blocks. She looked over her shoulder. Three minutes to ten. She couldn't do it! Couldn't!

There was the building, enormous, grim, with long rows of windows blinking at the sun. There was the door.

She began to run along the high, wide corridor.

The elevator at the end of the hall. "WAOA" over the door. She saw the clock. One minute left! She ran headlong, crowded into the car somehow.

"Twenty-seven," she gasped weakly.

"Twenty-seven," a calm voice said from just behind her.

Judy looked quickly. A tall blond girl, with a new black hat over one ear. A very sure sort of girl.

THE door closed. And Judy knew. If the door had not closed she would have run out of the car again. She would have hurried away, because she couldn't possibly have a chance, because she couldn't possibly get the job. No expedients.

"Have you talked on the radio before?" someone would ask, and she'd say meekly: "Why—no." "Have you acted on the stage?" And again she would have to say, "Why, no." "What qualifications have you?" "Why, . . . I don't know. I . . . I thought perhaps . . ." And then what could she say? That she was a prize music student back in Nebraska? That she had been studying the organ for eight years now? Organ! And she wanted to perform on the air.

"Twenty-seven. Studio floor!"

The elevator door slid open. Judy was shoved through the door and people streamed past her. Mostly girls. Well-dressed girls. Confident-looking girls.

Helpless, hardly sure what was happening, she was borne along with the stream. At all at once, there was a big desk before her, and back of the desk a girl—just the sort of girl Judy had known would be here.

"Whom did you wish to see?"

The girl hadn't even bothered to look up. Just went on making marks on a big pad with typewritten lines all over it.

"—I—"

Judy felt a hard shove. "Hurry up, there, sister." The blond girl was behind her, hard-eyed now, with something wolfish in her look. Judy wondered, quickly, vaguely, if this girl really needed work. She didn't look as if she did. But the strange, eager, desperate stare—Judy managed now to say, "I had an appointment for an audition."

"What account?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"What account, I said?"

"—I—"

"She means what company was it for?" the blond girl said in a harsh voice.

"Oh. The Beauty Builder. Mr. Mason told me to come."

"Um—sit down over there."

Careless, still not looking up, the girl behind the desk waved one hand toward the wall. Judy saw a long bench. A half-dozen girls sat there, one reading a paper, one staring at the ceiling, two talk-

ing loudly, excitedly. One smoking, with a long cigarette in an even longer holder.

"I—" Judy began.

"Over there I said. Come. There are a lot of others waiting," the girl at the desk said.

"Yes. Thank you."

The blond girl was seated next to Judy.

"What a life," the blond girl exclaimed suddenly.

"What?" Judy said.

"Awful life. Worse all the time."

"I—" Judy stopped. She didn't know what she should say now, but she knew she was supposed to say something.

"Work all day like this, sit around hours and hours, get nothing, do it again—all so half a dozen eggs can listen in another room and say, 'Oh no, no, no. She won't do at all!'" the girl said, all in a breath.

"I—You see?" Judy managed, "it's my first time here."

"Oh." The blond girl opened her eyes now, sat up, stared at Judy, looked at her clothes, nodded, and grinned. "Tenderfoot, huh?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"You won't last."

"Why?"

"Wait and see," the girl said cryptically.

NOW another girl detached herself from the line at the desk, came across the room, very erect, shoulders high, very sure that her clothes and her hat were right. She had very dark hair, her eyes were sharp and black. She studied herself in a mirror back of the bench. She opened a compact and applied more rouge, deftly, quickly. Then she smiled at herself, and sat down. She looked at Judy.

Judy felt her cheeks burn, under this slow, insolent stare.

"That's the great Lona Burdette," the blonde girl said. "Watch out for her. She's poison. When she wants to be. She . . ."

She stopped. There was a commotion at the other end of the bench; girls were jumping up, following a round little man with a bright, bald head.

"Come on, now," the blonde girl said. "The murder begins. This way."

Judy followed, along a hall, through a big door, along another hall. Lona Burdette led the way, as though it were her right. And Judy followed the others in. An amazingly high room, long and wide, with a shiny, polished floor, with lights hanging from the ceiling.

At one end, through a panel of glass set in the wall, Judy saw dimly a half-dozen people, leaning over a table. At the other, high up, almost to the ceiling, she saw a plate-glass window, and many people sitting beyond the window, looking down. She felt small and unimportant. Now she was pushed into a small iron chair.

Girls were all around her. A dozen girls. More. She counted quickly. Fifteen girls, besides herself. Sixteen, seeking the one job.

One of the girls was talking to herself in a low voice; saying the same words over and over. Another put two big throat capsules in her mouth, grimaced. Another was fixing her thick black hair.

NOW, said the round little man, "this is an audition for the Beauty Builder."

Nobody said anything. They all knew this already.

"Here," said the round little man, advancing straight towards Judy. "Here. What's your name, young woman?"

"Uh—Judy—Judy—Allison."

"Elison, eh?"

"Allison," she corrected.

"Elison," he repeated firmly. "Here, Elison. Take this."

He thrust a sheet of paper into her hands.

"Well?" he questioned.

Judy stared at him. She looked at the other girls. They were all watching her—and she thought that in all their faces, in all their eyes, she saw a desperate gleam.

Judy stared, hoped, wished. No use. She couldn't see Dick Mason anywhere.

"Well!" the round man snapped now. "Get busy, young woman. Get busy!"

"But I—I—" She felt faint.

Mustn't look like an amateur. Mustn't act like an amateur. "You have a nice voice," Dick had said. Mustn't act like an amateur. Bluff it through. Do it as though you'd done it a million times before. Where was Dick to help her?

CHAPTER 2.

JUDY rose. She knew what a microphone was, of course. And in the middle of the studio hung a round, black thing, suspended from cords. The microphone. She walked towards this, stood in the centre of the enormous room. She felt like the last woman in the world. The eyes of the other girls burned in her back. She held the paper, stepped a little to one side, stared at the round, black microphone, wondered, waited.

"Go on!" the round man said. His voice echoed up and down the walls of the big room. "Go on, Elison!"

She stared at the paper.

"Good morning," it said. "This is the Beauty Builder speaking. Every morning at this same hour I bring you the newest facts about the newest fashions in hats, in dresses, in shoes, in cosmetics—all to help you. And every morning—"

The words faded out before her eyes. Past the microphone, back of the glass panel at the end of the room, she saw Dick Mason. He was leaning forward, almost touching the glass. He was waving one hand.

He meant, "Read it. Go to it! Start! Show 'em!" He meant all he said in that brief talk last night. He meant, "Get the job, girl. Get the job."

She glared at the microphone. Afraid of that?

She turned a little on one heel. She glared at the other girls. Afraid of them?

She threw back her shoulders, put her head back.

"Good morning," she said, and the words sounded strangely flat and muffled to her. "This is—the Beauty Builder. Every day—I mean every morning at this same hour, I bring you the newest facts about the newest fashions in hats, in—"

The round man was tugging at her shoulder. He was scowling, contemptuous, sneering.

"That's enough! Go back and sit down! Go back! Go on! You—you blonde girl. Come on. You're next! Snap into it." He shoved Judy lightly. "Sit down, you!"

Somehow, Judy stumbled across the room to the chair. Somehow, she kept back the tears that fought to show in her eyes. Somehow, she kept her head up, she listened, she heard the blonde girl's sure voice; she heard another voice and another, and another. And she heard the round man say suddenly, "That's all. You can all go. That's all."

The blonde girl started to speak to the round man, stopped, grinned, walked out the door, confident as ever, sure as ever. The girl with the compact put more rouge on her lips, followed. And the others. Last of all, Judy, walking slowly. No confidence kept, her shoulders square, no desperate

gaily made her smile. The tears were hot in her eyes.

"Judy! Oh—Judy!"

It couldn't be anybody calling her. Couldn't be. Couldn't be. If she didn't hurry, if she didn't get out of the building if she didn't find a corner, somewhere, anywhere, she'd cry so that every one could see.

"Judy! Wait, Judy!"

She turned.

DICK MASON came running towards her, down the hall. Smiling "Judy," he said again, "you're swell!"

He seized both her hands. Her pocket-book dropped, but she didn't move to pick it up. For Dick was telling her, breathlessly, chuckling between the words, "You got it! I knew you could do it! You got it!"

She managed finally to gasp, "Got it? But I—I didn't even get to read all of it. And the others—the blonde—"

Dick laughed at her. He was tall, and he had a dimple, just as she had remembered. He had brown hair, very smooth. She hadn't noticed it before, but he was handsome. She heard Dick Mason say, "That was just the regular stuff. They liked your voice the minute they heard you. So you start Monday. Forty a week, three mornings a week. And that's not all. They're going to use your real name, Judy. Miss Judy Allison. The Beauty Builder! Just think of that!"

Her name on the air! Her real name spoken so that thousands of people would know Judy Allison! She couldn't let that happen. No. But—but Dick didn't know anything about her and yet he'd got the job for her, he'd helped so much.

"Come on, Judy. You're having breakfast with me!"

Still breathless, still unbelieving, Judy followed Dick along the hall.

They sat a long time over coffee and toast and marmalade, and in that time Judy learned a great deal about Dick Mason.

That he was 26, which seemed very old indeed, for Judy was "just past" 20. That he earned \$500 a week for "just talking." That he had been an announcer for two years. That he started out to be an actor—but I was a rotten actor," that, really, he finished college with the intention of being an engineer—but I couldn't make a single column of figures come out straight."

He broke off.

"There's Amos 'n' Andy," he said. "First time I've seen them here in months."

"Amos 'n' Andy?"

Judy looked for a couple of men in black-face. She saw, instead, two smooth-faced, casual, well-dressed gentlemen, taking their time about ordering, plunging suddenly into close conversation.

"I thought—I mean—"

"I know," Dick Mason chuckled. A very nice chuckle, Judy thought. "Funny, the ideas you get about radio people—just hearing them."

Dick became a walking encyclopedia of names, of descriptions. And Judy's head whirled. So many people! Names you read in the papers, names you heard spoken over the air, with unctious, by announcers you wondered about, voices you heard and liked, or didn't like; famous people just walking in and asking for cheese, toast, and orange juice, or pancakes and sausage; and not all unusual, some of them not even well dressed.

The girl with the wildly-tinted hair and the shabby imitation-seal coat, Dick said, earned 500 dollars a week; "she puts it all in the bank; she was almost starving until radio came along, trying to be a singer; she wasn't good in a concert hall or on stage, but on the air her voice vibra-

tions are just right and all the fans think she's marvellous; radio's like that." The others—

"Hello, Dick!"

Judy jumped. She'd been so interested in Dick Mason, listening to the smooth, regular procession of words she had forgotten that anybody else might talk, might come to the table that already she thought of as hers and Dick's.

"Hello, Elton."

Dick said it rather slowly, not quite happily.

"Introduce me, boy. Introduce me!"

Judy looked up at the intruder. He was very well dressed. Curly light hair and dark eyes. An unusual combination. A pale yellow tie and a brown sport suit and a white shirt with long points on the collar.

"Judy—Miss Allison—this is Elton Day."

"How do you do?" Judy said coolly. Then, in spite of herself, she gasped. With no more words, without waiting for any invitation, the newcomer sat down, leaned forward, stared directly at her. A waiter approached. "Coffee, black," Day said, without looking up. "Hurry. I have to be at my office in a minute." Then, to Judy, "I haven't seen you around here before."

"Miss Allison just came down for an audition," Dick said, still with a faint edge in his voice. Judy could see that he was smiling politely enough, that he seemed to know this man well, but she knew he was resenting the intrusion. In spite of herself—being woman—that pleased her. Having known Dick Mason such a little while it was nice to think that he wanted to be alone with her, that he wanted no other man to talk to her.

OH. You're going to be with us, then? Day asked Judy.

"I—really, I don't know."

"Sing?"

"Oh, no, Talk." She laughed a little. "That is, I guess I'm to talk. Mr. Mason got me a tryout and I thought I didn't have a chance. I've never done anything like this before. But Mr. Mason says they liked my voice. They're going to let me do the programme. A while, at least."

"That's fine. And it's mighty kind of Dick to help you. Yes, sir, Dick—mighty kind."

Dick said nothing. And Elton Day continued to stare at Judy, not unpleasantly at all. Judy supposed she should look away, should chill Elton Day. But she knew the chilling would be a hard job. There was a faint twist at the corner of his mouth, there was a keen light in his eyes, as though he were laughing at her; laughing at himself, and at Dick, and at everything.

But Judy felt suddenly that trouble lay straight ahead.

CHAPTER 3.

ARE you an announcer?"

Judy asked Elton Day.

"I? Heavens, no! I can't stand listening to myself talk." Day said, with a pointed look at Dick Mason.

"But—" Judy began. She saw a flush on Dick's smooth face. So they weren't good friends!

"I write," Day said it very simply.

"Write? Books?"

"One only. So far, anyhow. And no good, either. But I'm working on another one. And writing radio stuff meanwhile. Trips. Stuff about how to be beautiful, and—Oh! Wait a minute! What's this programme you're going to work on?"

Now Judy saw that Dick Mason was really angry.

"Why—it's called the Beauty Builder."

"That's marvellous! Nothing less than

marvellous! Because—Guess what, Dick Allison."

"What?"

"I write the Beauty Builder. I write the stuff you've got to read. A new programme I just sold. And we'll have to spend a lot of time together. We certainly will. Thank you, Dick. Thanks a lot. Because you couldn't have got a nicer voice for just the sort of character I want to build up. As you see here, Miss Allison."

He became suddenly businesslike, and Judy stopped him.

"I'm afraid I can't talk about it now, right now," she said. "I—." She ought to say, "Don't you see I'm with Dick Mason. I'm his guest, not yours." But she couldn't say that. She needed the job desperately. She needed this chance. And she'd have to work with Elton Day, have to get along with him, have to take his suggestions—

GO ahead, Judy," she said, smiling at her. "I've got to hurry away, anyhow. Trying out a new announcer to-day. Boss wished the job for me. I'll see you at the tearoom. Dinner."

"I'd love to have dinner with you," she said gravely. Funny, Judy thought, that all these months of being alone, to be the centre of a situation like this! To be handsome men, both wanting to talk to her; and she hadn't even met one handsome man before. And—Silly little Judy said to herself. One of them is being kind to you, and the other wants to get you started right because the programme means more money for him. It goes well. Silly little conceited girl. Why can't you grow up? Get over being a small-town girl.

"Thank you, Dick," she said again. "Thank you. Oh, a lot more than I can tell you!"

"That's all right. I wanted to do it." "But I'll try to make good on that, Dick. And the minute I can, I'm going to wire my father and just say, 'No, I'm staying here in Chicago.' Just like that."

She laughed at her own vehemence, and Dick grinned, too. And then he took her hand. Almost as though he didn't want to let go, Judy thought in spite of being

"Good-bye," Dick said, not looking at Elton Day.

"Oh, by Dickie!" Elton said, grinning. "See you soon. On the Big Town How to night. Got some stuff to talk to you about."

"All right," Dick said curtly. The handkerchief hovering waiter a bill, now, smiled at Judy again, and disappeared.

"Nice boy," Elton said now.

"Nicest I've met," Judy said warmly.

"But—see here, young woman! You just met me, too, you know."

"I know," Judy said, rising.

"Oh! That puts me right in my proper niche on the wall, doesn't it? Well, you have changed their minds about me before. Can happen again. Won't you have some more coffee?"

"I don't think so."

"That's a very smart girl. Coffee is good for me." A pause. "I drink cups of black coffee every night."

"But why—if it's bad for you?"

"Oh, because it's bad for me. I suppose same reason I drink cocktails. And same reason I fall in love."

"Oh!"

Judy felt more sure than ever that she should have gone with Dick Mason. No one word she could really object to one thing that wasn't just light talk and yet she felt more was coming.

"Now, about these continuities," Dick Day said suddenly, in an entirely changed voice, an utterly business-like voice. "We

here, Miss Allison—what's your idea of the character, anyhow?"

"I don't know anything about her, really. You see, I just walked in and they handed me a—"

"A continuity. Script, if you like it better."

"A continuity. And I read it without being told anything about it. So—"

"So, as usual, the dumb bunnies gave you no chance at all to get set for the right pitch, the right speed or anything. Well, we'll fix that. I'm trying to do a new kind of beauty programme, Miss Allison. You see—this is aimed to sell a new line of cosmetics. Called Beauty Builder."

"I never heard of them," Judy said.

"Neither has anybody else. But the whole world is going to hear about them now—thanks to you and me and the people who pay the bills. So you're supposed to be a woman who's travelled all over the world, seen everything, studied nothing but style and make-up for twenty years. You're supposed to be 35, just about. By the way, how old are you?"

"Twenty." Judy wished she had said 24, as she always did when she asked for a concert job. Too late now.

"Twenty. Lovely age. When I was 20—No. That's too far back."

"YOU don't look so very old, Mr. Day."

"Mister Day? Mister; Child, where are your manners? Waiter!"

The waiter slid up to the table.

"Waiter! You know what this young woman just called me?"

Judy's cheeks flamed.

"Why—?" She started to get up. One of Elton Day's thin, strong hands waved her back into her chair.

"She called me Mister. Think of it, waiter! At my age!"

"Terrible, sir. Terrible," the waiter said, gurgling.

"You see?" Elton Day addressed Judy now. "You see what people will think of you if you go around saying 'Mister' to me? Well, let that be a lesson to you. You may go now, waiter."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

CHAPTER 4.

"YOU really need work?" Day asked Judy.

"I do. Very much indeed. That's why Mr. Mason was so kind," Judy said.

"Oh. Dick. Of course." A shadow crossed Elton Day's lean, handsome face. Then, "Why?"

"I—because of this."

Judy took out the telegram from her father, handed it across the table to Elton Day.

"... You've had your chance. ... Now come home. ... No more money! So ... He stared at her. "Nice man, your father."

"He's a very fine man. Finest man I know," she said loyally, a little too earnestly. "But he wants me at home. Wants to have a chance to be proud of me. Oh, you know. Tell all the neighbors how I just won another scholarship, or played at the church, or—you wouldn't understand, I guess."

"Ah, but I do. Why do you suppose I'm in Chicago, and working in a business I hate like this? Writing stuff about how to comb your hair and how much rouge to put on your ears? Not because I couldn't go home and be the town prodigy, and get stories in the leading magazines once in three years. Because I could. But—oh, I understand. Too well, Judy."

"But I thought you were— I don't know

exactly what I do think about you, Mr. Day."

"Elton!" she said warningly, raising his hand again.

"Elton," she said meekly—startled at her own meekness.

"That's better. Well, you get the job I'm supposed to have the final voice in who does the talking. That's my contract. So you're it."

"Thank you."

"That's nothing. I can do a lot more for you. There'll be all sorts of jobs coming along, the way things are working out for me. And, no reason why you shouldn't be on other programmes, too. Getting a good deal more money."

"I'd like that. Then I could pay for my own music, and I wouldn't have to depend on my father for help. It's wonderful to have met Mr. Mason. And you!" she added quickly.

"ESPECIALLY me," he said.

"Well—"

"Especially me," he repeated. "And I'll tell you why. Dick's a fine boy. Good announcer, too. One of the best. But announcers are 'a dime a dozen,' some people say. Not much influence. And I can help you a lot, Judy. I'm going to, too."

She couldn't keep on saying, "That's wonderful," and she couldn't make herself feel that just "Thank you" meant very much. So she said nothing. She waited for Elton to go on. But he was looking past her, over her shoulder.

"Hello, El!"

Judy heard a cool, drawling, faintly sardonic voice. She looked up—to see Lona Burdette. "She's poison," the blonde girl had said that morning. She didn't look it, though. No doubt about it. Lona Burdette was pretty, very pretty. But a little hard line showed at the corners of her mouth, and she had on much more make-up than she needed, Judy thought. Still, she was pretty. And very poised. And just now, smiling at Judy with an altogether unfriendly smile.

"I've been looking all around for you, El," the Burdette girl said.

"I've been busy," Elton said, quickly.

"But I'm just going," Judy interposed. "If you'll excuse me—!" She started to get up.

"Don't go," Elton commanded. He turned to Lona. "I said I was busy."

"Yes. I heard you the first time."

"Well—"

"I'm in a hurry myself," the girl said. "Just wanted to find out first, before I go, about the Beauty Builder job."

"How'd the audition come out?"

"Same as always. This girl was up there, too. She can tell you what a washout it was." Lona Burdette stopped, studied Judy. Then suddenly her eyes glinted unpleasantly. "Oh," she said. "I think I get it now. This girl gets the job, eh?"

"She does."

"Oh. What about me?"

"What?"

"You told me it was a set-up for me, didn't you? Said you'd already fixed it for me?"

"I've changed my mind."

"Oh!"

Lona took out her compact, rouged her lips heavily, studied her eyes a moment, then snapped the case shut savagely. Judy saw she was fighting hard against anger, that her hands were shaking. "Poison," the blonde girl said. Now Judy could believe it.

"Give me the air, will you," the girl snapped suddenly at Elton Day. "For some new kid from the country? Pull that one over!"

"Wait," Judy said. "I don't know what this is all about. But surely I don't want

the job if it was already promised to you. I'm sorry."

"Ah!" Lona turned away quickly. "Never mind, girlie, she said over one shoulder. 'I'm not interested in you. Keep it. But you—'" She stepped closer to Elton Day. "You'll wish you hadn't trimmed me," she said. "And don't forget it!"

Then, very quickly, she walked away.

Judy felt it was time to look at Elton, to say something, to say anything. The thick silence frightened her. And, looking without wanting to look, she saw that Lona had stopped in the doorway and was staring back. She saw malice in Lona's face, and danger. Nobody could look at her in that way. She had done nothing to make this girl her enemy; she did not deserve the look the girl gave her. She half rose, and then she felt Elton's thin hand on her arm.

"Sit down," he said curtly, almost as an order.

SHE obeyed.

"Why..." she began. The words were waiting. "What right have you to give me orders? What right have you to put me into a situation like this? What right?" The words had no chance to be spoken, for Elton was talking, without looking at her, smoothly, earnestly.

"You mustn't blame me. I didn't know she would do a thing like that. I barely know the girl."

"Oh?" Judy asked. And again: "Oh?"

"No."

"But she seemed to know you very well indeed."

"Of course. They all do."

"They all?"

"Just that," he said, and now he looked at her directly, and Judy felt he wanted her to believe him.

"Listen to me, please," he went on. "Please. Then if you want to go, I won't try to keep you any longer. But let me tell you about that girl."

"Why?"

"Because you ought to know. Because she's dangerous."

"Dangerous?"

"Just that. Lona Burdette gets a lot of radio jobs. She's good, too; knows her job, and does it well. But that's not all. She's a trouble-maker. She's lost jobs for a half dozen people, just gossiping. Just saying mean things you couldn't pin on her if you tried. And—well, digging around, and making trouble, and... well, that's about all. Only don't ever tell her anything. And don't let her find out anything about you."

"There's nothing to find out," Judy said, stoutly. "And I'm not afraid of her."

"Of course you aren't, Judy. But watch out, just the same. If she ever gets a chance..."

"She won't. She wouldn't, anyhow. Girls aren't like that."

"No?" He laughed at her innocence. "Girls, eh? You ought to see them as I see them. They're no fools, not any of them. They want jobs, and they'll go to any length to get jobs. And that girl, that Burdette girl, most of all. She's had medicine, that's all, I'm warning you."

He took her arm. With a quick gesture, he extracted a roll of bills from his pocket, dropped one on the table, signed for the waiter to keep the change. Now he led Judy past the tables, toward the door. Judy, helpless, her face scarlet, her head whirling, found she was being led toward the corridor, and toward the elevator.

She saw, standing near the elevator, Lona Burdette. The girl looked at her casually, almost contemptuously, with enormous insult in her cold, green eyes. So much insult that Judy started toward her, not knowing what she was going to

do, only knowing she must do something, must drive fear out of her heart by action, now, at once.

CHAPTER 5

JUDY knew that Elton Day's face had a strange, almost worried look as he stood beside her. Then she was inside the elevator, standing beside him.

"Seventeen," he said quickly, as the door closed.

This was too much. Not bewilderment at Elton Day, not fear of the cold menace in the girl's eyes, could stop Judy now.

"Stop," she said sharply, moving forward. "I want to get out."

"Sorry, lady," the operator answered, not looking. "No stops before seventeenth."

"But I want to get out," Judy said, feeling like a small child crying for candy.

"Sorry," the operator said.

"Thanks," said Elton Day. And as the elevator stopped, as the door clanged open, he whistled out a bill with a lightning motion, stuffed it into the operator's hand, murmured, "See to it you don't ever stop before the seventeenth!" and took Judy's arm with a careless, possessive, easy gesture.

Then things happened. Judy stepped back. She looked at Elton Day slowly, carefully.

"I don't like you after all," she said, slowly, weighing the words. "I don't like you at all."

"But . . ."

"Back home," she said carefully, "we have a word for people like you. It's a country word and maybe you wouldn't remember it. We say they're too fresh to live."

He began to laugh. She couldn't help noticing, even in her anger, that he had beautifully even teeth. And she couldn't help knowing that Elton Day knew his teeth were white and even, and she couldn't help feeling he had practiced that laugh in front of his mirror for many hours.

She pushed the "Down" button. Almost in the same second a red light showed, a car moved down to the floor, the door opened. Judy stepped towards the car.

"No," said Elton, loudly. "We've changed our minds. Go on, Jim!"

T

HE door clanged shut. The car was gone.

"Now," he said quietly. "We're going to talk a little bit, you and I. And if you won't talk here, I'll follow you and talk wherever you stop. And if it takes ten years to catch up—I'll still be following you. And—Oh, hello, Mrs. Morrissey. How'd the show go? That so? Good. I knew you could do it. And Mrs. McGovern! Fancy seeing you . . ."

People were all around Judy. None of the nice young men Judy had ever known would have embarrassed her by speaking out in front of other people. But this man would, and she knew it. And the rules she had learned back home meant nothing now.

"Sorry," Elton Day was saying to Mrs. Morrissey and Mrs. McGovern. "This is my office, and Miss Allison and I have to go over a continuity for to-morrow. See you again. Here you are, Judy."

The door opened, the door closed behind her. Gallantly, Day spun a swivel chair.

"You're not crazy," Judy said conversationally. "Not really. You just want to be."

"And who doesn't? Is there anything in being sane. Why, if you stay sane, you'll go mad. So why not be mad in the first place? Why not, indeed?"

"I told you a minute ago I don't like you."

"You'll not say that many times more."

"Why not?"

"Because I knew the moment I saw you

that your mother brought you up to tell the truth. And when you didn't tell the truth, you got your mouth washed out with soapuds. And when you say you don't like me you're not telling the truth. So—Wait a minute!"

From a desk he extracted a cake of soap. He began to rip off the wrapper, he took the top from a water carafe on his desk.

"Open your mouth!" he said.

"I won't."

"Must I use force?"

Judy regarded his thin hands. Then she flexed her own capable arm.

"If you do," she said coldly, "you're likely to get hurt. And I'm sure the great Elton Day wouldn't like that."

"Oh!" He staggered back in mock terror. "Surely you wouldn't strike me? Surely you wouldn't do that?"

"I'd be glad to," she said.

But would she? Did she hate him? Did she want to jerk his perfect tie away from his perfect collar? She should be sure. She should be angry. She wasn't. She knew it. In a moment, in five minutes, she would be laughing. That would be surrender. Laughing at Elton Day was a way of saying "You win." She mustn't laugh, mustn't make him think she wanted to hear him talk. She must go.

"I'm going now," she said. "It's been almost as good as a show. But I'm not very fond of comedians."

"Neither am I."

"I thought you were one."

"Only in my serious moments."

"What?"

"When I'm laughing, you know I'm crying."

"Ohhhhhh—"

"Three more ohs and you get a candy apple."

"Ohhhhhh—"

S

HE heard somebody laughing. It couldn't be her voice. But it was. And it was a strange thing. She hadn't laughed that way for a long time. Not in all the months she was seeing nobody, going nowhere, fighting desperately to learn music, hoping she could stay in Chicago.

"We're friends," he chanted. "We are!"

"Judy," he said. And his voice had changed. "Judy. Listen. This is business. I had to clown until you laughed or you'd never have listened. But now you're listening, and the clown act is over for to-day. Listen to me."

"To what?"

"To three things. First, about Lona. I'll be honest. I did promise her the job. Because she told me she was up against it, hadn't eaten, needed money badly—all that stuff. I ought to be smarter. I've heard the same line from a dozen others. But I fell for it. Then I happened to check up. And she'd been lying. If you hadn't come along she wouldn't have got the job anyhow. That's true. I want you to believe it. Because—well—I'm a liar most of the time, but I'm not lying now."

"But—"

"Wait. Let me finish. Then you can ask all the questions you want to ask. I said I had three things to say. Here's the second: You've got stuff for radio. Your voice is right. You don't slur words, but you don't pick up one word at a time and drop it with a thud as most radio speakers do. And you sound informal, whether you are or not. And—Number three. It's a rotten business. You'd better keep out of it."

"I must have a job."

"I know. But why a job in radio?"

"I don't know. Only I told Dick about everything. And he said he'd help me. And—"

"Dick. Nice boy, Dick."

"You don't seem to mean that."

"But I do. He's all right. I've known

Dick ever since—well, ever since he quit being a Chautauqua ham and came up here."

"Chautauqua ham?"

"Didn't you know?" A faint shadow of amusement crossed Elton Day's face. "Why that's where lots of big-time announcers come from. Straight off the Lyceum circuit. That's where they learn to be Barrymores of the air."

"That's not very kind."

"It's true. Ask half the men in this studio where they had their real stage experience. They'll tell you about New York and Hollywood and all that. But if you pin them down you'll find they worked six weeks in Hoboken and four in Dobbs Ferry and had one season on the Redpath time."

"You're making fun of Dick."

"I'm not making fun of anybody. Why should I? Where'd I get off, pointing fingers? I'm a radio writer and I get good money for it. And what do I know about radio? Why, I don't even listen to my own programmes."

"But I thought—"

Judy felt her head reeling. It was like hearing somebody say that your favorite Hollywood beauty really had freckles and cross-eyes. "I certainly am learning things."

CHAPTER 6.

ELTON DAY arose.

"Stand up, Judy," he said.

Judy looked at him indignantly.

"What?"

"Stand up!" he snapped.

She didn't move.

"Didn't you hear me?"

"I heard you."

"Then why don't you do what I tell you?"

"I'm not used to taking orders from anybody. Least of all from you."

"Then you'd better get used to it."

"I don't think I ever will."

"You will, or you won't work here."

"Then I won't work here."

"Oh, yes, you will."

"Oh, no, I won't."

Talking like that! Acting like a girl arguing over the back fence with the neighbor boy. Shouting like a schoolgirl. She heard herself saying, "Judy Allison! Judy Allison! Where's your pride? What's happened to you, Judy Allison? Why don't you walk right out of here? Why don't you?"

She heard her other self saying, "Because he fascinates you. Because you can't understand and you've always been fascinated by anything you couldn't understand." She heard herself answer, "You're not the Judy Allison you ought to be. You . . ."

She felt her shoulders taken not too gently in Elton's thin hands. His hands were strong. Much stronger than she had thought.

He drew her up from the chair, stood facing her, still holding her shoulders. He was not smiling at all. His eyes, she noticed now, had strange cold lights in them.

"Listen to me," he said. "When we're friends we're friends. But when you're working in a show of mine, we're not friends. You're working for me. If I give you orders, it's because I want you to do what I say. And if I want it done I know why it ought to be done. And you can forget your silly ideas you've got about pride and independence and all that rot. Because they don't mean a thing."

"You—"

H

HE released her shoulders, stepped away from her, leaned casually against his desk.

"You see, Judy, radio's a funny business."

It's not a theatre, it's not elocution, it's not anything. The best actors in the business are failures in radio. Yet they're the ones who know the one thing you don't know—because you're not a professional. And that's how to take orders from the director. Maybe he's a pig-headed fool. Maybe he's butchering a good programme. Never mind. He's the boss, and when he talks, you do what he says.

"Is this supposed to be a rehearsal?" she asked.

"Yes. Because you need it. Because you got the job on just one thing—the freshness and life in your voice. And that's not going to carry you very far. You'll have to learn a lot in a hurry to hold that job."

"But I'm not at all sure that I want to learn. I'm a musician. I'm not an actress."

"And I'm a writer, not a clown. But I'm clowning for a living, and maybe, if I make some money, I can quit clowning and be a writer. And, maybe, if you make some money you can quit acting and be a great concert artist. But if you want the job—"

"You know I do."

"Then we're going to go through a rehearsal right now. And I'm going to work you twice as hard as any director you'll meet up in the studios. If you've got nerve enough to work, that is."

"If I—I've got nerve enough?"

"That's what I said."

Judy's cheeks flamed. She couldn't be called a coward. She wouldn't be. And she wouldn't let anybody say she had failed. Not for anything.

"Try it," she said. "I think I'll stand up as well as anybody."

"We'll see," he said grimly. "Here. Here's your script. Now, how's the light?"

"Bad."

"That's fine."

"Why—"

"Because the light in the studio is bad, too. You've got to get used to straining your eyes. And you've got to get used to reading bad copy, smudgy carbons, standing up. Go ahead. Read."

She stared at the crumpled sheets. Words had been crossed out, interlined with cabalistic pencilled script. The sheets were dog-eared, torn, creased. She puzzled over the first word, found that it was "ladies," and began.

"Ladies," she said. "My name is the Beauty Builder. I'm called the Beauty Builder because that's my job—to help women like you make themselves as—"

"As beautiful as they ought to be," she heard Elton snap from behind her. "As beautiful as they ought to be. Go on, woman!"

"It's silly," she said.

"Oh?" Now he faced her. "Maybe it sounds silly."

"Well, I think—"

"You're not getting paid to think. You're getting paid to talk."

"Then why do you need me?"

"I told you once. Because you've got a nice, fresh, friendly, 'believe-me' voice. And that's all you need. You call that stuff silly, eh? So do I. So do the other men who write the same kind of programme. We all do it the same way—we write it, and some girl reads it. And what happens? Well, last week 1100 women bought the line you're going to sell."

"I can't understand it."

"It's so. Women hear you talking over the air and they go right down to the corner and buy what you're talking about. And use it. And making them do something to protect their looks isn't silly at all."

"Doesn't seem honest to me."

"Honest? Of course it's honest. There's not a word in what I've written for you to say that isn't really helpful. Only lots of people don't like to take the trouble of

thinking for themselves. So you're thinking out loud for them. That's all."

"Well—"

THE telephone on his desk rang sharply. He paid no attention. "Go on, Judy," he said.

The telephone rang again.

"Shouldn't you answer it?"

"I—well, maybe I should." He picked up the receiver. "Hello? What? What's that?" He put his hand over the mouthpiece. "Judy, wait a minute." He spoke into the telephone again. "Listen. I'll call you back in five minutes. Yes, in five minutes. Of course, I will. Yes." He hung up.

Something had happened. There was no smile on his face, there was no eager gleam in his eyes. He turned away, stared out of the window, drummed with his fingers on the desk, picked up a cigarette, dropped it.

"Judy. You'll have to excuse me. Better take that script home with you and read it about a dozen times. Out loud. Go slow. Be sure every word stands up by itself. And then come for rehearsal at 10 in the morning."

"All right," Judy said. "Yes, Mr. Day."

She waited for the outburst. But it did not come. He seemed to have forgotten she was in the office.

She folded the script and put it in her bag. Then, at the door, she said "Good-bye."

He did not answer. He was rummaging through a sheaf of letters on his desk, hurriedly, one hand already on the telephone.

Louder, she repeated, "Good-bye."

He looked up, startled. His face seemed oddly white.

"What's that?"

"I said good-bye."

"Oh—yes— Yes. Of course, Judy. Yes. Good-bye."

As she closed the door she could see him turning letters, studying them, tapping the telephone with one thin hand.

And, going down in the elevator, going out of the building, she wondered. With so much to wonder about; with so many things to consider, to add up and subtract. With the realisation that in one day she had talked with the only two men she had ever known who made her wonder.

She went through the revolving door and out on to the wide ramp, and when a uniformed man said, "Taxi-cab, lady?" she said "Yes," without thinking. Then she stepped back. A taxi-cab? She couldn't afford it. She hadn't ridden in a taxi-cab in months. She—she could afford it. She could afford dresses and music and concerts.

She would write home and tell her father, "I'm all right. I'm staying here." She had a job. A good job. And she could do the work. She was sure of it.

"Yes," she said. "Taxi-cab."

CHAPTER 7

AS the taxi-cab raced across the Wabash Avenue bridge, Judy got as far in the radio script as, "And a suggestion about hats."

"And a suggestion about hats," she said, listening to herself. No. It sounded like a sophomore high-school girl reading this class essay.

She tried again. "And a suggestion about hats." Louder, this time. Much louder.

The taxi-cab swerved, the brakes squealed, the car slid to a stop at the curb and the driver jerked the glass panel aside.

"What's that, lady? What's that?"

"Why, I'm sorry. I was just reading."

"Oh!" He stared at her.

"Never mind me," she said, giggling.

"Just drive on. I'm studying a part. Drive on. And hurry it!"

"Yes'm." He scuttled back from the panel, and the car shot on into the traffic. And Judy closed the script, folded it, put it back into her bag, sat staring at nothing. Grand—Ohio, Huron.

"All right, driver. This is it."

"Yeh."

She got out.

"How much?"

"Forty-five, lady. An' I'm sorry I bothered ya."

"That's all right. I'm sorry I snapped at you. Only I was thinking."

"Yeh," he said.

SHE paid him. But, suddenly a hand was taking her money away from the driver, was depositing a bill instead.

"Judy!"

"Dick! Why—Mr. Mason, I mean. I—"

"You said the right thing the first time. That's all, driver."

"Judy, I've been waiting for a long time to see you."

"And I've been eager to see you. To tell you I was sorry you had to leave to-day. To tell you—"

"Tell me about Elton Day, maybe. Don't bother."

"But he—"

"I know. He told you all about radio, and all about himself, and all about me, and all about everything. He always does."

"Oh!"

"Yes. Elton's a grand fellow, all right. But I can get along without hearing anything about him. Now or any other time."

She stared at him.

"Odd," she said finally.

"What's odd?"

"He talked very nicely about you. But you—"

"Talked nicely about me, did he? Of course. He would."

She walked ahead of Dick up the path, up the steps.

"Judy. Wait. I didn't mean—"

"It doesn't matter."

"But it does. I shouldn't have said anything. But I don't like Elton Day. Don't like him a bit. And—"

"Then, I'm really sorry."

"Sorry?"

"Yes, Dick. Because you were the one who helped me. And if helping me has caused you any embarrassment—"

"I don't understand you, Judy."

"Well, it's Elton Day's programme. And if you don't like him I'd better quit. Because it's you who got me the job in the first place."

She kept wanting to say, "It's all mixed up. I didn't want to get into anything like this. I don't want anybody to hate me the way Lona Burdette hates me. I just wanted a job. I don't know anything about people; I don't know anything about politics. I don't like any of this at all."

But you can't say things like that to people; you barely know.

"I don't want you to feel that way, Judy. It isn't like that at all. I don't like Day, and he's not so good. I'm telling you that because you need to know it. But that's got nothing to do with you."

"It has, Dick. Everything. I'm not quite as much in need of a job as all that."

"But you are. You must stay here. You've simply got to stay. You can't go home now. Not now, Judy."

"Dick! What in the world?"

"Oh, I've no right to talk this way. You don't know anything about me. And—"

anyhow, you mustn't go home. Please, Judy. Please stay."

"I can't stay without a job. You know that."

"But you want to stay? Say you want to stay, Judy. Say it!"

"Why, Dick—"

"I sound like a movie actor. I know it. But I mean what I'm saying. You do want to stay, don't you?"

"Of course, Dick. I wouldn't go home for anything. I've got to stay here until I can go home with money in the bank and a job to come back to. Or my family will never let me come back at all."

"Then you've got to keep that Beauty Builder job. Even if Day is mixed up in it. Even if—"

"If what?" she asked him, knowing the answer already, knowing what he had started to say.

There was no answer.

"What?" she prompted.

He grinned.

"Never mind, Judy. I'm being a kid about it, anyhow. You'll be all right. You're sure to be."

"Listen, Judy. I've got news for you."

"News?"

"Yes. Big news. Look!"

He pointed at the kerb. There, resplendent, ornate, sat a lean grey roadster.

"Yours, Dick?"

"Uh-huh, mine," he said proudly. "Or . . . anyhow, if I keep up the payments, I'll own it in about three years and seven months from now. I'm taking a chance on having enough for the rest of the payments. I made the first payment to-day. And, Judy, I've got to work to-night. And I want you to go along and help me."

"Help you? How can I, Dick?"

"Just by—by being with me."

JUDY caught her breath. Things don't go this quickly, she told herself. A man doesn't walk right up and smile at you and start being in love with you. Maybe in songs. Maybe in movies. But not really. Not ever.

"They want me there by 3 o'clock," he said briskly, inspecting his wrist-watch. "And that leaves just twenty-five minutes for you to get ready and for us to get there. So—"

"Get where?"

"I'm not going to tell you. You wait and see."

"But I ought to study for the audition to-morrow. Elton said—"

"Elton!" Dick said the name as though he had bitten on a cherry-stone, Judy thought. "Elton!"

"But—!" she giggled. "I can read while I'm dressing. And maybe you'll help me later if I take the script along."

"Of course. That's just the right way to learn a part. Absolutely. Hurry, won't you, Judy? Please hurry. Please!"

"I'll be back in ten minutes," she said.

"Nine."

"Make it three!"

"Can't. But I'll make it six."

"Sold."

CHAPTER 8

JUDY ran up the stairs two at a time. She ran into her room, jerking at her dress, jerking it over her shoulders. The brown dress with the fur sleeves? No! The powder-blue sport suit? But it might be— She realised now she didn't know what she ought to wear, she didn't know where Dick meant to take her; she didn't even know if she wanted to go. She didn't know anything at all. Only that she must hurry.

Yes! The powder-blue sport suit. And the blue shoes. Where were the blue shoes? Not under the bed. Not in the closet. The blue shoes?

"Come on, blue shoes," she giggled.

Ahhhh! Hiding under the dresser. And—her garter caught on the thin chiffon stocking. Racing like mad, a run sped down the stocking. Other stockings. Quick! Oh, no more stockings! She couldn't go with a run in her stocking.

"Elsie!" she called suddenly. "Oh, Elsie, save my life."

"How?" from nearer.

"Lend me a pair of stockings. Light ones."

"Coming up."

Elsie was fat, Elsie was unbecomingly, Elsie worked in an office, Elsie never went out with men, Elsie always bought good clothes and then sat around waiting for someone to take her somewhere so she could wear her good clothes; but nobody ever did.

"Here you are, child," said Elsie. "Going places?"

"Going-out—" Judy managed as she tugged the stockings on to her small feet. "Going out with Dick Mason."

"Dick Mason? The one that lives downstairs?"

"Dick Mason," Judy said firmly, buckling the garter. "Ahl And if these spring a run on me I'll never get started. Elsie—he's nice!"

"Nice? That's not half. He's elegant. He breaks my heart every time he looks at me."

"He helped me get a job."

"He never helped anybody else with a thing," said Elsie. "Gee! When ya got, ya got, Judy."

"What?"

"Take a look."

JUDY stared at herself in the mirror. Plain hair. Well, not too plain. Maybe dark blond, maybe just brown. Only sometimes it had red tints. Chestnut. Eyes. Nose. Mouth. Nothing special. It had never occurred to her that she looked like anything more than a nice girl from a little town. She'd been too busy studying music.

"I don't know about me," she said. But she did. The powder-blue dress was right, the shoes were right, the hair was just smooth enough. She turned. "Elsie, I don't know where he's taking me, and I don't think I care very much. Even if it's only a chile parlor and a 10-cent movie. I like to listen to him, Elsie. His voice—"

"Yeh," said Elsie, quietly. "Yeh, Judy. I know. Every night I tune in on my little radio just to hear him talk."

Judy felt a sudden pang. Pity? You couldn't pity Elsie. Too large, too competent, too sure of life and herself. But Elsie, sitting home getting romance out of a radio. Elsie, listening for a voice.

"Elsie, I've got to run. He's waiting. He's got a new car. He just got it to-day. I guess."

Already Judy was on the stairs and listening to the voice beside her that Elsie heard only on the radio. The voice that talked across the air about romance, about adventure. The voice that talked now to Judy, almost unsteadily, almost afraid.

"Judy, I'm dol; the announcing at the College Inn to-night. And then we're going on to hear Paul Whiteman. Ever hear Ben Bernie and one of his celebrity nights? Ever hear Paul Whiteman at the Edgewater Beach?"

"You're not taking me there?" she asked.

"I am."

"But I'm not dressed for anything like that."

"You'll be more beautiful than anybody else there."

"Silly."

"Not silly a bit. I'm only an announcer, but I'm telling the truth for once and I like it."

Telling the truth! What was it Elton said? "I want you to believe me. I'm a

bar most of the time, but I'm telling the truth now." Something like that.

The car dodged between two taxi-cabs out across to Lake Street, stopped. "Close as we can get, the way downtown traffic is these nights," said Dick. "Come along, Judy. It's right around the corner."

The street was dark. People moved that way, that way. So many people. The street was dark. But it wasn't like dark streets at home. This street might be paved with gold, or brick, or diamonds. It wouldn't matter. It was a street of adventure. Judy was sure of that.

She felt like a goldfish in a bowl. She felt like a queen just arrived at the throne. She felt like anything in the world. And Judy Allison from Hiawatha, Kas, like anything and anybody else but herself. For people thought she was important. People came up wanting to be introduced. A man who shook hands just a little bit too eagerly with Dick and said just a little bit too soon, "May I dance with the lady?"

Dick said, "No." He didn't say anything more. The man stood waiting. "Just once, maybe?" he asked finally.

And Dick got up. "I said no. I can say it a lot more times if I need to. Do it?"

The man went away.

"Dick! You mustn't be angry!" Judy whispered.

"I'm not. Only you're with me."

"Yes."

"And you're not sorry, are you, Judy? You're not sorry you're here with me?"

Sorry? Sorry to be where you've always wanted to be? Sorry to hear music you've heard before only across a thousand miles of empty space? Sorry to be right next to people you've read about, people you know from their pictures? Sorry?

Judy giggled.

"I'm happier to-night than I've ever been before in my life," she said. And meant it.

"And I'm happier than I've ever been or ever will be," said Dick. And meant it. And then, quickly, he turned to the microphone. Judy couldn't hear anything he said. His mouth was pursed in a strange circle; he seemed to be pushing words from his mouth straight into the microphone. A few words.

AND, all the time, talking about romance, talking about adventure, he was looking at her. At her!

"And that's over," said Dick, smiling that same quick, young smile, sitting down, leaning across the table, looking at her in a way that made Judy want to look away that made her want to look back, that made her want to get up and dance to the music dance all around the room, tell everybody she was Judy Allison, tell everybody she wasn't ever going back to Hiawatha.

"Judy! You're not even looking at me!"

"I'm looking at everything. This place—"

Her hand indicated the shadowed walls, the caricatured people, the strange, awesome flat that seemed to swim in the colored light. "These people." She pointed at no one, at every one. "That music." Her eyes were very bright. So bright that Dick Mason forgot the place, the people, the music. So bright that he forgot everything but Judy.

"Judy, I'm supposed to go over and say 'Hello' to some people. Will you—I don't want to leave you at all."

"You go ahead, young man," she said, with mock sternness. "Like a good little soldier."

He clicked his heels. "Yesir, cap'n. I'll be see'n' ya!" He grinned and turned away. She saw him bow at a table, saw him shake hands with a man in evening clothes, saw him bow again to a tall, regal girl in white satin. The girl held out her hand and Dick shook hands. The girl did not let go

of his hand. She went on talking, quickly, excitedly, smiling a lot.

Judy knew the smile. The way a girl smiles when she meets a man she's always wondered about, when he's standing right in front of her, just as handsome as she has thought he ought to be, handsomer even. When he's being polite and interested.

She knew all at once why some of the girls looked as though they hated her. Because she was hating the girl in white satin. Hating her thoroughly and deeply, hating her—

CHAPTER 9.

DICK was going to dance with the girl in white satin. The girl draped her arm around Dick's shoulder. Holding him much closer than she ought to. Looking up at him. Laughing a lot. And moving with him through the crowd. Graceful. A good dancer. Too good, almost professional, Judy thought. A flame of jealousy swept through her. But now Dick was looking at Judy over the girl's shoulder. Raising his eyebrow, nodding. Dick making words with his mouth without saying them.

Words? He didn't need to make words. She knew what he was thinking. All at once she didn't hate the girl in white satin. She found herself feeling rather sorry for her. For all the girls who listened to Dick's smooth, deep voice, and wondered about it and dreamed.

The music ended. A man with a cigar and a violin was walking towards Judy's table with Dick.

"Judy, I thought I'd never get back," Dick said.

"You seemed to be happy dancing with that girl," Judy smiled.

"That's part of my job. Her father owns half of the station. So what?"

"So nothing," said Judy, somehow relieved. Just a job. Just part of being a public figure.

"Judy, I want you to meet Ben Bernie. You've heard of Ben Bernie, of course?"

"Heard of him? I've heard him and wanted to meet him for years and years. Only—"

Ben Bernie smiled.

"Not as young and handsome as I was, Miss Allison. But I've my charms. I'm the old maestro, you know."

"Yes. Of course. We used to listen for you every night back in Hiawatha."

"Hiawatha?"

JUDY crimsoned.

"It's in Kansas. It's got 3211 people and a thousand automobiles."

"Good for Hiawatha. And I'm glad to have met you, Miss Allison. We'll see you often, I hope."

"I hope so, too."

He bowed jerkily. A brief man, with a furrowed brow, with dark eyes, with a strange twinkle about him.

"Good-bye, Mr. Bernie."

"Good-bye."

He was going, and people were saying, "By Ben!" and "Hello, there, old pal!" and most of them didn't know him at all, most of them were just making their girls think they knew him because he was a Somebody.

But it wasn't that way with Dick. Ben Bernie had talked with him as an equal. Ben Bernie, whose name went all over the country! Dick—

"Nice fellow," said Dick, sitting down, flashing Judy a quick, young smile. "One of the nicest in our racket."

"Why . . . you're not going to say you hate radio?"

"Oh!" He nodded wisely. "Elton Day again, eh?"

"How did you know?"

He grinned. "First think he tells every

new girl. Very first thing. Let me see. Something like this." He made himself solemn, he leaned back with his hand almost covering his eyes, he began: "They're all fools in radio or they wouldn't be in it. And I'm a fool, too. I could be back home selling a story now and then, and being the boy prodigy, but . . ."

It was uncanny. His voice was like Elton's voice, almost exactly like it.

"Dick! Stop it! That's cruel."

"Cruel? Maybe. Only it's true."

"How can you make your voice sound so much like his?"

"I'm an actor, and he's an actor, and any ham can do what any other ham can do, Judy."

"Ham?"

"That's what all actors call themselves when they don't want you to believe a word they're saying."

"Oh!" She giggled. Somehow she wished she hadn't said it. But it was funny. "Dick didn't want to be a real actor?"

"Of course. But I wasn't. Not good enough."

"Why not?"

"Couldn't believe it. Stand up there dressed in a suit you got in a second-hand store and tell people you're Silas Marner of Mr. Watchamscall. And it's too much, Judy. Bad enough being a voice—"

"But—"

"You're not paid to use your brain. You're paid to be a voice." Elton Day had said.

"Oh," Dick said quickly. "I'm sorry, Judy. You mustn't worry about it. If you're a voice, you can be the best voice there is. That's something, anyhow. Only, it must be a terrible shock to meet one of those heartbreak voices and discover it's a man 40 years old with four children and a mortgage."

She giggled again. Nice, hearing Dick talk. Funny, how much difference a voice could make. And funny, how few men thought about their voices. Most of them just talked, just opened their mouths and said words. But Dick Mason—

"JUDY. You're not listening."

"I'm sorry, Dick. I was thinking."

"Uh-huh. And while I'm telling you the true story of my scarlet life, you're a thousand miles away."

"Just a thousand, Dick. Back home."

"Oh! Lonesome, Judy?"

"A little. Sometimes. When—well, just now that boy sang a song mother used to like very much. And—"

"Mandalay," you mean? That one, Judy?"

"Yes. Her brother used to sing it. A long time ago."

"And maybe your mother is listening right now?"

"She always listens for Ben Bernie."

"Well—"

He got up.

"Dick! Where are you going?"

"Back in a minute, Judy. Just one minute."

Tall, very tall, he walked out under the lights. And Judy, watching him, watched people at the tables, too. Girls whispering and looking at Dick and whispering again.

Men looking at little disgruntled. Girls and men pointing. And, out in the middle of the dance floor, the boy who sang listening, nodding, when Dick whispered in his ear.

A chord from the orchestra, and Ben Bernie speaking into the microphone. Judy could hear him.

"And, by special request of Mrs. Allison, of Hiawatha, Kas., our boy, Pat Kennedy, sings 'Mandalay.' And I hope you like it!"

"Mandalay." Just as they used to hear it, sitting in the parlor together. Funny old song. Crazy old thing.

"On the road to Mandalay."

Where the flying fishes play,

People staring at Dick. Staring at her. Whispering. Wondering. Wondering about

the little girl with the chestnut hair and the cheap little powder-blue suit. Wondering? They needn't. She was with Dick Mason. She was a name, too. Wait. A month or a year, and they'd be listening for Judy Allison. Maybe playing the organ. Maybe talking. Maybe playing the violin. Just wait!

"Judy. I hope your mother likes it."

"Dick! That was the nicest thing anybody ever did for me. The very nicest."

There wasn't anything more to say. Except the sort of thing that is said only by the way you look at a person, and the way that person looks at you.

CHAPTER 10.

MORE people drifted in. People from shows, people who had their names up over Randolph Street in electric lights; people who got up to take bows when Ben Bernie called their names, or who did songs or who coughed and stammered, lost without the lines they had learned for the show in which they seemed so original and so intelligent.

Until Dick Mason seemed to remember, all at once, that this was Judy's night, that he had promised to show her more famous people.

He tapped his cigarette in the ash tray.

"Judy."

She said softly "Yes."

"Shall we go?"

"But—say, I don't want this to end. Being here where there is music and where there are all these people, and where everything is so bright and noisy and quiet and gay."

She couldn't do that. "Yes, Dick, I'm ready," she said.

He helped her with her coat. "Here you are," he said to the hovering, interested waiter. Then, "Good night, Ben. Thank you."

"Good night, Dick. Good night, Miss Allison."

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"Good night, Dick. Good night, Miss Allison."

"Good night, Dick. Good night, Miss Allison."

sprawling building, with shops all along the sidewalks, bright little shops. She saw a black dress in one window, and caught her breath sharply, wishing she could own a dress like that.

Then the car slid in through a portecochere, and a tall footman with brilliant red hair, a footman in elegant green uniform, stepped forward, bowing. He helped Judy from the car. She felt like a girl in a smart advertisement being here, seeing people in evening clothes walking leisurely into the glittering glass doors. She saw herself in a mirror. The hair powder blue dress, the little blue shoes, the plain little hat—

"Dick! I can't go in here. I—"

"And why can't you?"

"I'm not dressed for it."

"You're still more beautiful than anybody who's ever been here, and you're dressed just right, Judy. Very few people put on the stiff shirt and the wrap in Chicago. Look—"

He was kind. His hand showed other girls dressed as simply as herself. Even one girl in sweater and sports skirt. Judy felt a little better, a little calmer. It was nice. Going up the steps, going into the most enormous hotel lobby she'd ever seen, seeing people everywhere, important-looking people, people with the stamp of travel and knowledge on them, she felt somehow possessive, as though she, Judy Allison, had some definite share in all this.

"The Marine dining-room, straight ahead," Dick murmured, looking like a sight-seeing guide. "Here we are, Judy."

She gasped. The great room stretched out before them, terraced quiet, softly lighted. And she saw the tall windows. She saw the lake not more than twenty feet beyond the windows. And people everywhere, and on the bandstand more men than Judy had ever seen in a jazz band before. On the big drum, the Paul Whiteman band she had seen on records, in the papers. A picture of the fat, jovial, moustached man who was called "king of jazz." And in a minute she would be meeting him, even talking to him.

"Dick! Glad you came!" She saw a man in evening clothes, a young man, and knew he was important even before Dick introduced him as "Jean Paul King, announcer, master of ceremonies. My friend."

"Glad to know you, Miss Allison. Dick's been telling me a lot about you."

She blushed, and felt silly for it. And followed now, towards a tiny latticed bower, in a far corner of the terrace. "This is Whiteman's own particular table," Dick whispered. "And—ah! Here he comes now."

JUDY turned, expecting the enormous man the picture on the drum-head indicated. Instead, she saw a tall, well set up man, not the least bit fat, not the least bit as she had expected.

She heard, dimly, the introduction, "Miss Allison, Mr. Whiteman. Judy's been wanting to meet you, Mr. Whiteman."

"And I'm glad to meet Miss Allison," Whiteman answered. "Won't you sit down, please?"

As simple as that. You read about somebody for years, you think it wouldn't be possible to climb Olympia and meet that person, and you sit down at the table with a calm, smiling, kindly man, who extends the most enormous cigarette-case you've ever seen—a case filled with Russian cigarettes, a case bearing on its cover the same Paul Whiteman head you've seen, but set, this time, in diamonds.

"Are you hungry?" Dick asked now, softly, smiling at Judy's awe. "Because if you are—But wait. Listen to Mr. Whiteman's order."

She listened, startled. A double order of grapefruit, sliced, the band man said. A double order of this consommé. A poached

egg. A double order of spinach. Nothing else.

She stared, not meaning to, and the band man suddenly smiled, then chuckled, then laughed, and the others joined in.

"Funny meal," Whiteman agreed with Judy's unspoken thought. "But—tell her, Jean."

So the announcer explained. How Paul Whiteman, weighing much too much, had reduced almost a hundred pounds, by a special diet. How this meal was part of that diet. "Here," he said, "I'll write it down for you, Miss Allison. Perhaps some of your friends will want to try it. But not you. You'll never need anything like that."

And she found herself folding up the scribbled diet schedule, putting it in her bag, all the time feeling dazed, watching, listening, looking. At people everywhere. At the orchestra, where the men played without their director, with an assistant conductor in charge. "Roy Barzy," Dick whispered. "You've heard him, haven't you, Judy? Of course. Of course."

And then the band man excused himself, started back to his orchestra, stopped to bow to Judy, stopped to talk to Dick in low tones. He smiled, Dick smiled. Then Whiteman nodded. "Glad to do anything for you, Dick," Judy heard him say.

Now, through the thin gauze curtain before the orchestra, she could see Whiteman himself, holding a tremendously long baton. She saw the men put new music on the stands. She stared at Dick.

"What?" she asked, because one word seemed to be all she could manage.

"You said you loved 'Rhapsody in Blue.' Well—he hardly ever plays it through any more. Never for dancing. But—"

Soft, clear, then suddenly thunderous and grand, she heard the Gershwin music she had played on the organ, the music she had wanted to learn better. Played for her. Played for Judy Allison of Hiawatha, Kas. by Paul Whiteman, the jazz king. Because Dick Mason asked for it. Because Dick Mason wanted Judy Allison to be happy.

CHAPTER II

So the evening ended. Evenings end too soon when there is music, when there are people laughing, when a man with a deep voice and deep eyes and a boy's smile is forgetting everyone else to look at you and talk to you. But then it is nice to see the lights going out, to walk out into the cool morning, to walk to a lean, grey car, to ride south slowly, coming near the lake, knowing that to-morrow and to-morrow there will be new things to see and do, more people to meet, more music, more of Chicago, the city of dreams.

"Happy?" Dick asked. Then, quickly, "Silly thing to ask."

"But you've a right to ask, Dick. And it's time I told you. Because if it hadn't been for you—"

"Shh! It's too late to talk about it."

"No. If it hadn't been for you I'd be getting on a train to-morrow morning. I'd be going back to Hiawatha. I'd marry some boy and just stay there forever. Never see anybody or anything. Listen to the radio and hear you talking, maybe, and wonder if you'd be like you sounded."

"Am I?"

"Much nicer."

"That's good. Like to stop somewhere else? There's clubs of all sorts around the town, you know."

"I don't think I'd like it. Not now. I guess I'm still a small-town girl. I—"

She fought against the small yawn that would not be conquered.

YOUR nose wrinkles up like a rabbit's when you yawn.

"Like a rabbit's?"

"Yes. Used to have a rabbit, when I was

a boy, that wrinkled up its nose just that way."

"I don't think I like that."

"You ought to. I wanted it to make you laugh."

"All right. I'll laugh, then, Dick."

It was wrong, it made the late walkers stare, but Dick stopped the lean, grey car then, near the Oak Street beach. And they laughed, Dick and Judy. At nothing. And at everything. And then, all at once, they were home.

"Judy," Dick said then.

"Yes, Dick."

Hearts shouldn't race at a single word. Hearts should have manners. Hearts should remember the rules.

"Judy."

"Yes?"

"I—"

She could see the nice young smile in the half-light. She could see the nice deep eyes. "I—no. I mustn't."

"Mustn't what, Dick?"

Ask questions, when you know the answers. Make a man say things, when he doesn't even need to say them.

"I mustn't tell you how I feel about you. Not yet. Not for a long time."

Judy almost said, "Why not? Why not now? Why not this very minute, Dick?" Almost. Not quite. Story-books don't happen. Because you can't forget enough to let them happen.

"Oh," Judy said quickly. "It's almost 2.30."

"No. It couldn't be."

"It is."

"But we—we've only been together a couple of hours, Judy."

"We've been together since 6 o'clock. And that's too long, Dick Mason. And I've got to go to that rehearsal first thing in the morning. And—Ummmmmm!"

The yawn triumphed again. A very small yawn, covered by a very small hand. And Dick took the very small hand in his.

"I've got to hurry. I'll see you in the morning, Dick?"

"Not until you get to the station, I'm afraid. I've got to take an early morning programme."

"Oh! But at the station?"

"Of course."

"Then . . ."

She opened the door, stepped out. She knew she didn't want to leave the car; she knew she wanted to hear Dick Mason say "Judy!" again in the way that made her heart jump. But storybooks don't happen.

"Good-night, Dick. And thank you."

"Good-night, Judy. And thank you."

He started the motor.

"I've got to put the car in the garage up on Rush Street. And after that . . . there ought to be—on a night like this."

The same words, she had heard him say over the radio. In the same voice. You couldn't tell when Dick Mason was a voice and when he was Dick Mason.

"Good-night," she said quickly. And did not look back. But she knew, she knew very well, that Dick Mason watched her as she went up the steps, that he still sat watching the door after she had closed it. And, parting the curtains on the door, looking back, she saw him in the car; she remembered the young smile; she gasped.

SUCH a long day! Such a strange day!

She hummed a little as she went up the stairs. "Mandala." Of all things to be humming! "Mandala."

"Elsie! You waited up for me?" Elsie was standing in Judy's doorway.

"Yes. I thought I'd better."

"Why . . ."

Judy, entering her room, stared at Elsie.

"Something wrong? Elsie wasn't smiling

at all. She looked worried, afraid, sad about something.

"Elsie, I wish I could have taken you along. We had a marvellous time. Dick knows everybody. And he had a boy sing a song so my mother could hear it. And I met Ben Bernie. And Paul Whiteman. And Mr. Whiteman gave me his diet, and maybe you'd like to try it, Elsie. And . . ."

"Judy. There was a telegram for you. Came about an hour and a half ago. Here."

Elsie handed Judy the thin yellow envelope. Judy took it. Suddenly, her hands were trembling.

A telegram. Back in Hiawatha, people sent telegrams only when something terrible happened. Death. Or needing money in a hurry. Or—Mother! She'd been—she had had a bad time with her heart, a while ago. Mother!

"I can't open it, Elsie. I—"

"It's already open, Judy. I opened it."

"Why—"

"You told me about your mother not being very well. And I thought if there was anything I could do, I'd better let you know right away. But when I saw what it said—"

Judy's eyes widened.

"What it said?"

"Yes. Better read it, Judy. Here."

Judy stared at the yellow paper and its smudged lines. The words danced. The words seemed to move.

"Miss Judy Allison," it said at the top.

"Don't report for rehearsal to-morrow. Had to give the part to somebody else. Sorry." It was signed "Elton Day."

CHAPTER 12

JUDY read the telegram from Elton Day again. The words did not change. "Don't report." And "Had to give the part to somebody else. Sorry." "Elsie! It—it—" Judy turned to Elsie.

"I know, Judy. Somebody else got the job. You haven't got a job on the radio after all. I know."

"But—it can't be right. There's a mistake."

"Doesn't sound like a mistake, Judy. Sounds like the truth."

Of course. Like the truth. Elton Day talking. "I'm a liar, but I want you to believe me now." Elton Day saying, "You've got the job. You're just right for it." Elton Day hurrying her out of the office, looking worried, waiting until she was gone so he could telephone somebody who had called him.

She dropped the telegram. She stared at herself in the mirror.

A cheap little powder-blue dress. Cheap shoes with scuffed marks showing already. Just ordinary hair. Just ordinary eyes.

"Judy," Elsie said. Then, quietly, she turned away, went out of the room, closing the door softly.

Judy took off the powder-blue dress and the little blue shoes. She looked at the telegram from Elton Day. And she took from her handbag the telegram from her father.

Very quietly, like a little girl, Judy Allison lay down on her bed and began to cry.

JUDY heard the light tap at her door. She buried her face deeper in the pillow, not moving, not answering.

Then the door opened. Elsie had returned. And somehow the appearance of Elsie, just at this moment, made Judy want to cry harder than ever. She buried her nose in the pillow and sobbed.

Elsie said nothing. She simply sat down in the chintz-covered chair at the foot of the bed and waited. Then finally she

put out a tentative, clumsy hand, patting Judy on the shoulder.

"Poor kid," she said. "Poor little kid."

There was a long silence.

Then Elsie said, tentatively again, "Judy."

"Yes?" Judy managed.

"Judy, you mustn't take it that way."

Judy sat up suddenly, digging at her wet eyes.

"And how else could I take it?"

"But—"

"It means I've been fooling myself all along. It means I've got to tell my folks I'm coming home after all. I've got to go home to-morrow. Nothing to stay in Chicago for. Not now."

"Oh—" Elsie waved her large hands helplessly.

"Don't you see?" Judy demanded almost fiercely. "I—I told my father I'd stay now because I had a good job. I even wrote to tell them how much I was going to earn. And now I've got to say it was a mistake. I've got to let them send me money to get home with."

She got up.

"Where are you going?" Elsie asked.

"To send a telegram. To my father."

She went through the door, the few wrinkled bills in her nurse.

"Oh, I've got enough. Just enough. Only . . ." she made herself giggle, and the giggle seemed peculiarly strained. "Only I'll have to—sit up. Haven't got enough for a Pullman. So—"

She began to take things from the closet. The powder-blue dress. The little blue shoes. She caught her breath, stood with the dress in her hands, dropped it suddenly, buried her face in her hands.

"Judy! Judy! It's not that bad!" Elsie said. And now she put her arm around Judy's shoulders, held her, patting her awkwardly, trying to make her voice soothing. "Nothing in the world's bad enough to make you cry like this."

"You don't know," Judy insisted. "It—it's the end of everything. I've got to be a failure. And my father's the kind who'll never let me forget it. Oh, he loves me. But he'll never get over saying, 'I told you so.' And he'll take me around and show me off and say I'm home to stay. And I'll be home to stay. I'll never get away again."

Elsie, who had not had a home since she could remember, knew the answer to this. The old pat answer out of the books.

"A home," she said slowly, "a home must be a pretty good thing to have. It wouldn't be so bad, having folks to go home to. It—"

"You don't understand," Judy insisted. "It isn't home that I hate. I love my people and I'd like to be there with them. But, to stay forever. They'll tell me I ought to marry some nice boy there. And play in the church on Sundays, and maybe play in the amateur show. In the First Church basement. And—"

She squared her shoulders, dug at her eyes with an absurd handkerchief. Going to the dressing-table, she picked up her powder puff, and dabbed at her face. The hard light of the single globe glared. She wasn't pretty. Not a bit. Just another girl from the country. Just—A new tear appeared in one corner of her left eye.

She threw the powder puff on the floor, kicked it viciously, turned around sharply. And saw tears in Elsie's eyes, too.

"Elsie!"

"Ah—h—h—" Elsie moved her hand. A funny, heart-breaking, awkward movement.

"Elsie, you shouldn't be sorry. It's all right. It's—"

Judy squared her shoulders again. "It's all for the best, m'dear. Yes, sir. Our little Nell's comin' home

again, Sal. Yeah!" The comedy wasn't funny. Not a bit. She gave it up. "Elsie, it's honestly a lot better. I'd be an awful flop anyhow, trying to talk on the radio. Don't know how to recite, or act, or talk to people, or anything like that. And couldn't learn. It's not my job. My job's playing. I know music, all right, but nobody wants music. Not the kind I know, anyhow. And it's better. I guess it's better to get it over with right now, instead of staying around and getting my heart smashed just twice as hard later. Don't you see?"

"Yeah," said Elsie. "I see. Sure, Judy. Only—"

"Only what?"

"Only how come? How come you've got a job one minute and the next minute you haven't. It's not right. There's something wrong when things happen like that, Judy. Something funny. I tell you."

Something wrong. Of course, Judy told herself. Of course.

"DIDN'T this Day fellow

tell you the job was all yours? Didn't he?"

"Why, yes!"

"And then he sends you a telegram that it's not yours after all. Isn't he the boss? Isn't it up to him who gets the job?"

"I—he said so. But I don't know, Elsie, maybe—"

"Maybe nothing!" Elsie exploded, bouncing up from the chair, swinging across the room. "Listen, Judy. There's something spoiled in Spitzbergen. I'm telling you. There's a lot more to this than this Day person said. And I wouldn't move a step without finding out the rest of it, if I were you."

"Finding out the rest of it, Elsie?"

"Just that!" Elsie snapped. "Look! He puts you through a rehearsal for the job. And then he doesn't even call up to tell you why it's out. He just sends a telegram. What kind of an egg is he, anyhow?"

That was a question, which had no answer. Judy, thinking of Elton Day, knew two things only. He was strangely charming, even when she didn't want to admit his charm. He was involved in things she knew nothing about. The telephone call, the way he hurried her out of the office—the girl! Lona Burdette.

"Elsie!"

"What?"

"The girl . . . Lona . . . that's the girl I didn't like! She said she'd do something about my getting the job. She said it was supposed to be her job."

"Ah—h—h—h—" Elsie nodded significantly. "So there's a woman in it, huh?"

"Why, didn't I tell you about her?"

"No."

"Her name's Burdette. A girl told me she's dangerous. And I didn't like her the minute I saw her."

"She's so sure about herself and what she knows and what she can do, and she acted as if Elton Day had cheated her. I said if the job was supposed to be her's I didn't want it. And she just laughed at me and walked away. And then, when I was in Day's office, he got a telephone call. He seemed to change in just a second. He got me out of the office in a hurry."

"He goes for you, eh?"

"I don't—"

"Don't fool yourself, Judy," Elsie said, suddenly, like a world-weary woman of knowledge. "There'll be a lot of men crazy about you. Bound to be."

"Why—"

Judy tried to tell herself it was a silly thing to say. But far down in her mind a voice whispered, "She's right. No use being stupid about it. Two men in one day!" But she said insistently,

"That's not so, Elsie. And you know it isn't."

"Huh!" Elsie waved eloquently at the mirror. "Give yourself a look, Judy. You'll get mash notes even if they only hear you on the radio. And when they see you—Well, what do you think? A girl's got a job all fixed for herself and along comes a better-looking girl and—"

"I'm not better-looking," Judy said.

"I'll take the bet!"

"Well—"

"Along comes a better-looking girl," Elsie continued remorselessly. "and right in a minute old man Day forgets all about the other girl and says the job is yours, and he talks to you a lot longer than he needs to, if it's just simply business. Don't you get it? Don't you? Your nice little friend, Lona, has been working at the studios a lot longer than you have. She pulled some wires and the first thing Day knew he was in wrong . . . and so you got dropped overboard. That's the picture!"

CHAPTER 12.

JUDY thought about Lona. And about Elton Day. She'd been sure he was independent, absolutely in control. Suppose he wasn't, really? Suppose he had to take orders to save his own job? He'd do it. No doubt about that.

Judy nodded. "I guess you're right, Elsie. Only it's hard to believe."

"Nothing's hard to believe, about men," said Elsie, sharply.

"You don't really mean that?"

"You don't know how much I mean it."

"But—" Crimson, Judy held back the words. She was too frank; she was going to say, "But you don't know anything about men. Men never want to lie to you."

"But what?" Elsie stood up, facing her.

"I—nothing," Judy said quickly.

Elsie grinned, a forced sort of grin, but gallant, determined.

"Never mind," she said. "I know. Men never give me a tumble. All right, I'm sitting on the sidelines, then. But I've got eyes. And I've got ears. Haven't I heard plenty of 'em lying? Haven't I seen plenty? I've been in Chicago a lot longer than you have, Judy. And I'm telling you no man in the world will give you a break if it means losing anything himself. They're all alike."

She laughed at herself.

"But I read that in a book," she said. "Or saw it in a movie. Anyhow, it's so. And you—Well, you know it's so! Look what the dear Day boy did to you! And now—"

"Now I'm going to pack," said Judy brightly. "Won't take long. And there's a train for Omaha first thing in the morning. I can be home by to-morrow night." There was a long pause.

Then, "Home!" Judy said. Nothing else. But she could see it. She could see her father, meeting her at the train, being nice, being glad to see her, hurrying her up to the house, throwing open the door, shouting "Mother! Judy's home!"

SHE could see the girls in the neighborhood coming over, throwing their arms around her, saying, "Glad you're back, Judy!"

Nervously Judy tossed the powder-blue dress into her suitcase.

"Here!" Elsie snapped, business-like, energetic. "Want to ruin it, throwing it in like that?"

"I'll never wear it again, anyhow," Judy said.

"Huh?"

"I couldn't bear to wear it again."

"Huh!"

Elsie held the dress in front of her,

looking at her reflection in the mirror. "Looks pretty swell to me."

"Do you like it?"

"Of course, Judy."

"Then—won't you take it?"

"I couldn't," Elsie drew back, honestly embarrassed.

"Of course you could. Slip it on."

Elsie's hand indicated her flapping pyjamas. "Over these?"

"Why not?" Judy demanded, laughing a little. "Here. Hold still."

She tugged the dress over Elsie's wide, strong shoulders. It was too tight. Too tight. If Elsie tried to move her strong arms in the powder-blue dress— They struggled, both of them, until at last the dress was smooth and Judy stepped back to say, "Look! It fits beautifully, Elsie."

"Huh!" Elsie made a face at herself. "Doesn't look the way it looked on you, though. And—"

she pointed at her feet. Beneath the hem of the skirt appeared eight inches of scarlet, flaring pyjama legs.

"Wouldn't that be a swell combination to wear down Michigan? Wouldn't that make 'em buzz out the guard?"

Outside, on the stairs, Judy heard footsteps. "Quick," she said. "The door—it's half open." She ran to the corner, seized her robe, tugged it around her shoulders. "Elsie! The door!"

The footsteps were outside the door. And Elsie, closing the door, stopped, swung it open instead.

Dick stood outside, a little startled, a little amused. The pyjama legs thrust out beneath the powder-blue dress, the expression on Elsie's wide face. Dick roared. And all at once Elsie roared, too, in that deep, honest laughter Judy envied so much. Then Dick, for the first time, saw Judy, standing near the dresser, the robe drawn tightly around her.

"Oh—" The smile was gone. He stepped back, stumbled, almost fell backward down the steps, caught himself. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to—I was just going to my room."

"Wait a minute!" Elsie snapped. "You've got nothing to be sorry for. Come in here a minute! Hurry up, before we wake up the house!"

"Why—" he stammered.

"Elsie!" Judy began. "You shouldn't—"

"Come in!" said Elsie again, and her strong, capable hand jerked Dick Mason inside. She closed the door, turned her back against it, grinned.

"Sit down, you!" She pushed Dick toward a chair.

"But—" Judy began.

Elsie handed him Elton Day's telegram. And Judy, reaching for it, desperate, scarlet with embarrassment, was too late. For Dick's eyes had read the few words, had seen the signature.

Judy, raging, turned away from Elsie, looked here and there in the room. She wished the earth would open up and swallow her; she wished Elsie had never been born; she wished—

She felt Dick's hands on her shoulders. Stubbornly, she drew away. But his hands turned her around, slowly, until she looked up at his grave, earnest face, at his deep eyes.

"Judy! To dropped you off the programme after all!"

"Yes," Judy said. Then, with an effort, she laughed lightly. "So it's curtains for the big show. And I'm going home in the morning."

"You're not!"

"I am!"

"You're not going home, because Elton Day can't do this and get away with it. Because you're going to stay on that show and nothing my little pal says is going to change it. You hear me, Judy?"

"I—"

"You're not going home, I say! Not if I have to turn that studio upside down.

Not if—"

Suddenly, he released her shoulder. "Elsie!" he snapped.

Elsie, tiptoeing toward the door, stopped, as though in mid-air.

"Huh?" she managed.

"Elsie, you're going to see to it that Judy stays right here. If she tries to pack up and get out of here you lock the door on her! You understand me, Elsie?"

Elsie clicked her heels, like an erratic wooden soldier. "Yep," she said. "Yep!"

"But—" Judy began again.

"You've got to let me show that boy he can't get away with anything like this! You simply have to stay, Judy!"

"I can't."

"You can, and you must. Please! Please! Judy!"

She stepped back a little. Over his shoulder she could see Elsie nodding wildly, signalling, "Say, yes!" and, unbelieving, she heard her own voice saying, "All right, I'll stay. I'll stay, then, Dick."

"You promise?"

"Yes, I promise!"

He smiled suddenly.

"Then everything's going to be all right. Judy, you be at the studio at nine in the morning, Elsie, you take a day off and see that she's there. And good-night, Judy! You—you're wonderful!"

With that, he turned through the door; the door closed.

"Well," said Elsie, after a long moment. "Didn't I say men were swell guys? Didn't I?"

And Judy, staring at the door, still seeing the look in Dick Mason's eyes, still hearing his deep voice, nodded.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, Elsie. I guess you did."

CHAPTER 14

IT took Judy a long while to go to sleep that night. She said to Elsie: "But I can't let Dick do whatever he intends to do. He shouldn't. It isn't right." She got no further. Elsie would not listen.

"He's doing what he wants to do. He's got a good job and a lot of people like him. Like him a lot better than they like Elton Day, I'll bet. And if he can do something for you, then let him. And go to sleep, will you?"

So, when her eyes would not stay open, when her mouth would form no more objections, Judy slept. And then Elsie pulled the covers up around Judy's small, round face and left the room very quietly.

And if, in her own room, she stared at Dick Mason's picture for a long time, and if she brushed her eyes, once, with a large, strong hand, Judy never knew, nor did Dick.

And then it was morning. And it rained.

The first thing Judy saw was the rain, slanting down outside her window. The rain had come in. The carpet was soaked. And the little blue shoes, forgotten, cast aside, were bedraggled, crumpled, ruined forever.

A bad way to start a day. So much so that she closed her eyes, she jerked the covers up over her head, she said again, "I'm not going to do it. I'll not go down there again. I don't want to see Elton Day. I don't want the job. I want to go home."

Home? The word made her sit up. Home? Never!

SHE was almost dressed, no more than five minutes later, when there was a booming rap on the door.

"Come in," Judy said.

Elsie's head appeared around the corner of the door.

"Ready? Step on it, sister. We're going places, we are."

"But shouldn't you be at work?"

Elsie grinned.

"I'm the kind of girl nobody misses, Judy. I could be gone a month and the only

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anybody'd say would be. "Where's
that homely girl who used to be around
here?" I gives ya m' word, lady. It's th'
ith!"

Judy laughed.

"And if you were gone more than a day
an office would stop running and they'd
send a police squad to make you
come back," she said. "They couldn't get
along without you, Elsie, and you know
it."

Elsie nodded.

"That's right. And so what? So I could
be an elephant on toast. So let's see if
we have any elephants at the corner
restaurant."

They rode in a taxi-cab from the res-
taurant, and as the car stopped, jerked
forward, stopping again. Judy knew her
heart was pounding, knew she was afraid,
knew she wanted to be anywhere else in
the world but back at WAOA, where she
could be in a moment.

She said suddenly, "I'm sorry, Elsie. I
can't do it."

"Why not?"

"It's too much."

"Oh!" Elsie stared at her. "Listen, Judy,
thought you wanted to stay in Chicago,
thought you didn't want to go home and
live up."

"I do. That is, I don't. I mean—"

Elsie laughed. "You mean you're going
to walk right into that broadcasting place
if you owned it. And you're going to
get that job before you come out. You
hear me, Judy Allison?"

Judy heard. But panic rose again when
she got out of the cab in front of the
building, she discovered that Elsie had no
intention of joining her.

"Up—uh," said Elsie. "I brought you
here but I'll be no help to you from now
on. I'm going on down to the office. And
you phone me when you're all fixed up for
that job. Here's the number." She
scribbled it on a bit of paper. "And—
better take this, too, Judy. Lunch money."
She handed Judy a creased, hoarded dollar
bill.

That was the touch that did the work.
Perhaps Elsie knew it would. Charity!
It was almost like that, Judy knew. People
saying to help her, people having to take
care of her, having to make her stand up
for herself. She didn't need help, and Judy
Allison didn't take charity or dollar bills
from anyone, not even from Elsie.

"No," she said. "Thanks, Elsie. I've
enough. And I'll see you when I get the
job." Then, because there was a lump in
her throat and she knew Elsie would hate
to be thanked, "Go on, away, will you?
Can't a girl be left alone at all?"

Elsie chuckled, and the taxi-cab moved
away. And now, going in through the tall
doors, Judy saw what she had seen before
—saw girls hurrying, shoving for places in
the elevator; saw an enormous man with
a bass fiddle trying to wedge himself and
the fiddle into a corner far too small; saw
two small boys—the boys, Dick had told
her, did "Skippy" on the air. More and
more people jammed into the car.

The car stopped, the people streamed
out, and Judy, tossed this way, that way,
stepped back hurriedly to escape a scowling
woman who apparently was about to sing
a high G, and stepped squarely into some-
one else, and turned.

"Oh!" said Elton Day. "Hello, Miss Ali-
son. Visiting us again?"

She gasped. She stammered. She man-
aged an uncertain "Hello" and immediately
was sorry for even that; she turned away.

"WAIT!" she heard Elton
Day call after her. She did not stop.
Again he called, "Wait! Judy! Just a
minute!"

"I wish to see Mr. Mason," she told the
girl at the desk.

"Have you an appointment?"

"Yes, I'm Miss Allison."

"He's announcing, but he'll be through

STATION L-O-V-E

13

in a moment. Won't you sit down? Over
there."

Judy started across the lobby. And again
Elton Day stood before her. She stepped
a little to one side, and he bowed elegantly.
"Won't you sit down?" he murmured.

"No. Not if you're going to be anywhere
near me," Judy said.

"But I am. I'm going to be right here
on the very same bench. And Dick's pro-
gramme lasts at least ten minutes longer,
so you might just as well sit down. And
I'm not going anywhere, so I might just as
well sit down, too. So—" Comfortably
encompassed on the bench, he looked up at
her, smiling. "Please, I've a couple of
things I'd like to tell you about."

"I'm afraid I haven't time to listen."

"Oh, but you have. Because you can't
possibly get an audition until they clear
Studio B. And that will be quite a while."

"I'm not here for an audition."

"But you ought to be. A girl with a voice
as lovely as—"

People were close; people might listen.
She couldn't shout, she couldn't make a
scene.

So she sat down beside him, she looked
at him, she began in a very quiet voice, "I
don't want you to say another word to me.
Now or ever. Can't you understand that?"

He smiled. Carefully, Judy thought, like
a man studying his best smile in his shav-
ing mirror.

"Of course I can understand it," he
agreed amiably.

"Then—"

She was at a loss. She hated him for
his ability to admit without excuses, to
make her anger seem pointless and almost
childish.

She began again. "Then you think what
you did was all right?"

"No. But it was the only thing to do."

"Oh, I see."

"You don't see at all."

"I think I do," she said.

"But you don't. Because if you did you
wouldn't be wondering why you're not
angrier at me than you are."

She started. He meant just that. He
could not believe that she was really
furious. He could not believe it. And it
wasn't so. No use lying to yourself, Judy
Allison. But what's happened to you to
make you so weak? What's wrong with
your pride?

"Don't say any of it," he urged, "not
until I've explained. Wait. I'll show you
instead." He handed her an envelope.

"Read the letter."

"I don't think I'd care to."

"But please do. If you're fair at all."

Fair? She was proud of always being
fair. She wouldn't let him make fun of
her this way.

She took the letter out and opened it.
She read:

"I am not satisfied with the results of
the audition yesterday. I will hear the
voices myself to-day at 10. My selection
will be final."

The signature meant nothing. Her ges-
tures said so, and he answered quickly.

"He's nothing but the man who's going to
spend a hundred thousand dollars or so to
put the Beauty Builders on the air. So it
is final, I guess."

CHAPTER 13.

JUDY LISTENED to Elton

Day's explanation.

"I said yesterday I was running the
show," Day said. "I was wrong. No writer
ever runs anything. The client cuts in
whenever he feels like it. And this par-
ticular client—well, things were said."

"Things were said? What things?" Judy
asked.

"I can't tell you."

"And then?"

"Then the client said he liked another
voice."

"So Lona gets the job?"

"Lona? Why—" Day turned away

nervously, tapped the chair arm with his
thin fingers.

"So your message was final?" she asked
finally, knowing what he would say, wish-
ing she had not spoken.

"Far as the Beauty Builders job is con-
cerned, yes."

"I see."

She got up, and he caught her hand, but
she drew away. "Please, don't, Mr. Day."

"Hello, Judy," Dick said, coming past the
pillar. "Oh, you have company. Hello,
Day."

Elton Day did not answer. He turned
neatly, like an automaton, and hurried
down the corridor, not looking back. Judy
realised that Dick was about to follow
him.

"NO, Dick," she said

quietly. "No."

"Oh." He grinned ruefully. "Almost
forgot. Mustn't miss up the handsome
author. Not while he's around the shop,
anyhow. Come along to the studio, Judy."

"But there's no use, is there?"

"Why not?"

"Elton—Mr. Day—just said the client had
ordered another girl into the part. And
there wouldn't be any use in my trying
for the job."

"Never mind. We'll talk about it in a
minute. But not out here. Too many
people listening. Here, let's go into the
studio!"

He opened a heavy door. Judy saw a
narrow, tall room. At one end, hand
instruments and music racks, ranged around
two enormous grand pianos. Along one
wall, a few small chairs. Hanging from
the ceiling, on long tables, round things
which she knew were microphones. Under
one of these, a table about waist high.

"Won't you sit down?" Dick asked.

"Here. Nobody will bother us for a few
minutes, anyhow. Day told you part of
the truth, but not all of it. Here's what
happened, Judy. The client called up and
ordered a new audition on the whole busi-
ness to-day. And I think I know why."

"Why?" Judy asked, dutifully.

"Because Lona Burdette did her usual
dirty work. Went to see the client. Made
a fuss about the audition. Said that—
that—"

"That what?"

"Well—" He moved uneasily. "You've
got to get used to funny things in this
business. People seem to be madder when
they're after a job like this than if it were
—well, an office. Or—"

Judy began to understand.

"You mean Lona told the client that
Elton arranged it so only I had a chance
for the job? Is that it?" she demanded.

"I guess so, Judy."

"But it's not so. I didn't even know him
until after the show, when he came to our
table."

"Of course you didn't, Judy. But sup-
pose Lona threatened to make trouble for
Elton on some of his other programmes.
She could. She knows too much about him.
I guess. I've already talked to the client.
And there'll be a half dozen others here,
too. So we'll put on a new audition,
straight through. And if he likes your voice
better than the others—"

"I'd better not. I'd better go now," Judy
said quickly, frightened, puzzled. "It's only
400d. a week. That isn't enough money
to do so much plotting about. Is it, Dick?"

"No. But the job is. Because if a girl
can say she's a success on one of the first-
string programmes she can get other good
jobs. Why, I know a woman who's work-
ing on eight different shows at different
stations. Making 5000d. a week, somebody
said."

"Oh! There's Billy." And, louder, "Bill!
Come here a minute, will you?"

Billy had a shock of hair, a grin which
showed several gold teeth, smudges across

his nose and down one cheek, and a pair of overalls.

"Hello," he said. "Been working on a loud-speaker. Got a lot of dirt on me, I guess. I—Oohhh!" He stared open-mouthed at Judy.

"Judy, this is Billy Denton. Billy, this is Miss Allison."

"Glad to know you," Billy said, proving it with an even wider grin. "You professional!"

"Why—?" Judy began, but Dick interrupted with, "Miss Allison has been doing a lot of radio work in the East. She's just come here, and she's auditioning for the Beauty Builders this morning."

"Well, hope you get it," said Billy. Then, softly, "Only, why a pretty girl should want to be a radio actress—"

"Billy, would you help me a minute?" Dick asked.

"Sure, Dick. What with?"

"Will you cut in this microphone? I want to put Miss Allison through a time rehearsal. Watch your mixer. Make it good, Billy."

"Sure, Dick. Whenever you're ready."

"Got your script?" Dick asked, suddenly terse, business-like, watching the big clock high on the wall.

"Yes."

"All right. Stand here. Put the pages on the table. Turn them one at a time. To the side. Be very sure you turn them smoothly, so they won't rattle. And, look, Judy!" He spread one hand, then dropped it quickly. "That means 'Start.' And if I do this—he tightened his fingers into his palms, quickly, again and again—"that means tighten it up."

"Tighten?" Judy asked.

"Yes. That is—." He laughed. "Sorry. That means speed up. Time's short. And if I do this—." He spread his palms, moved them to the sides slowly.

"I see," said Judy. "That means go slower."

SUDDENLY, just back of Judy's head, a terrific voice roared "Seven!" She stifled an involuntary scream, jumped aside, stared her hand to her mouth. And behind her again the terrible voice roared "Eleven!" And then, quickly, from all around her came the same voice, shouting gibberish, chanting, yelling, singing.

Dick, laughing, waved his hand towards the glass-walled room. Now she saw the gold-toothed radio man, apparently shouting at her.

"Testing the channels on the microphones," Dick explained, still laughing. "There's a dramatic programme on right after us, and they use four microphones. He's just seeing if they're all O.K. And I guess they are. So get ready. And I'll give you the signal."

She felt very warm, for the first time in many hours.

"I'll try my best," she promised. Then, "Dick. You're—you're the nicest man I've ever known. Thank you, Dick."

He might step forward, he might put his arms around her, he might say the things he had come so near to saying last night. He might— He did not. He stood staring, a strange, tight line around his mouth. Then, without a word, he walked out of the studio, closed the door, and Judy saw him behind the glass in the control-room, standing alongside Billy. She stared at the glass at Dick. He did not seem to see her at all.

Then she realised that he was ordering her to begin. She picked up the script, dropped it back on the table, turned slightly, looked up, faced the metal thing that, somehow, by some magic quite beyond her understanding, could send a voice as small as hers clear across America. Then, slowly, very carefully, breathing as she

learned to breathe when she studied singing, she began:

"Good morning. This is the Beauty Builder. Every morning, at this same hour, I bring you the newest—"

CHAPTER 16

DICK came into the studio hurriedly. He turned Judy's head a little. "Talk across the microphone more," he said.

"But I thought you had to talk straight into it," Judy said.

"Not always," Dick said curtly. "Depends on your voice. Your voice deepens too much when you talk directly into the mike."

He disappeared through the open door again. He reappeared back of the glass. He signalled for her to begin. And Judy, her mind whirling, began. But as she read the words Elton Day had written she kept wondering about Dick Mason. Why he had drawn away from her so suddenly, so utterly. Why there was always a line of worry about his deep eyes, and a tight, hard line around his mouth.

"I—I do much of my own sewing," she heard her voice saying. Judy Allison, who worked six weeks on a pair of bloomers in sewing class at school, and then was told by her instructor that she had sewed them inside out. Judy Allison giving advice on sewing. Funny! Too funny!

"I recommend that you try this experiment for yourself." What experiment? Suddenly, for the first time, Judy was conscious of what she was reading. And she was conscious, too, of a faint and growing admiration for Elton Day.

He knew the tricks, as he had said. He made this sound like an honest, heart-to-heart talk, which was what it was called. He made every sentence sound as though the speaker had thought of it only that moment. No wonder he could get radio-writing jobs.

It wasn't hard after all. It was rather fun, making yourself believe you really meant what somebody else had written. And thinking all this, Judy's voice quickened. She forgot the microphone. She realised only that her voice sounded oddly small in the high room until she heard Dick calling from the door.

"YES, Dick?"

"You're going a lot too fast. I've been signalling you to slow down."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

He grinned.

"I know, Judy. You got so interested in talking. People always do, first time on the mike. Well, we've got two minutes. Try three things: Breathe more quietly. I could hear your breath. And break oftener."

"Break?"

"Like this." He took the script. Now, standing in front of the microphone, he seemed to change in a moment. His shoulders were held back, his chest seemed to force the words straight into the microphone. He read slowly, easily, and somehow he forced a small, intimate chuckle into his voice. Judy understood now why women, listening miles away, were so sure he was talking to them and to them only.

Dick was pointing at the clock.

"They're ten minutes late now," he said, chuckling. "Ought to be along, soon. So I'm leaving you. I'm not supposed to have anything to do with your being here, you see. The client and I will be upstairs with the salesman—because I'm to announce the programme and he wants my advice on the voices. But—"

"But that's hardly right, Dick. Because—"

He chuckled again. "Because I'll vote

for you? Oh, but I won't. The I get up there I don't even know if some other voice is really better than yours, Judy, then all I can do is—"

"Is say so. Of course," Judy smiling. But a small jealous voice heart insisted that there are when too much honesty is hardly

"Then—try hard."

"I will."

He was gone.

The big door of the studio opened. A new girl. Not a woman. Fifty, at least. Wearing much rouge. With the reminder of young beauty that had gone a long ago. With—Judy saw now—wide over heels and a long run in oiled, carefully mended. And a coal shiny in its desperate effort to go on smart.

"Oh," the woman said. "I'm not after all then?"

"I'm Alicia Renavent. It's French, said, all in a breath.

"Oh, I'm Judy Allison."

"Charmed." The shabby lady with a languid hand. Evidently she expected to be shaken. Judy obliged, finding hand oddly cold, oddly frail.

"I'm here by special request of client," the lady said now.

"Indeed?"

"Yes. He had heard about my And so he sent for me. And—"

Suddenly, she reeled slightly, steadied herself with one hand. The eyes closed. Her face was stark white.

Judy jumped up, looked around studio. Water, of course. Water. In hall she saw a water cooler. She ran the hall, breathless, soaked her hair, chief in the icy water, ran back, hurriedly at the woman's face.

"Trouble?" she heard a girl's voice.

"This woman! I don't know what happened!"

"Wait! I'll get somebody!"

Now people appeared. The girl—it been the blond girl of yesterday's audition. And two young boys, pages, usher, sengers by turn.

"Better get her over across the hall—that client's room," the blonde girl said, practical and unfurried. "She's fainted, that's all. Done it myself a number of times. Here, son. You're a good boy. Help the lady."

THE man and the girl struggled across the hall with the woman Judy followed, terrified. But the blonde girl stopped her.

"No use," she said. "You can't do a thing for her. Neither can I. Wait!" (One of the page boys reappeared. "What's story, son?"

"Been living for four months on ten cents a day, she says. Money ran out couple of days ago. Got a bad cold. May pneumonia, she thinks. I'm getting doctor."

Judy fumbled in her purse.

"No," the blonde girl said. "She'll taken care of—now somebody knows she starving. But it's tough, before you have to tell 'em. Yep."

"You mean you—"

"Me!" The girl laughed. "I got pretty hungry tramping, so I came home. I'm with the folks now. That makes it a right on the food. But before I got to myself and came home—"

Girls moved past Judy going into the studio. Some of the same girls she had seen the first time. Some new girls. A of them intent, each of them keeping up her own pretence of success. Girls who came up from this little town or that to be successful in Chicago. Girls who might

be hungry to-morrow; who might be living on thirty cents a day right now.

And all of them with the same desperate, yearning look in their eyes. A look that said, "I've got to stay, whether you go home or not. I've got to live, even if you starve."

A look that might be in Judy Allison's eyes to-morrow or in a month or a year. As it was in the blonde girl's eyes even now.

"You're trying out again, too?" the blonde girl asked.

"Yes."

"Oh."

The blonde girl moved away. The moment of companionship, of pity, was over. Judy was her rival, she was Judy's enemy, nothing mattered but the job and who would get it.

Judy almost turned away from the studio, from the scene that would be repeated in a moment, from the microphone waiting for all these voices, to be thrown out into the air and lost forever.

CHAPTER 17.

JUDY saw Lona Burdette walking down the hall with Elton Day. They were talking earnestly, not looking up. Lona held Elton's arm tightly. He did not seem to mind.

Quickly, Judy stepped inside the studio, sat down just behind the door. In a moment she saw Lona enter, alone, and walk towards the front of the room, waving casually at the dark man in the control room. He answered the salute.

Then the little round man appeared, closed the door, and began chattering vigorously. His waving arms, his loud voice, silenced the girls quickly.

"We'll make it alphabetical. That's fair to everybody," the round man announced. "Miss—Miss Judy Allison is first."

Judy walked past the other girls, conscious of their eyes, feeling their envy. And she smiled at the married look on Lona Burdette's fully-made-up face.

"How do you do?" Judy said, being gracefully insolent.

"Uh—" Lona snapped her lips together, turned back to her script. And Judy, her chin up, her shoulders square, stood before the microphone again.

"All right. All right. Begin," the round little man said.

Judy heard her voice saying the familiar words, the words Elton Day had written. Slowly, carefully, with no falling sound at the end of the sentence, with no rustling of pages, with no worry and no fear, even laughing a little, confident, serene.

She was right. She could talk! She could make herself say what somebody else wrote, and make it sound real! If she couldn't get this job, she'd not be afraid to try for another one! Upstairs, somewhere, is Dick Mason, listening to you, Judy. Every word you say, he hears. And he said he'd have to be honest, he couldn't vote for you if you weren't the best.

"And so, good day, and thank you all," she heard her voice saying.

It was over. Good or bad, the work was done. And now she must wait. Wait for all the others.

She stepped back, found a chair, started to sit down, then decided it would be better not to listen; it would be easier if she could not hear the others. But, as she reached the door, she heard the round man calling, "Miss Burdette."

Judy, listening, knew that Lona Burdette knew her job. She had a smooth and colorful voice, she talked easily, she knew the script so perfectly that much of the time she did not even look at it. She looked utterly poised, perfectly sure. Sud-

denly, Judy felt amateurish, uncertain, afraid.

Quickly she left the room, closing the door behind her. Now she must wait. Now she must be patient. No matter how long it took.

SLOWLY the studio door opened. Slowly the girls came out. The girls who went in brave, defiant, desperate, were not brave now, were beaten, were more desperate than ever. They hurried, having nowhere to go. One girl stopped.

"I beg your pardon," she began. Then her face crimsoned. She had a thin little face, with enormous eyes. Her skin was very pale and her hands were like claws.

She tried once more. "I beg your pardon."

"Yes," Judy said kindly.

"Could you—I mean—I haven't ever done this before, but—"

Flushed, ashamed, she stopped. Judy looked around quickly. No one would see. She took a bill from her purse, stuffed it into the girl's thin hand. "There," she said. "And good luck!"

The girl stammered, tried to speak, turned away very quickly, almost ran down the hall.

Now Judy was lost. Should she wait? Was there anything to wait for? Was it all decided? She didn't know.

A figure walked beside her. The figure of Lona Burdette.

There was a door at the end of the corridor. As they reached this door Lona stepped in front of Judy.

"Wait a minute," she said. Her voice was not pleasant now. It was flat and brittle, and her eyes were small and ugly.

"Wait, I've got something to tell you. Miss Judy Allison. You got away with it this time. Good stuff, too. Nobody'll ever prove a thing. But you'll wish you hadn't! You hear me? You'll wish you'd never seen this place in your life!"

Suddenly, she was gone.

Judy stood stock still. "You got away with it." With what? How? Nobody had said anything. She had just talked into a microphone. Even Lona couldn't hate her for doing that. The other girls had done the same thing. Then what? And why did it matter? One job on the air. One chance to talk. With so many other jobs waiting, so many other things to be done. Maybe Dick would understand. Maybe he could tell her the answer.

Dick came hurrying down the steps. He was smiling, very gay, his hair rumpled, his tie just a little out of place.

"Judy! You made it! You were—you were fine! Here! Shake hands, girl! Shake both hands!"

He seized her hands, held them tightly, saying again, "You made it! You're all right!"

"You mean—I got the job?"

"Yes. The client was crazy about your voice. Said he never heard one girl talk so much better than every other girl. Why, most of 'em were awful. That—Burdette girl sounded a million years old. And her voice went up and down on the words and faded out, and she muffed a half-dozen of the client's favorite points. But you, Judy! You're all set from now on. Why, he can give you contracts that will get you a half-dozen jobs, if you want him to. And if this programme goes over—"

She knew she ought to smile. She knew Dick Mason deserved to see her smile, to see her breathlessly happy. She had wanted the job; now she had it. With nobody's intercession, just standing up and talking. Judy Allison had got her own job for herself.

She ought to be proud. She ought to be almost crying with happiness. But a small, cold fear ran through her heart. A fear of Lona, the way she had looked, more the tone than the words she had said. And a

fear of something else, something indefinable.

"Dick, you're sure everything was, all right?"

"Of course. We had a list, and we heard 'em all. And it was a walkaway for you, Judy. All the way through. You wait here. I'll be back in no time."

HE dashed through the crowd, disappeared down the corridor. And Judy, obedient, sat down. She sat for a long time, watching the people who passed in and out of this house of voices. Men carrying musical instruments. Men carrying great sheaves of manuscript. An earnest, ancient Indian who wanted to see somebody who needed a man to be an Indian tom-tom-pounder.

Three girls, obvious sisters. The Bowell Sisters, Judy knew from seeing their pictures in the papers so often. Singers who got 3000 dollars a week, or almost. And more people. And still more. And among them, at last, Elton Day, talking earnestly to a man near the desk, stopping to smile and talk for a second, then moving towards the elevators.

Suddenly she followed him.

"Mr. Day!" she called. And again, "Mr. Day! Please!"

He must have been smiling before he turned. As though he was used to smiling in that same way at all the people who called after him. All the girls.

"Oh—congratulations!" he said. "Congratulations, Judy!"

Was there mockery in it? Was there something hidden behind the banal words? Knowing him a little better, seeing more clearly, Judy knew that there was mockery, close to the surface. So she was more sure than ever that she must talk to him.

"Are you going to your office?" she asked.

"Yes. Won't you come along?"

"I will."

He did not seem at all surprised. "All right, then." He bowed to the elevator man. "Take us to my floor and be smart about it, my man. Time presses. Honestly, it does."

Gay, very gay, Elton tapped Judy on the shoulder now.

"And to what do you attribute your success?" he demanded. "What shall I tell your public, Miss Vere de Vere? Your public who wait so longingly to know the story of your rise to fame. Your public who—"

The elevator door opened, and Judy, ignoring him utterly, walked ahead of him down the hall, into his office. Then, "Close the door, please," she said.

Elton Day smiled. "We're to be alone at last?"

"For a moment, yes. Because I want to know something."

CHAPTER 18.

"I WANT to know about that audition," Judy said to Elton Day.

"All auditions are wrong," Day said, lighting a cigarette, humming under his breath.

"You know what I mean!" Judy's eyes blazed.

"Perhaps I do. But then?"

"What did you do?"

"Nothing. But, of course— Let me tell you a story, Judy. Once there were three orchestras, and they all wanted the same job. And of course, three orchestras can't have one job. You see, it's impossible. So two of them had to be left out in the cold. And there were two very good orchestras, and one not quite so good. But when they were heard in a client's room, I've heard that the very good orchestras

sounded very bad, and the not so good orchestra sounded very good indeed."

He began to laugh, moving back and forth behind his desk, tapping his long fingers on the blitter. He picked up a fountain-pen and wrote for a moment.

"Here," he said, handing what he had written to Judy. "Here is the problem. You see? X plus Y equals Z. And what can happen to hands can happen to voices, too, Judy. And it's all for the best. You've got the job. And now—Oh! It's almost 12. Let's go down to the La Salle and have lunch. They have Welsh rabbit that breaks my heart. Come, Judy! Quick! Rarebits wait for nobody."

SHE drew away from him. Her hands were trembling, her throat was dry and hot. "Mr. Day, you mean somebody did something to the wires so my voice sounded all right and the other didn't?"

"Perhaps. But I wouldn't worry about it."

"You cheated!"

"Of course not."

"You made me a cheat, too! You made me do something I'd never do in the world! You—"

His thin lips tightened. All at once the smile was gone out of his eyes. He leaned forward over the desk.

"Be still," he said. "Be still, Judy Allison, and listen a moment. You wanted that job, and I got it for you. But I had nothing to do with it. The man who was in the control-room before the audition wasn't I, but Dick Mason. And don't forget it. And if there's any talk about a crooked audition it's Dick Mason they'll want to know about. Nobody else."

She gasped. Things like this couldn't happen. Making somebody else responsible for what you did and admitted you had done. Making somebody take advantage of something he didn't know was being done.

Judy ran from the office, down the hall to the stairway, up the stairs, through a door. This was the studio floor, and there were people everywhere. She caught her breath, tried to walk slowly, tried not to show what she was thinking. Because, through the crowd, she saw Dick looking for someone. Looking for her.

She sat down on the bench she had left only a few moments before. There, in a moment, Dick found her.

"I thought I'd lost you, Judy."

"Of course not. Oh, of course not, Dick."

"Then—let's go, shall we. Because we've got things to celebrate. Think of it, Judy! You're on the air at last! And you did it all by yourself, with nobody helping at all. And aren't you proud of yourself, Judy Allison? Aren't you?"

Somehow, Judy managed to say, "Yes, Dick. Yes." Somehow, she managed not to see Elton Day, standing near the elevator, smiling at her quietly, confidently, as she followed Dick into the car, or Lena Burdette, who stood near him, eyes dead, smile triumphant.

When they entered the restaurant the orchestra leader came up to Dick.

"Something you'd like especially, Dick?" he asked.

"Well—" Dick turned to Judy. "Would you dance with me?"

"Of course," Judy said quickly.

"Then—Dancing in the Dark, maybe?"

"I'll do a 'Band Wagon' medley," the band leader said, and returned to the stand.

Suddenly Judy knew this was her music. The others dancing didn't matter; this was being done especially for her, because of Dick, because of the man who held her so lightly, and that can be very touching to a girl who dances very well.

Sitting at the table again, neglecting lunch that once would have seemed un-

pleasant, she faced the truth that she knew Dick didn't know at all.

He smiled. "You're not eating," he said, trying to be stern. "Judy, what's wrong?"

"Nothing, Dick."

"But there is!"

"Of course there isn't. Haven't I got a job? And wasn't that what I wanted so much? And I'm going to make lots of money. And—"

"Judy, look at me."

She forced candor into her eyes. A smile on to her face.

"Yes, Dick?" His eyes were so deep. The little hard line was gone from his mouth. He looked so infinitely young, so very scrubbed, she decided; clean, fair, young, all those things. And the way his hair drew back from his temples, so very dark. It would be nice to touch Dick's hair, to push it back softly.

"Judy, you're not happy after all. And I wanted you to be happy. I guess I'd rather see you happy than anything, Judy. But—"

"Dick, it's just nerves. I was so worried last night. And I've been so afraid I'd have to go home. But—" she smiled brightly, "but everything's lovely now, isn't it?"

HE didn't answer.

"Isn't it, Dick?" she prompted.

The hard line had come back. The shadow was in his eyes again. And when he said, curtly, "Yes, Judy, everything's fine," she shivered inside, knowing he was hiding something, knowing something had driven away his smile.

She sought desperately for something to talk about, something to break the tension she felt so keenly.

"Dick, I haven't seen your car around to-day."

He turned away from her. Not looking, he said flatly, "It won't be around any more, either, Judy."

"Why?"

"I took it back to-day. No use trying to pay my bills. So I'll have to wait a while."

"But—"

He swung around suddenly. His face was drawn, his jaw was set hard. "Judy, you might as well know about it now as any time. I'm head over heels in love with you. You're the most beautiful person I've ever seen. I'd give my soul for the right to love you. But—"

Time stopped. The music was a faint murmur, a long way off. There were no other people in this big room now. Only Judy Allison and Dick Mason. Only two people brought together by a weird chance that had no right to happen. Only two people who should never have known what they both knew now. And no words to be said, nothing to be done.

They sat quietly, very still, looking at each other. If Judy's heart raced, if her hands lagged to touch Dick Mason's strong hands there on the table, if she knew the answer to all the questions she had ever asked herself, still there was nothing to be done.

"But I can't tell you ever again. I can't ask you to—"

"To marry you?" she breathed.

She hadn't meant to say it. The words had spoken themselves. She flushed crimson, tried to turn away, knew she couldn't. And said again, "To marry you, Dick?"

"Would you marry me? If I could ask you—if I had the right to ask you at this moment?"

"If you had the right, Dick?"

"Because I haven't. Because—" She could see the shadow spreading over his face. She could see his lips tighten, his throat jerk as though he struggled to say what must be said. Then, "I can't ask you to marry me, Judy, and I can't even say I love you. Not ever after this. Because—"

He laughed bitterly. "Because I'm not free."

"You're not free? Dick!"

He laughed again, sharply, like a man who wants to cry and will not.

"Oh, I don't mean I'm married. I'm not. It's worse, I guess."

CHAPTER 19

DICK turned a fortune teller's face to Judy. "I've three people to support," he said. "Three people who feel that it's my duty to support them from now on. And I've got to. I don't want to; they've done nothing for me in my life, but they're my family. My grandmother went to the hospital yesterday. No telling how long she'll be there. And I've got to pay all the bills. Got to. And her daughter, my mother's sister, not able to support herself. Too old, Judy. And her son, my cousin, I'm paying his way through school. They're my job. I can't have any other. Not now or to-morrow, or—not ever, maybe. You see? You see, Judy? I can't say anything to you, now or ever. I'm earning \$500 a week, not a cent more. I don't know how long it will be before I can earn more. I might lose my job to-morrow. And if I do it will be worse. I can't save money, because I've got to spend so much. I can't do anything."

He stopped suddenly, and there was a long silence between them.

"I wish—I wish I could help," she said, at last.

"You can't, Judy. Nobody can. If I can make a lot more money in a hurry, I'll be able to set up some kind of fund. You know, to insure them of care. Because I've got to do it. And then, maybe—"

Maybe. The word you say when you know there is no chance, when you know fate will not arrange a way out. Maybe!

The band started again.

"Judy, shall we dance?"

"Yes, Dick," she said, wanting to cry, wanting to run away.

They danced. Once, and again, and again. And Dick paid the check, and they went out of the place. A taxi-cab moved up.

"No, Dick," Judy said quickly. "Let's walk. I like to walk. I want to look in the windows, you know. To see what I'm going to buy, maybe, some day, a long time from now."

AND then she wished she had said anything else. For Judy could see clearly. She could see, now, that Dick didn't want her to save money for him. She should have gone without a word, she should have arranged things after that so that there was no need for taxi-cabs. Now, doing what she could, she talked briskly, eagerly, about fur coats in one window, about jewellery in another. A small brown hat with a tiny feather, a hat that would sit perkily over one eye and one ear only. Nice, Judy said.

"Yes, very nice," Dick agreed, absently. Then, "Judy, I've got to get back. Got another show on. Mustn't take a chance on showing up late, you know. And my public needs me." He essayed a laugh that was not at all amused.

"All right, Dick," she said softly. "I'll look for you soon as the programme is over."

"Then—" He laughed awkwardly. "Then I'd better be going. Good-bye, Judy."

"Good-bye, Dick. And you know how grateful I am, Dick. For everything."

"Good-bye, Judy," he said again.

A man says "I love you, Judy Allison," and his eyes and his voice and the strained eagerness on his face tell you it is true. And in twenty minutes the same man says brokenly, quickly, "Good-bye." Just "Good-bye." And he is gone.

Before her in the window was a price tag

on a coat. Somehow, the price tag seemed to glow in bright letters. Money! Money that kept Dick Mason from being young, that kept Judy Allison from hearing what she had every right to hear from him, what she wanted to hear. Money that meant success to her father and loneliness to her. Money! And nothing to be done. Nothing to be done. The words were rhythmic; she walked in tune to the slow words: "Nothing to be done, Judy. Nothing to be done."

The clock hands moved slowly, ever so slowly. Four minutes to go. Three minutes and a half. Three minutes. Two—

Judy's hands were cold and stiff, her throat tightened. She could never say a word. Not a single word. She'd never be able to stand up for fifteen long minutes. She was sure the clock would never pass that last minute. A minute to go. Half a minute. A few terrible long seconds.

Suddenly, overhead, a small red light flashed. Panic grabbed her. The clock hand pointed at exactly 10.45. She was on the air!

Judy Allison, of Blawatha, was on the air to talk to women all over the country, women she'd never see, women who might sit down as soon as she finished and write letters saying, "We don't want to hear that voice again. Please put somebody in her place"; women who might send telegrams saying, "You're just fine. Keep up the good work." Women everywhere, in their kitchens, or upstairs making the beds, or in the living-rooms sewing. Women—

Straight ahead of her she saw Dick Mason. She could not hear what he was saying into his microphone, but she knew it was the opening announcement. The words on her copy of the announcement danced before her eyes. "A new feature of interest to all intelligent women—something for every listener—a new idea every day—"

She knew the words. She knew that in a moment Dick's hand would swing out from his side, then down, and that at that moment she must begin to talk. But it was so long. His arm would never move. Suddenly it did. His arm gave the signal. She knew she must begin. She caught her breath. She started desperately at the script on the table before her. Then, strangely, it was done. How the eleven minutes of her talk had passed Judy Allison would never know. But she was realising, out of a fog, that she had read the last word of her script, and that Dick was speaking into the microphone again, that the red light blinked, that the operator inside the booth signalled something with excited hands, that it was 11 o'clock sharp, that the light had gone out. That the first day's show was over and done.

NOW she tip-toed across the studio, terrified for fear she might make a noise, still not realising that the studio was off the air, that in another studio a thousand miles away another programme had been picked up, without a moment lost.

Dick smiled. "Walk quietly to the nearest exit," he quoted. Then, "O.K., Judy."

"O.K." "Yes. See the operator signalling? What he meant was that your voice held up. Didn't need any machine doctoring at all. It's over, Judy. You're over the first hill."

"I am. I really am!" "I didn't know you were going to announce the programme, Dick," she added. He chuckled. "Neither did anybody else. They had one of the new men scheduled. But I talked him out of it."

"Dick!" "Yes, Judy?" "Dick you shouldn't be working on my programme."

"You don't want me around?" "It's not that. Well, it's not your kind

of programme. You're too good for a little programme like this."

"Too good?" He laughed at her. "Too good, you said? Well, maybe you're right. My public . . ." He laughed at himself. "Don't be silly, Judy. No announcer is too good for any programme, even if most of them think they are. And the more work I do the better for me. The more I learn. The more people hear Richard Mason signing off. You see?"

"I know, Dick. But—"

He stared at her, puzzled, more than a little hurt. And it was right that he should be hurt, Judy knew. He had got the job for her, he wanted to be near her as much as he could, he wanted to go on helping her by being there during each programme.

But she remembered what Elton Day had threatened. Dick mustn't take chances. Knowing what he had told her about the people who depended on him, knowing that anything that menaced his job menaced his happiness, she couldn't let him take any risk. She decided on another course.

"Dick, it sounds silly, of course. But I'm so anxious to—well, to stand on my own feet."

His eyes darkened. She could tell he was saying, "Yes, I see. You think you can get along without me. So you don't want me around any more. You don't want to feel under any more obligation. Something like that."

CHAPTER 20

JUDY smiled at Dick. "I'd like to feel I didn't have to impose on you any more," she said. "You've done so much more for me already than you ought to have done, Dick. Don't worry about announcing me. Don't you understand?"

"Yes," Dick said slowly. "I understand, Judy. But—impose—"

"I didn't mean that, Dick. When I try to talk I always get the wrong words. I just meant I don't think it's fair to worry you any longer when you've so much on your mind already."

Having said that, she could have bitten off her tongue. For the dark flush showed on Dick's face again; the flush that said, "I made a mistake. I told you a secret I'd kept from everybody. And now you keep feeling sorry for me about it."

Men love to have women feel sorry for them, Judy's mother had said; but Judy revised that rule. Men don't want a woman to show she is sorry for them. They want to feel she is hiding her pity. A great difference that some women never learn, and yet Judy was sure it was right.

"Well," she attempted now, "what's next on your schedule, Dick?"

"Oh—a dramatic show. David Owen is doing it. Smart director. He stages 'Skippy' too. I—hello, Harlow."

A tall, dark-haired man said, "Hello, Dick," and went on into one of the studios. Judy's eyes looked questions, and Dick, glad to talk of something new, answered: "Harlow Wilcox. One of the best announcers in the business. Does all kinds of programmes. You ought to see his fan mail."

"Oh, I've heard of him, of course. He's good."

"Yes." Dick had none of the jealousy the stories had taught Judy you must expect from actors. But then she remembered he had insisted he wasn't an actor, really.

DICK glanced at the clock. Judy said quickly, "I've got to go, Dick. I promised to meet Elsie for lunch."

"Oh," disappointed. Hurt a little perhaps. "Well," he said. "I'll stay here, then. Got to work on an idea anyhow."

"Something new, Dick?" He grinned. "Can't tell you a thing,

Judy. Only half the programme-writers in the business are ex-saxophone players or ex-announcers. Never wrote a thing in their lives till radio came along. And if they can do it, maybe I can, too. Anyhow, I'm trying something."

"You're writing?"

"The jury's still out, Judy."

"Won't you let me see?"

"No. Can't."

"But—"

He nodded past her. "Friend of ours coming," he said softly.

Judy saw Elton Day, smooth, polished, begging somebody's pardon, dodging somebody else who caught at his coat lapels, tapping a nervous rhythm on the wall with his fingers as he walked along the corridor toward them.

"Morning," he said brightly.

"Hello," said Dick.

Judy said nothing at all.

"Good show," Elton went on. "Very good. Heard it up in my office. Client heard it, too. Just phoned me. Says it's fine. If the mail comes—if no mail—"

Repetition of that phrase made Judy wonder.

"Is the mail so important?" she asked.

"Tell her, Dick," Elton suggested suavely.

"Tell her about the mail."

Dick said only, "Well, mail is the way the client tests a programme." But Elton added: "You see, we all know mail for any kind of free sample. All right. Never tell a client that. He believes if he gets a lot of mail it's a riot, and if the mail isn't big it never occurs to him his sample is no good. He just decides the programme is to blame. So the mail boy's a big shot around here. So, Dick?"

"Yes," Dick said curtly. "Going, Judy?"

"Yes, Dick."

Day smiled casually.

"I have some points in the programme to talk to Miss Allison about, Dick," he said. "Better wait a couple of minutes, Judy. Unless I'm interrupting something."

"Of course not," Judy said quickly. "Dick. I'll see you at the house this evening?"

"Yes," he said, not looking at her. Jealous. But why should he be, Judy wondered? He ought to know how she felt. Ought to know what she thought of Elton Day. But men forget. And Dick walked away quickly, leaving Judy with Day.

Leaving her to hear him say very softly: "Too bad our lady listeners can't see you, Judy. They'd never get over it if they could."

"Thank you."

"Oh, don't thank me. Don't thank anybody. Just be glad about it."

"You wanted to tell me something about the programme?"

"No."

"But you said—"

He waved a deprecatory hand.

"Never can tell what a day will say. Old family custom. Say what pops into the mind. If it doesn't pop, say it anyhow. Get the old words going and people go away and then everything's simple."

She nodded. "Yes. You've said so before, haven't you?"

"Many times," he agreed calmly. "Always say something like that to get the conversation started. And then when the lady is angry—"

"But the lady isn't angry."

"That's a comfort. So—"

"The lady isn't angry," Judy repeated as she walked past Elton Day. "She's merely bored. Good-day, Mr Day."

She left him. And did not look back to see on Elton Day's face an expression that was not usual for him. A look of sorrow, almost. As if Elton Day wished, for the moment only, that Elton Day were not what he always had been.

The mail came. Letters in pink envelopes, and letters in square, white envelopes,

lopes, and letters scrawled with pencil on brown wrapping paper stuck into envelopes painfully made at home. Letters asking the Beauty Builder for help. Letters telling strange, pitiful stories with naive abandonment of reliance, with complete confidence in the Beauty Builder that made Judy suddenly ashamed and a little afraid.

"My husband is going to leave me, because he says I'm getting old and ugly. I've tried. But there's so much work to do and I've no money, and I spend what I have on the children instead of buying things for myself. And... Please tell me what to do. Please."

Letters like that. Letters that Elton Day displayed amusedly, holding them in a basket, shuffling them with his thin hand. "Minneapolis," he announced. "South Bend, Joplin, Kansas City, Sioux City, Milwaukee, St. Paul. All points west."

"Who answers them?" Judy asked.

"Some correspondent."

"But shouldn't—"

"You shouldn't do anything but talk. That's where your job begins and ends," he said. "Let somebody else worry about the rest of it."

"But they're supposed to get personal answers."

"They will."

"From a correspondent?"

"From me, Judy. Don't I know the answers to all the little problems of life?"

"Of course I do, Judy. All the answers. All the questions, too."

With that he went on his way.

CHAPTER 21

A MAN Judy had never seen before came looking for her, following a page.

"Miss Allison?"

"Yes," Judy said.

"I'm John Flavin. The Beauty Builder account is one of mine. And Mr. Jenks, the client, wants to meet you. Wants you to come over to his office. I'll go along. He's so tickled about the show he's got a new idea of some kind. Can you get away now?"

"I—" Dick would be through in a moment, with the noon programme. Then he was going down to the drug store with her to have a sandwich, to talk for the scant half-hour he had to spare before his next time on the air.

But Judy had learned things, in her few days on the air. Learned that clients must not be told to wait. Learned that plans or engagements mean nothing at all, when the client speaks. "Yes. Of course, Mr. Flavin. Just a moment, though. I've got to leave a note."

He grinned. "For Dick, eh?"

"Why—"

"Don't worry, Miss Allison. Everybody knows. Can't keep secrets around a radio station, you know."

Everybody knows? Knows what? That Dick Mason looks at you, through the glass, while you're watching a show from the gallery? That he has lunch with you each day in the drug store downstairs? That he waits to see you before going in to set the programme each morning? Judy's cheeks burned. Suddenly, she put the pencil back in her bag. "Tell Mr. Mason I had to go over and see the client," she said to a page boy, who grinned knowingly as he nodded. Then she said, "I'm ready, Mr. Flavin. Shall we go?"

SHE said little, as they rode across town to the big building on Michigan Avenue. The advertising man talked about programmes, about people. Names that would have thrilled Judy Allison a week ago. Names that meant nothing at all now, but people you saw and listened to, people who were not at all Olympian, people with problems and worries like her own. She answered "Yes" sometimes; then "No"; then, "I hadn't heard." And the advertising man, sensing

her aloofness, nodded a little, remembering how she had flushed when he mentioned Dick. At last, he said with elaborate disinterest, "Dick Mason's a good announcer, isn't he, Miss Allison?"

"I think he's the best I've ever heard," Judy said quickly. Then flushed again at the amused look on Flavin's face.

"Too bad he doesn't get out of the studio side," he said.

"Why—"

"Simple enough. He gets a salary. Works a half-dozen shows a day. Sometimes more. All for one salary. But if he were a freelancer, he could sell himself direct to the same clients. Maybe for a lot more money. You see?"

"Yes. But doesn't that take money?"

"No. Takes being forced to do it, that's all."

"Oh." She was silent, thinking. If Dick weren't working at the studio, if he had to go and see people—the thing he hated to do—he might overcome his shyness, he might suddenly reach the earning power he needed if his worry was to end.

"Here we are, Miss Allison. Thirty-ninth floor."

They shot upward breathlessly, the door snapped open, they emerged into a lobby elaborately done in black and silver, with modern desks of metal and glass, with deep-cushioned metal chairs.

"Mr. Jenks," Flavin told the girl at the desk. "Mr. Flavin and Miss Allison calling."

"Oh, Miss Allison!" The girl stared unaffectedly. Then, "I heard you yesterday, Miss Allison. You were swell!"

"Thank you," Judy murmured, trying to be casual, trying not to feel suddenly important.

This was the first time anyone on the outside had said "I heard you." This was the first of all the people who heard her whom Judy Allison had met. A girl as old as herself, or older; a girl probably better-trained, cleverer than Judy Allison of Hawthorn; but because Judy Allison was talking on the air she was somebody of importance to this girl. Funny!

Like mother, writing from home. "I hear you every morning. Mrs. Thornburgh always comes over, and Mrs. Delancey, and twice now your father has stayed home from the store. He doesn't say a word, but I know how he feels. He's got everybody in town listening for you. We're so proud of you, Judy, knowing you're really got an important job and knowing you're helping so many people. Do you write those things yourself? I guess you do, because it sounds just exactly like you talking, every word you say. The way you talked about reducing, I declare I laughed for an hour. And I'm trying that exercise you gave, and I guess maybe I don't do it quite right, because it doesn't seem to help. Wish you'd write and tell me about it with all the secrets, so I'll lose some weight. Maybe that Paul Whiteman diet you said he told you about. I've been worrying about being so heavy. And—"

"Hello," a small man said, "Miss Allison?"

"Yes."

He shook hands vigorously.

"I'm the man who pays the bills. Nobody at all. Name's Jenks, Adelbert A. Jenks." He chuckled self-consciously.

"Flavin, let's get some lunch. Miss Allison, you're free for lunch?"

Flavin nodded.

"Yes," Judy said.

"That's fine. I've been wanting to have a good long talk with you. And Mr. Day's coming along, too. Oh, Elton!"

ELTON DAY appeared from the inner office. "Yes, Ad?"

"You know Miss Allison? Oh, of course. You're the one that insisted on having her on the programme, even when everybody else thought..."

"And wasn't I right?" Day interrupted hurriedly.

"Sure were. That Burdette girl."

"Judy," said Day doggedly, a little too

loudly, "is the best voice in the business. Going to put her on some more programmes, Ad."

"You are not," the little man said quickly.

"Got to. Judy and I've been talking about it—"

Judy shook her head, started to speak, but again Day warded off danger with quick, staccato words.

"Yes, Ad. Judy and I've been talking about the expense she has. She needs to make more money. She can, too, easily. Well, never mind now." He clapped Jenks on the shoulder. "Let's eat first and talk afterward. Business after pleasure always, eh, Ad?"

"Yes, Elton. You bet. Yes, Miss Ott."

"I'll be out about two hours."

"You've an appointment at 1.30," the girl reminded him.

"Let it wait. It's that Burdette girl, Miss Ott, when she comes in tell her I've got no time to see her. Tell her anything you want. See she stays out of here after this. Understand?"

"Yes, Mr. Jenks."

"And let's go, Miss Allison. Coming, Elton?"

"Of course," Day said, taking Judy's arm, squeezing her elbow so slightly. Saying, "We have a secret, you and I." Saying, "Didn't I do that neatly?" Saying other things.

Lunch went slowly. A tomato juice cocktail which she did not taste, jelly consommé which she hated, some sort of fish, a gorgeous and tasteless salad, coffee in a small cup.

Then, suddenly Elton dropped from his pose to the real self Judy remembered. Well, his eyes were sharp, his lips tightened, there was nothing casual or detached about him now.

"Ad."

"Yes, Elton." Jenks put down his glass, squared his narrow shoulders, narrowed his eyes. Prepared for battle, Judy knew. Prepared for Day's cold business tones.

"Ad. You heard what I said a while ago about Judy. She's getting forty a week from you. That's all."

"That's a good salary for a girl, isn't it?"

Judy wanted to say "Yes," to shout suddenly, "I'm satisfied. I didn't want what ever it is Elton Day is trying to get. I won't take anything he gets for me." But there was no chance, for Elton had answered curtly, coldly, "No. That's enough for a stenographer, but stenographers are a dime a dozen in this town. But a voice—"

His hands spoke eloquently. "You're getting more than you ever got before on any programme you put on. Right?"

"Well—" the man hedged.

"Never mind. I know," Day said. "I checked up. You're a thousand letters ahead of last week. Don't you want to protect your interests?"

CHAPTER 22

JUDY'S voice brings the letters," Elton Day said to Jenks.

"Means more business than you ever had in your life. But—" Day leaned forward, his thin hands like knives pointing at the little man. "You haven't got a contract with Judy. Or with me. We could both walk off your show to-morrow and not that you've established Judy's voice and copy as your stuff."

Flavin, the advertising man, pale and stricken, interjected. "Day! Wait a minute! Listen." A wave of Elton's hand silenced him, as it had silenced Jenks.

"This is no hold-up," Day said, smiling a little. "Not exactly. But forty a week for Judy Allison isn't enough. Or a hundred a week for me, Judy's going to have to work on another beauty programme, guess, to make a decent living. So will I. So I'm getting a script ready right now for the New Youth people and Judy's got to talk on that one, too."

"New Youth?" Jenks barked, forgetting that people were staring from other tables.

"Why, they're my highest competitors. They—"

"Exactly," Elton agreed, smiling a little. "Your biggest competitors. And you and I know their stuff is as good as yours any day."

"That's not so," the little man remarked. "Never mind, Ad," Elton said. "Good, had or indifferent, they've heard how well your Beauty Builders' show is doing."

"You told 'em, eh? Went right over to my competitors and showed 'em the figures on my programme?"

"Ad, I'm not in this radio business for my health. Neither is Miss Allison. We're in it to make money. That's the same reason you're in your business. And you get markets where you can, don't you? Well, we're doing the same thing. Got to."

WE. We. Over and over, that word. As though they were partners, as though she were a party to what she was hearing. Judy's cheeks flamed, her hands moved restlessly, she knew that in a moment she would shout at Jenks. "Nothing he says has anything to do with me. I don't want more money. I'm satisfied."

But how could she? The letter from her mother. Send money home? On forty a week? You can't. But with a little more? It was Dick who said, "There's no sentiment in radio. Get what you can!" Wasn't that what everybody said about the business?

"You do a show for that New Youth crowd and I'm through with you for good. You hear that, Elton Day? You hear that, Miss Allison?" the little man snorted. "Can't bluff me!" He pushed back his chair, started to rise.

"Wait," Elton Day commanded. "Sit down, Ad. No use going away like that. I'm being fair. I'm telling you in advance. I didn't have to. I could go on the air without telling you. But we've done business together for a long time. I'm putting my cards on the table with you, that's all. And—quickly—and Miss Allison is putting her cards on the table, too. Sit down, won't you? If you say it's O.K. to go ahead on that other show—"

"It isn't O.K. and you know it. You've got no right—"

"No use arguing about it," Elton said calmly. "You say if we work for New Youth we can't work for you. But they're going to pay a good deal more than you're paying. And I told you, we've both got to have money. Much as we can get, soon as we can get it. So we'll just finish out the week for you, Ad. Don't even need to pay us. I like you, and I don't want to leave you without a chance to replace the script and the voice."

"You'll finish out the week, eh? And then go right on the air Monday for my competitors?"

"Not Monday, Thursday. Can't get the rehearsals over in time for Monday. Miss Allison wants to investigate the script more carefully, you see. About Thursday, I think. Maybe Wednesday. Think you can be ready by then, Judy?"

"No!" Judy said loudly. "No! And you know I won't be ready. Why—"

He cut in with, "Sorry, Judy. I forgot. You wanted to go home for a week, didn't you? That's right. But we'll be all right for a week from Monday then. And that's time enough, I guess. With a 32-week contract, we can afford to take a week off, can't we?"

"Fifty-two weeks!" Jenks yelled.

"Yes. With a renewal clause for another year. They're no pikers over at New Youth. They know Miss Allison is good and they like my scripts and they're willing to spend, Ad. Can't blame them. The test you've given the script and the voice shows what can be done."

"Elton! Miss Allison!"

"Yes," Elton answered for both.

"I don't want you to work for those

people. I want you to keep on with the Beauty Builder show."

"But—" Elton said. Nothing more. Except for that eloquent movement of his hands that said so much.

"So you just forget about that New Youth show. I'll meet everything they've offered. And top it."

"Fifty-two weeks, Ad?" Elton asked.

"Sure. Why not? I like the show and it's pulling. Why not?"

"But you can't pay it. Too heavy for you, Ad. A big company like New Youth could. But you—"

The little man bristled. "I can pay anything they can pay. Look up my credit rating if you don't believe me."

Softly, Elton murmured the question Judy had known was coming: "Can you pay Miss Allison 100 dollars a week. With a 52 week contract?"

YES. I'll do better. I'll throw in a bonus. Two hundred dollars extra, I'll pay, if Miss Allison stays with us. You hear me, Miss Allison? A hundred dollars a week you get, and 200 dollars extra when you sign the contract. Is that enough?"

"That's satisfactory," Elton answered for her. "A hundred it is. And 200 dollars for me."

"Two—"

"Yes," Elton said almost sadly. "Two hundred for me. I'm tired of drinking gin, Ad. I want to see if Scotch tastes the way it ought to taste."

The little man waved his hands helplessly.

"All right. All right. You win. A hundred for Miss Allison, two hundred for you. Starting Monday. And Miss Allison isn't to work on any other beauty programme."

"Flavin's a witness," Elton said. "That right, Flavin?"

"Yes," the advertising man said, staring at Elton.

"Then we'll go over to your office right now and get the contracts signed and sealed," Elton said crisply. "Here, waiter. Buy a home in the country with the change. Come along, Judy. You're a rich woman now."

Nothing about Elton Day's manner or his few words as they left Jenks' office an hour later said, "Look what I've done for you." Nothing. Yet Judy Allison knew how he felt. She knew, too, that Elton Day was the most cruelly clever man she had ever known. For knowing she hated him, he had deliberately set about putting her under an obligation she could not disown. He had got more money for himself at the same time. He had assured an income for a year to come for himself—and for Judy. And he had forced her, by the act of signing the contract Jenks made out, into a partnership with him.

She walked along with Day, silent. And he was oddly silent, too. And oddly, he watched Judy when she did not know he was watching. With a new look in his eyes—something almost pitiful. As though he wanted to say things that were not natural to him, words he was not used to.

He tried, finally.

"Judy, here's an orange-drink stand. Let's have some?"

"I'm not thirsty."

"I know. Neither am I, Judy."

"All right," Judy said. And the girl behind the counter put two damp paper cups before them. The throng streamed past on Madison, just outside. People hurrying somewhere, people belonging to Chicago as Judy belonged now. Because she had a job, a good job, a job better than anybody back home in Hiawatha had. Because for a year now Judy Allison's voice would go all over the country six mornings every week. The impossible

thing had happened. And she was not glad.

CHAPTER 23

JUDY, Elton Day said, "you think I played a rotten trick on Jenks, don't you?"

"I don't know," Judy replied, leaning against the orange-stand counter.

"Well, I didn't. He's a chiseler."

"A chiseler?"

"Yes. He gets an act for as little as he possibly can. You're worth every cent he's going to pay you, and then some. If nothing else, it's worth the money to him to be sure you don't take any other jobs. Because you could get other radio jobs now, Judy."

"How do you know?"

"I do know. It's my business to know. It's my job to find out how an act of mine is getting along."

An act of mine! You, Judy Allison, working for Elton Day. To use clouding it with words or evasions or excuses. Elton Day is your employer, really; he got you the job with a trick, he got you more money with a trick, and yet you can do nothing but accept it.

"You don't like the way I do business, do you, Judy?"

"No."

"Do you think I like it?"

His voice was earnest, honest, for the first time since Judy had met him.

"Listen, Judy. I told you I hate this business. I do. I hate pulling strings and playing politics and being a chiseler like some of the others. But it's the only way I know to get what I got to have. I can't save money, Judy. Never could. Unless I get more money than I can spend. And now I'm sure of more than I thought I could get. And Jenks will get value for what he's paying. Don't ever doubt it, Judy. The show will pull profits and more profits for him. You mustn't feel that he's being cheated. Because he isn't. He's used to doing business that way that's all. And I had to meet him at his own game. No other way. If I talked to him, just said, 'We're worth more,' he'd laugh at me and at you. I tell you it's true, Judy. Every word of it!"

"Yes," she said dully. "I suppose so."

"But you don't really think so. You think you're under obligations to me and you don't want to be."

"Do you blame me?"

"Of course I don't. You've got a right to think anything you like, Judy. There's plenty wrong with me. I know that. But this time I'm on the level. Honestly."

"Yes."

WON'T you say something else?" He was actually pleading. Elton Day, the unapproachable, was pleading with a Judy Allison, of Hiawatha, to understand things that he—whose job was words—could not put into any but halting, broken phrases.

"There's nothing else to say. Except, 'Thank you.'"

"And you don't mean that."

"But of course I do. The money is going to help my family a lot. And having a job for a year—it's more than I ever counted on. So, of course, I must thank you."

"Must!" he said, eloquently, bitterly.

"That's just it. 'Must!' Not because you want to. Not because you've changed a bit in the way you think about me. Just because it's the thing you ought to do."

She was silent. Elton, moving restlessly, stared at himself in the long mirror back of the counter, straightened his perfect tie, smoothed his immaculate lapels.

He hailed a taxi-cab, with an elegant gesture; he stepped inside, disappeared, and Judy went to Elsie's office to tell Elsie what had happened.

She found Elsie perturbed, almost unpleasant at first.

"Thought you were going to call me up."

"I couldn't, Elsie. I was busy."

"Oh, Dick?"

"No. I—Look, Elsie."

She produced the contract. And Elsie, businesslike, knowing, ran through it hurriedly, read it a second time, then whistled, long and low.

"Judy! You're a millionaire! You're set for life! Here, woman! Shake hands! Dance a Highland fling! Do something, anyhow!"

Judy forced a smile.

"It is nice, isn't it?" she said.

"Nice!" Elsie mocked her. "Nice! Yeh, and the Grand Canyon's a nice little thing, too! Nice? Hey—Mike! Tell the boss I'm taking the afternoon off. Got things to do. Got business. Got to go to Africa for the week-end. You hear me? Have Judy, in my hat on straight? Is it? It isn't? It wouldn't be. Well, come on, woman! Come on! We've got to celebrate! Gee! A hundred a week!"

It was like that for a half hour, with Elsie talking, laughing, almost shouting; with Judy answering in monosyllables, only once in a while. Until, in the cool depths of the big motion-picture house, Elsie turned suddenly, whispering, "You're not tickled a bit! What's wrong with you, anyhow, Judy?"

"Nothing. Oh, nothing."

"Don't be to me! What's it all about?"

Hesitantly, then more rapidly, Judy poured out the story. How she watched Elton force Jenks into giving her the contract, how she let him make Jenks think she was a party to it, how she said nothing when she should have spoken.

"Huh!" said Elsie suddenly. "I see, right now that a movie is no place for me and thou. Come on. Let's go buy a hat!"

"But—"

"Buying a hat," said Elsie sagely, "is the best way in the world for a girl to get over feeling sorry. I'll prove it."

And, in the hat store on State Street, Judy realised that Elsie was right. Spending 20 dollars for a new, elegant hat—knowing there would be a 100 dollar cheque waiting for her Saturday, knowing there would be a cheque just like it waiting every Saturday from now on for a year, for fifty-two long weeks—Judy knew that money is a good thing, that security in a job is a thing that changes your viewpoint and makes you see new values. And soon she was agreeing with Elsie that what Elton Day had done was not cricket, hardly fair; but that perhaps his specious excuse was right.

"He looked different," Judy said. "When he was trying to explain. I got a feeling that he was trying to be somebody else. Trying not to be the way he's always been before. I almost felt sorry for him. Honestly, Elsie."

"Huh!" Elsie jeered. "Feel sorry for him? Didn't he try to cheat you out of that job?"

"Yes, but then he cheated to get it for me."

"What?"

"Yes, Elsie, I'm all mixed up. I'm worried, Elsie. That girl—that Burdette girl. She'd do anything to get even with me because I've got the job. Because—" Judy flushed, but went on—"because Elton Day has been so interested in me."

Elsie stared. "You go too fast. You're way ahead of me. Better tell all, Judy."

So Judy did.

About the audition, and what was done to make sure that she got the job. About Lona, and her threats that were more suggested than said. About the sudden, almost incredible change in Elton Day. About the luncheon with Jenks, and the way Day made Jenks sign a contract he had no intention of signing.

Elsie said, softly, "Poor kid!"

"That's not it. I've no right to cry

about anything, Elsie. I'm getting money, and I've a good job, and as far as my mother and father are concerned, I'm a success. I can't tell them about any of this. They wouldn't understand, anyhow. But it's Dick who worries me."

"Why?"

"That girl Lona was trying to see Jenks to-day. To tell him something. Suppose Lona should prove the audition was wrong? It's Dick they'll blame, not Elton. And I've a contract. They'll have to keep me on the programme now, no matter what happens. But if Dick loses his job—"

CHAPTER 24

JUDY continued to tell Elsie of her suspicions of Lona. "I've told you what I've heard," Judy said. "Lona has ruined things for half a dozen girls before me. She's mean, Elsie. Mean as she can be. And dangerous. That's what that blonde girl told me. Said Lona has ways of finding out things and using them against people. Gets jobs that way, sometimes. And she's been trying to see Jenks to tell him something. And they're sure to find out, over at the studio, about this new contract."

"Don't tell 'em," Elsie said immediately. "Of course I won't. But Flavin, the advertising man, will. And you don't know how fast everybody gets to know everything around a station."

"They can't do anything about it, can they?"

"Not to me."

"But Dick—"

"He's the one who's in danger, Elsie. And he's got all those people he's got to take care of. Just got to. If he loses his job—"

Elsie shrugged. "Never cross a bridge till you think you're going to get your feet wet," she observed. "And here's the bridge." Silent, they crossed the Wabash bridge, walked north, past the grim, angular buildings. Silent, they came at last to the house, and on the porch sat Dick and Billy Denton, the gold-toothed radio operator.

Dick jumped up, came running down the steps. "Judy! I thought you'd never get home. What happened to-day? Was the client all-right? Did he have some kick to make?"

Eyes averted, Judy handed him the contract. There was a moment of silence. Then she heard Dick Mason whoop with joy, heard him exclaim, "Judy's a success! She's got a contract! A hundred dollars a week! Gee!"

SUDDENLY he seized her hands. "Judy, I told you they liked you, I told you, Judy!"

"Yes," Judy said quietly, "you were right, Dick. And it's all due to you, Dick. You did everything for me."

He laughed. "Didn't do a thing. You did it yourself. Elsie, meet Billy. Best radio operator in town. Billy, meet Elsie. Nicest girl here. Except Judy. Billy, Elsie, go away. I've got to talk to Judy. Go eat dinner, or anything. Go on!"

Billy grinned, with all his gold teeth. And Elsie grinned. Judy felt a pang of pity for Elsie, so unbecomingly so aware of her lack of charm. Then she saw Billy take Elsie's arm, leading her toward the porch. Elsie looked happy. Of course, Billy wasn't handsome, and he wasn't tall, and his clothes hung wildly about him. But he was Elsie's cavalier.

So Judy turned to face Dick. And to feel, as he laughed, as he went on excitedly, proud of her success, that she must tell him the truth. And very soon, before it was too late.

But the days passed. Elsie went to a movie with Billy one night and appeared at midnight, flushed, happy, proud. Elsie went to lunch with him Saturday and learned all about radio and how to tune out static. Elsie had Billy over for lunch Sunday, and he put a new aerial on the

radio in her room and talked about the invention he was going to finish some day, and then suggested it would be nice to go to the zoo.

So Judy was alone late in the afternoon when the telephone rang. It might be Dick. But it was not. It was Elton Day.

"Are you alone?"

"Why—yes."

"I want to see you, Judy. I'll be up in just a few minutes. I've got to see you. Good-bye."

The receiver clicked. Judy, puzzled, suddenly afraid, returned to the living-room. It seemed she had been there for hours leafing through magazines she did not want to read, listening for the doorbell, when suddenly it rang loudly and, in a moment, the landlady said, "Gentleman to see you, Judy."

It was Elton, and he seemed breathless for a moment he could not talk. Then he managed, "Judy, things are happening."

"What things? Tell me! Tell me, Elton!"

"Not until I've told you something else, Judy, I'm in love with you. You know it. I'm saying it badly; but I love you. For the first time in my life, I'm being absolutely honest. I'm not worth a thing, and you know it. I've a thousand things against me, and you'll find out the ones I don't know. But I love you."

Judy stepped away from him, staring. Something had changed Elton Day. There was no sneer at the corners of his mouth, there was no arrogance in his voice. He might have been on his knees, on the worn carpet, in the shabby room. He might have been pleading for his life.

Perhaps he was. Perhaps Elton Day was looking at the years ahead of him, afraid of his own loneliness he had fought so hard to achieve. For he said again, in a voice that broke sharply, roughly, "I love you, Judy Allison. Won't you say something. Anything! Talk to me, Judy! Tell me whatever you want to say. But talk, Judy!"

His hands touched her shoulders, for only a second.

Then she said, rather steadily, "You haven't any right to say those things."

"No right? No right to say you're the one person in the world I've ever known was beautiful and right? No right to say I love you? I've every right in the world. And it's true! Listen to me, Judy Allison. I want you to marry me. I want you to go so far away from everything I know, every thing that's happened to both of us, the none of it will ever touch us again. Do you hear me? I'm asking you to marry me, Judy. I want you to be with me always, Judy!"

Judy held hard to the back of a chair with trembling, jerking fingers. His voice roared in her ears. Something shouted to her heart. Not like anything she had ever known. Not like the surge of warmth, of peace, that she felt when Dick Mason said "I love you, Judy." Not like that. Something that frightened her, that was new.

She moved her hands across her mouth in a frail gesture that meant, "No. Please don't say anything more. No."

He brushed her hands away, held her tightly, looked at her. His eyes began. "Judy. Tell me! You don't hate me at all more. You know you don't. Tell me, Judy!"

"I don't hate you," she said. It was true. Whatever hate there had been was gone. You cannot hate a man who is helpless whose armor is gone, who grovels because he loves you. "I don't hate you," she repeated quietly.

"Then I've a right to say it again. I love you, Judy Allison! And you're going to love me!"

She laughed. It was a very small laugh. It was not what she had meant. It was the striking Elton Day in the face.

"No," she said. "I'm not. I couldn't love you if I wanted to. And I don't want to." "Dick Mason! You're in love with him. Look at me! Let me see your eyes, Judy!" She faced him, standing quite still, looking

ing into his eyes. The moment's strange feeling was gone. He was a man named Elton Day, and nothing more than that, to Judy.

His eyes widened. Something shadowed them. Then, amazingly, he began to laugh. He threw back his head and laughed in a terrible, savagely chuckle that went on and on. He stepped away, still laughing. Somehow, through his awful laughter, she heard him saying, "It's funny! It's the funniest thing that ever happened! It—No! No!" He was not laughing any more. His face was white, his eyes stared. "Judy! You don't know what's happened. It's not funny. It's ghastly."

His hat lay on the table where he had tossed it. Now he picked up the hat, turning it awkwardly in fumbling fingers. It dropped. He stooped, picked it up, dropped it again.

"Judy! I didn't mean to say what I've just said. I came to tell you something. But I can't tell you now. Good-bye, Judy! Good-bye!"

He was gone. The door slammed. Then, in a moment, there was the noise of a car starting, outside.

NOW, for the first time, Judy moved. She went to the window. She saw Elton Day's car moving down the street. She realised there were tears in her eyes. Not because he was gone. She did not care. She was sure she did not care at all. But because she was honest, and because she was a girl who had been taught to be sorry for people who do not know their own way out.

If Elton Day was pitiful, it was his own fault. If, building a wall of insolence, he had lost touch with everything he might have wanted, he had done it willingly, knowingly. If, lonely, he was pitiful, still he needed no sympathy, still he stood on his own feet, got what he wanted, and for that more than anything, Judy pitied him.

He said, "I love you." Perhaps he meant it. Perhaps it was only a word when he said "love." He had written so much, so much that he had lost touch with life. Life was a word and love was a word. That was what brought the tears to Judy's eyes. Yet he had meant what he said. Somehow, she could not doubt him. Somehow, Elton Day had learned how to tell the truth. And, having told the truth, he had laughed. At himself. But at something else, too.

All at once Judy was terrified. Nothing ordinary could have worked that breath-taking change so suddenly. Something she knew nothing about had happened. Something she must know about at once. Something affecting Dick Mason. She did not know why she was so sure of this, but she was. Dick was in danger. Dick—

She ran to the telephone, jammed the receiver wildly, told the operator over and over, "I want Spring 7701. Hurry! Hurry!" She bit her lips, trembled, moved restlessly, waiting, waiting for an interminable time. Until a distant voice said, "Station WAOA."

"Let me speak to Mr. Mason, please."

"Who is calling?"

"Miss Allison. It's about the Beauty Builders' programme."

"Oh, Miss Allison?" There was a mocking inflection in the voice. "Just a moment."

A long wait again. Then the voice said, "Sorry, Mr. Mason is not here. Mr. Mason left the station to-day."

"What? What?"

"Mr. Mason is no longer connected with station WAOA."

The phone clicked.

CHAPTER 25

JUDY leaned against the wall. She felt faint. The operator had said that Dick was no longer connected with station WAOA! It was a mistake. Everybody liked Dick; he'd be there as long as he wanted to be. But the chill rose in her heart. The Burdette girl had said she'd make trouble, and the blonde

girl and Elton Day both said Lona Burdette could always make trouble.

The telephone rang sharply once again. Judy heard Mrs. Malone calling, "Judy, will you answer it, please?"

"Yes," Judy said. "Yes—hello. Oh! Dick! I just tried to call you! At the station! Dick, they said you weren't there any more! They said—"

Dick Mason's voice was quiet, cool, a thousand miles away.

"Yes, Judy. They said I wasn't there any more. And of course you didn't know anything about it. Oh, of course not!"

He was laughing, with an ugly note of anger, of disgust, in his voice.

"Oh, I'm sure you didn't know, Judy. Well—I just called to say that I've always known a person couldn't afford to help anybody around a radio studio. But I forgot. Long enough to give you and Elton Day a chance to—"

"Dick! Dick! I don't know what you're talking about! Dick! What's wrong? You sound so—so different. You—tell me—tell me what's wrong. I don't understand."

"I'll not be seeing you again," he said. "But I'm sure you won't mind that. So good-bye."

He hung up.

JUDY stared at the telephone in her hands. Then, slowly, she put the phone back on the table.

The landlady stood in the doorway. "Who was it, Judy?"

"It was Dick Mason."

"Oh," the landlady dimpled. "Nice boy, Dick. I hope you won't mind my saying it, Judy. But I couldn't help noticing how—well, how much you and Dick have been together. And I'm awfully glad, Judy. You're just made for each other. You ought to be happy— And—why, Judy! Judy, you're crying!"

Judy did not even hear her. She climbed the stairs, slowly, blindly. She found the door to her room, and she entered.

She was there, silent, staring out of the window through dry and heart-sick eyes, when Elsie came home, a long time later, to tell her the rest of the story of what had happened to Dick Mason.

Elsie entered quietly, and for some time she said nothing, only watched Judy, only moved a little nearer, then sat down and waited. Until at last Judy said, "Well, Elsie?"

"You heard about Dick?"

"Yes, I heard."

"He called you?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"That he wouldn't be seeing me any more. And that he should have known better than to help anybody. That's all."

"Then you don't know what happened?"

"I know it was something about the station. And Elton Day had been here, just before, talking about something without saying what it was. But that's all, Elsie."

"Dick lost his job," Elsie said. "Lost it this morning. That's what they called him down to the station for. Billy's down there now to find out where Dick's going and what it's all about. Billy's going to come back soon as he can, or call me. But Judy! You didn't have anything to do with it?"

"I—" Judy gasped. "Elsie. You think I was to blame for it? You think I said something, or did something, or—"

Elsie said nothing.

Suddenly Judy felt a new terror. What-

ever she was supposed to have done, she knew she was not to blame. Yet first Dick, now Elsie, seemed to take it for granted she deliberately had set out to ruin him. To ruin Dick! It was so preposterous, it was so unfair, that suddenly she burst into hysterical laughter.

Now she rocked back and forth, sitting on the foot of her bed, a handkerchief held to her mouth, tears coming from her eyes. Yet she laughed, a laugh as bitter, as

empty, as self-amused as Elton Day's. Until Elsie, frightened now, caught her roughly by the shoulders, shook her violently, saying, "Judy! Stop it! Stop!" Still Judy laughed. Then all of a sudden her laughter stopped.

She sat quietly, staring.

Elsie began the story, speaking in laconic, broken sentences.

"What you told me about that mix-up over the audition—that got around until finally the story got to Dick's boss. And there wasn't any alibi. Dick didn't even know what was up at first when they asked him about it, I guess. Because they asked if he helped you in the audition, and he said, 'Yes, of course.' And what if I did? He didn't even know till somebody told him, after it was all over and he was already fired. They said it was because he faked an audition for you, got the operator to help. The operator—"

Judy started up.

"That operator knew better. Elton Day put him in that control room. Not Dick. Dick didn't even know anything about him."

Elsie said, "Never mind. That's what Billy went down there for. You remember—Billy was in the control-room, checking up the channels, he calls them, when you first got there with Dick?"

"Yes."

"Well, the way Billy got it from one of the other men at the station, the story was that Billy helped Dick fix the channels that way. The operator who was on the audition swore he didn't change a thing. Says he understood everything was all set and ready to go and just went right ahead. Says he noticed something funny, but it wasn't his business to change what the man in charge of the show had ordered. Says the man in charge of the show was Dick. And that's right. Elton wasn't on the show; he was with the client. So—"

"You mean I've made Dick lose his job, and maybe I've made Billy lose his job, too?"

"You mean that, Elsie?"

"But—"

Judy walked to the door, stopped, walked back, turned, walked to the window, looked out. Then with a tremendous effort, she made herself speak, think, "Elsie I know. I know what really happened; I'm going down and tell them."

ELSIE shook her head.

"Wouldn't do a bit of good, Judy," she advised. "Look. There's a first audition, and somebody claims there's something phony about it. And along comes a second audition, and once again it's phony. And both times it's you that gets the break, not anybody else. Nobody else ever had a chance, Judy."

"But they said my voice was the best."

They said—

"Who said? Elton Day and Dick Mason, that's who. And everybody down there knows they're both crazy about you. And what kind of testimony is that going to be?"

Judy's face burned, her lips were dry.

"Elsie, you're making it sound as if—as if I wanted them to get me a job, no matter how. As if I wanted Elton Day to cheat for me. As if I didn't tell because I was mixed up in it from the start."

"Don't you see?" Elsie asked now, her voice a little kinder. "Don't you see, Judy? That's just what it's going to sound like, to everybody else down there. Why, there are a half-dozen men who wanted Dick's job. Half a dozen people wanted to see him let out. Everybody knew he was set for a bigger chance."

"You mean Dick was going to get something better?"

"That's what Billy says. Dick told him in confidence that his boss was talking about putting him in charge of four accounts only. And giving him a part of the announcer's pay on all four. Meant about

three times as much as he's been getting. Maybe more."

"And I made him lose that!"

Judy remembered Dick, his words, halting, his face drawn, telling her about the people he must support, telling her how desperately he wanted to earn enough money so he could be free of his burdens.

"Elsie! I've ruined Dick! I'd rather have done anything in the world than hurt him! I—"

"You love him, Judy?"

"I don't know, Elsie. No, I don't know. I tell you I'm not sure. That's too big, being in love. That—I don't know. But—"

"But you do know," Elsie grinned wisely. "You're in love with Dick and you've been in love with him since the first time you say him. No use trying to fool me, Judy."

CHAPTER 26

"**H**OW can Dick think I said anything about him?" Judy demanded of Elsie.

"The word's out that it was a girl talking that tipped it off. A girl who didn't really go to anybody direct. Just passed on hints, here and there, as if she didn't mean to," Elsie said.

"Lona Burdette!"

"Sure. But who's going to prove it?"

"But Lona said she'd get even. She said she'd make trouble. Everybody knows about her, Elsie. She's always making trouble for somebody. She wanted that job herself."

"Sure. And what's that going to do?"

"Why—" Judy was conscious of a great helplessness. Telling the truth had always been the answer, but now the answer was wrong. You can't tell the truth to people you won't listen.

"You should have told Dick in the first place," Elsie said, after a pause. "You should have let him know."

"I know. I know, Elsie. I wanted to. But he was so proud because he got the job for me. I didn't want to hurt him. I didn't want him to think it was a trick that did it. I wanted him to go on feeling proud."

"And so he got hurt worse than ever."

The doorbell rang.

"That's Billy, I can tell!"

Elsie jumped up, pushed hard on her hair, tried to twist it up into some sort of smoothness, gave up, shrugged her shoulders with comical resignation, disappeared.

AND in a moment Judy heard her calling. "Judy! It's Billy, all right. Come down! Hurry!"

Judy had an insane desire to shout, "No," to refuse to face that she knew was inevitable. Must she listen to any more? Must she hear still more completely what she had done to Dick Mason?

Yes. She must. People like her didn't run away from the results of their own mistakes. They faced it out. So she squared her shoulders and went to hear what Billy Denton had to say. Which was little.

"Hello," he said curtly.

Then he turned back to Elsie. "It's all off, Elsie. I'm one of the army."

"You lost your job, too?"

"Yes."

"But didn't you explain—"

"Hah! Explain?" He laughed. "Explain what? When they won't listen it doesn't do any good to talk. I'm bounced. I'm through. I'm out on my ear. I'm a crooked operator and there's no jobs for crooked operators. Or for crooked announcers."

"That's not so!" Judy said sharply. "Dick—Dick isn't—"

"Oh, he isn't, eh? But everybody says he is. And that's the same thing."

"It isn't. Because I'm to blame. Even if I didn't know what was happening until afterward. And I'm going down right now

and tell the people in charge exactly what did happen."

"Go ahead," Billy said. "And see what it gets you."

"Judy!" Elsie called. But Judy did not answer. She was already out of the house.

A taxi-cab. She told the driver where to go, she said. "Hurry! Hurry!" She sat back in the cab, eyes closed, breath coming hard. And the taxi-cab bounced, stalled, waited interminably for red lights to change.

The car stopped in front of the building, and Judy, blindly tugging bills from her pocket book, gave the driver a bill that made him start, gulp.

She said to the superior young woman at the desk, "I want to see the manager."

"What manager?"

"Whoever's in charge of the announcers."

"He's not in. Gone for the day."

"Then I want to see whoever's over everybody else."

"He's gone, too. It's Sunday, you know."

"Then I've got to go to his home to see him. What's his address?"

"We don't give out home addresses."

"But—"

"Sorry. Can't help you about that. You're sure you don't want to see somebody else?"

"Who?"

"Mr. Mason, maybe?" The girl smiled shyly.

"Mr. Mason! He's here? Why—"

"Yes. Over there in the announcers' room. He's just getting ready to leave. Wait. I'll have a page call for him. Walter, ask Mr. Mason to come in for a moment. Miss—What is the name, please?"

"Allison. Judy Allison. And tell him it's important. Very important, please!"

"Yes'm."

The boy disappeared and Judy waited. The minutes dragged.

The boy reappeared. "Sorry, miss. He said he's got to catch a train. Got no time to talk. Told me to give you this."

He extended a folded bit of paper. And, oblivious to grinning page boy and amused attendant, Judy read what Dick Mason had written. Which was this much only:

"There's nothing for you or me to say. I don't blame you. After all, it's your job to get ahead as fast and as far as you can. Nobody else matters. So let's not talk about it. Good-bye."

SHE found Elsie waiting, alone.

"Billy's gone," said Elsie. "Dick called up, and Billy said he'd meet him somewhere. Wouldn't tell me where they're going. Out of town, I guess. Something about Cleveland, maybe. I know Billy said Dick had an offer down there, and he thought he could get on, too. Not as good as here maybe. But he's got to have a job. Billy's got money saved up and he said he'd stake Dick to some, but from what I heard I guess Dick wouldn't take it. Only they're both gone."

Gone. Gone where? Gone for ever. Of course. Of course, Judy Allison. The man you love—and you know it, now—the man you love is gone, believing you lied to him, believing you were so small, so petty, so infinitely selfish, that you could sacrifice him for the sake of a job at a hundred dollars a week.

"Elsie, he was right."

"Who was right?"

"Dick. I didn't tell him the truth. He had a right to know. He trusted me. And I knew what Elton Day did. And didn't say anything to Dick about it. Didn't have courage enough to tell him. Kept lying to myself. Putting it off. Just because—oh, I don't know why. I don't know why at all. But Dick was right."

"Of course he was."

Somehow, Judy wished Elsie hadn't said that. It's all right to abase yourself, to load blame and reproach on your own shoulders; it's not so pleasant when you have only one friend left to hear that

friend agreeing with you in your abasement. Then she caught herself and hated herself for the thought. She served whatever Elsie and Dick or Elton thought or said. Not because she'd meant to do any harm, but because her very simplicity, her lack of cleverness and directness and courage, had caused trouble.

"Elsie, isn't there any way to see Dick?"

"Not that I know of. Except—"

"Except what?" Judy demanded anxiously.

"Well, I told Billy the absolute truth. I didn't believe me, at first, but I made him believe me before I got through. I'm a woman to be talked down, Judy. I made him listen even if he didn't want to. He promised me he'd try to tell Dick what you and I said."

"Only I don't know if Dick will listen. Men! Dick's in love with you. First time he's ever been in love in his life. He's a kid about you. And when a kid tells he's been lied to the first time he's been in love, well, it takes him a long time to get over it. Sometimes he never does get over it. It happens like that, you know."

It happens like that. When you've sooner die than hurt somebody, you hurt that person terribly without even knowing what you are doing.

CHAPTER 27.

MAYBE," said Elsie. Judy, "you can get Elton Day to clear Dick of faking your audition. He won't know, that's sure. But maybe later. He's not the kind to get noble and give anybody a break. Not when he tells you he's in love with you himself."

"I know that," Judy snook her head. "Then you'd better just go along. A when Billy says what he can to Dick he's going to write to me and tell me the answer. Anyhow, he'll write as soon as he can to let us know where he and Dick are. And maybe then—"

"I can't do it, Elsie. I can't."

"You can't, huh? What else is there to do?"

"I don't know—"

"Then you'll do it the way I'm telling you. Because if you go down to the station and raise a fuss, you'll make it some worse than ever. If you even act as if you know what's happened."

"But everybody else knows. They want me around the station if they didn't want Dick. Couldn't I go to Mr. Jenkins, the man who's paying for the Benson Builders' show?"

"What could you say? Anything you tell him somebody'll deny. That's what Billy says, anyhow. Because a crooked auditor isn't supposed to happen. Hardly ever do. First one Billy ever knew about. And the station is going to admit that a thing if that could happen. That's how Billy says it, anyhow. So what can you do?"

The answer was, "Nothing." Not even a chance to explain. Nothing.

SO, knowing this answer

Judy went about the place that day, that evening, saying nothing, not eating, watching the door, listening for a call that did not come—as she knew it would not come. And slept miserably, dreaming about face she could not remember when she woke. In the morning dressing slowly, miserably. Hearing Elsie's crisp knock on the door.

"Come in," she said listlessly.

Elsie's face appeared around the side of the door.

"Ready?"

"I guess so."

"Oh—Well, let's be on our way." The emerged into a crisp, bright blue morning, the kind of morning Chicago has copied righted, when the blue haze rises slowly along the thin buildings in the loop, where

the whole city seems new-washed by the sun.

"Let's get some ham and eggs," Elsie suggested, stopping at the corner.

"I'm not hungry."

"Neither am I. What's that got to do with it, anyhow? Come on."

She followed Elsie, without much caring where she went.

"George, how's the toast?" Elsie demanded.

"Good."

"You're a fibber. Bring us some. And how are the eggs?"

"Just to-day from the country."

"You're still a fibber. Bring us some eggs."

Food sat untouched on the table then while Elsie and Judy pretended to read papers that did not interest them at all.

A story about a murder. A story about somebody flying from somewhere to somewhere.

"Nothing else?" Elsie asked finally.

"Nothing."

"Listen, Judy. You're feeling terrible. Som I. Billy—maybe he's not so much, but he said I had swell eyes. And he said he had an idea I could cook. And I can. And—Well, Billy's gone, too. And I don't know when he'll be back. Maybe never."

Behind the casual words, the words that tried to be funny and weren't at all, Judy sensed something she had been too selfish to realise. That Elsie, too, might be in love. That Elsie—she asked about it point-blank as they entered a taxi-cab.

"Elsie, you like Billy a lot, don't you?"

"He's all right."

"That's not what I mean. You like him?"

"I dunno."

"You do!"

"And what if I do? What's the good?"

"He's nice. He'd be a fine husband, Elsie."

"A husband? Hah! I'm laughing! I'm dying I'm laughing so hard. A husband? For me. Abhhhh!" Elsie pushed the word away with a capable large hand. "Me. I'll be keeping six cats and living in single wretchedness when you've got grandchildren. I betcha."

"That's not so. You ought to be married, Elsie."

"Be a bum housewife instead of an extra-swell stenog? Don't make me laugh. It's bad for m'heart."

But Judy knew. Girls always knew looking at one another as Judy looked into Elsie's eyes now, when a girl really longs seriously for a home of her own. But she knew that Elsie was embarrassed. Elsie, having trained herself for so long to deny the possibility of marriage, could not bear to talk about it now.

So Judy was silent. And Elsie was silent, too, looking out of the taxi-cab with brooding eyes. Until she saw the Wrigley clock.

"Hey, driver! Hurry up. Let's go places!"

The driver mumbled indistinguishable words.

"Never mind. I don't care if your foot is asleep. Step on the gas with the other foot, then."

Nothing happened. The taxi-cab crawled as slowly as ever. And Judy was glad. Because it was 9 o'clock, no more. And she did not want to be at the station until the last possible moment, until just before time to go on the air.

Elsie got out at her building and the cab crawled down Michigan, suddenly turning east toward the lake, toward the outer drive. Here were huge buildings, skeletons, some of them; buildings with signs heralding a world's fair Judy was sure she would never see; buildings where men worked hard, shouted loudly, turned their backs on the beautiful skyline. Judy, who loved that jagged, beautiful line of buildings along Michigan boulevard, turned her back now, staring at the lake, staring at nothing at all.

She might go to Elton. She might ask

him, earnestly, simply, to help her. She might, but she could not.

She might go back to Jenks, might tell him the truth. But what if she did? Jenks wanted a voice, he was paying for a voice, he had given her a contract that still had fifty-one weeks to go, and he would listen to Elton, not to her.

She might simply go home. But she could not do that. To get on a train now, to run away, would be to confess what she could not confess, to admit what was not true. For flight could only seem to Dick Mason, like confession.

And what could she tell her mother and her father? How could she explain—having written about the contract, about the job that would last for a year—that after a few hours she had changed her mind, had given up? When they needed the money, her father and mother, even if they didn't say, when what she could send to her father in a year might mean peace and rest and security to him for the first time in his life?

So that, finally, she told the driver suddenly, "Now let's go back."

It was almost time to go on the air again. Almost time to send her voice to women all over the country telling them how to solve their problems. Solving problems for other women who know more about life than Judy Allison knew, while she could not solve this simple problem for herself.

It was funny. It was funny and tragic and ironical and mad. But it was so.

CHAPTER 28.

JUDY found, to her surprise, that Jenks, the client, was in the control room waiting, when she entered the studio. He bowed to her and she nodded in return. The new announcer appeared. The man who had taken Dick's job. A man Judy never had seen before. Tall, well dressed, seemingly at home before the microphone. He spoke quickly, in odd sudden bursts of words. Then he was through much sooner than Dick would have finished, so much sooner that Judy was caught off guard; that for a moment she felt she could not begin at all. But she did.

The words went smoothly. This was better even than the previous scripts. Convincing, simple, definite.

Nine minutes. Ten. Eleven minutes and fifty seconds. The last word. Now the new announcer took up as she left off.

She hurried from the studio. But in the corridor stood Jenks. He stopped her.

"You were very good, Miss Allison."

"Thank you."

"But that announcer?"

"I couldn't hear him."

"I know you couldn't. But I could. He's not the regular announcer, is he? Dick Mason, the man that did the work before—was fine. But this new one! Sounds like a professor. I hate professors. This man isn't a bit like what I want. Not a bit. Oh. Here comes Elton. He'll know."

JUDY, seeing Elton Day approach, thought for a moment she must run, must get away. But there was no way to go. The corridor ended just beyond and Jenks and Elton Day blocked the way ahead.

"Elton!"

"Yes, Mr. Jenks. Oh, good morning, Judy."

"Good morning," she forced herself to say.

"Lovely morning, too. One of our very best. Specially delivered for Miss Judy Allison, c.o.d. Ten cents, pls."

She did not answer. Again Jenks said, "Elton!"

"Yes."

"That new announcer they had on to-day—was no good."

"He's one of the best men around here, Mr. Jenks."

"Maybe. For anybody else. But not for

me. I don't want any la-de-da business on my show. That's my whole idea. I want good simple talk. That's why I liked that other fellow, Mason. Where's he to-day?"

"Why—" Day began. Then he stopped.

"Dick's gone," Judy supplied.

"Gone? Gone where? When's he coming back?"

"He's not coming back."

"Why not?"

Suddenly Judy realised that something she had not counted on was happening. Something that might defeat Elton Day as nothing else could. She stopped.

"Mr. Day can tell you," she said primly.

"And I'm afraid I'll have to be going."

"No. Wait, Miss Allison," Jenks said. "I want to get this straightened out right now. Your voice is too good to be spoiled by an announcer like that. Elton, I want Mason, the man I had before."

"Sorry," Elton said smoothly. "It's out of my hands. Mason worked for the station. Not for me. That was part of the production cost you pay. And the station decided to get rid of Mason."

"Why?"

Elton was silent.

"Drinking, maybe?"

"He doesn't drink," Judy said quickly.

"Oh. Then what? Maybe he didn't get here on time?"

"He was always on time."

"Then I don't care if the station likes him or not. He ought to be here right now. I want him here. You hear me?"

He bustled away. Almost, Day went after him. But not quite. He grinned instead and moved closer to Judy.

"Too bad," he said.

"What's too bad?"

"Too bad he had to notice about Dick Mason."

"Why?"

"Because if he'd missed it for a couple of days he'd have forgotten there was any difference. Then we'd have been all right."

"We?"

"Yes, Judy. We. Because Dick is through and we both know it. And that's all there is to it."

"We don't both know it, and Dick isn't through!"

"Maybe not. But they'll never let him work here again. No matter what Jenks says about it."

"You mean they'll never put him back on the staff?"

"Of course not."

"But suppose—" Just in time she caught herself.

What was it the man Flavin, the advertising salesman, said? If an announcer could sell himself and his voice direct to a client, instead of to the station, he could make a lot more money and he wouldn't be responsible to the station at all; they'd have to use him whether they wanted to or not? That was it. Then if Jenks wanted Dick Mason and nobody else?

"I'll have to go," Judy said quickly. "I'm meeting someone."

"Not Dick?"

She shook her head. "No, not Dick. You know it wouldn't be Dick."

"That's right. He's gone, isn't he?" Elton asked innocently.

"That was too much."

"Yes," she said. "He's gone. And you're the one who sent him away."

"?"

"You. You know you did. You let him take the blame for what you did about the audition. You let them fire him without saying a word about it."

"Judy. I give you my word that isn't so."

"Your word!"

"My word. And for once, it's good. Because I didn't even know what was going to happen. Listen, Judy, I did a rotten trick. There wasn't any need for cheating. You'd have got the job anyhow. Only I wasn't sure what Lona Burdette might have said or done. I had to make sure. I was doing it for your sake. Not for anything else. And I made a mistake. I didn't need to do anything. I've found out since that

Jenks would have insisted on having you, no matter what anybody else said. He just put on the second audition to keep everybody happy around here. But about putting Mason on the spot like that . . . I didn't do it, and I wouldn't. I'm not that low, anyhow."

"You're not?"

"No. And you know I'm not. I heard about it yesterday . . . heard that somebody had been talking, and that Dick was likely to get in trouble. I tried to square it. Couldn't do a thing. I came up to see you and tell you about it. But I lost my head and said a lot of other things instead. And I," hastily, "meant every word I said, Judy, I love you."

She drew away from him as far as she could, back against the wall, her face eloquent with distaste.

"Please don't say that again," she said.

"But I will. I'll keep on saying it. It's the most important thing in my life. Nothing else matters but that. I love you. Don't you believe it?"

"No!"

"But how can you doubt it? Haven't I proved it?"

"You think you've proved anything? When you let a man I really care for take the blame for something you did?"

He started. His lips tightened. His eyes, which had been tender, were hard all at once.

"You care about Dick Mason, eh? That much?"

"That much and more. More than you could ever understand. I love him. You understand that, Elton Day? I love Dick Mason and I'll always love him and I hate you for hurting him! I hate you!"

Day clicked his heels in an ironic gesture of surrender.

"The queen has spoken. All right. That's the end of it."

"Elton!"

"What? What now?"

"Aren't you going to tell them what really happened? It can't hurt you any. You can't lose any job, because you don't work here. You've got your contract. Aren't you going to be fair enough to make them give Dick Mason his job again? He didn't do anything. You know he didn't. Won't you—"

"Won't I go in and say 'I'm a terrible crook and Dick Mason's a bly-white lamb and please give him his job back'? Won't I say that?"

"Not that. You know what I mean. Just—"

"Just enough so Dick will be here again and you and he can walk around and laugh at me. Hah!"

"But you said—"

"I said I loved you. I didn't say anything about anybody else. What happens to anybody else is his own hard luck. If Dick Mason couldn't look out for himself that's too bad. But it's nothing to me."

"And you said you love me!"

"I do. My own way. And that's the best way I know. And it's not good enough for you. You make that plain enough. So that's all there is to it."

Quickly he disappeared, shouldering through the crowd that filled the main lobby.

CHAPTER 29

JUDY signalled a page boy who stood near-by.

"How do I reach Mr. Flavin?" she asked. "Call him on the house phone. Right there. I'll get him for you."

He rang, waited, rang again. "Here you are, Miss Allison."

"Mr. Flavin?"

"Yes?"

"This is Judy Allison."

"Oh, Miss Allison! Say, I've been wanting to tell you. That was a smart piece of work you and Day put over on Jenks

the other day. Smart as could be! That's real salesmanship, all right. And you'll earn the money, too. Jenks is tickled to death with the mail. And everybody says your voice is a knock-out. Why, if you weren't under exclusive contract now I could put you on another programme today."

"Mr. Flavin. I'm calling about Dick Mason."

"Oh." There was a faint change in his voice, a lessening of enthusiasm. But Judy went on.

"Dick Mason—he's, he's gone, you know?"

"Yes. I heard about it."

"Well, Mr. Jenks isn't satisfied with the new announcer. He's in trying to get Dick Mason back on the programme now. And he says he'll not take anybody else."

"Oh. I'd better see him, then. Jenks is the kind that'll bust everything wide open if he thinks he's not getting what he's paying for. Thanks for the tip, Miss Allison. I'll get after him right away."

"But I wanted to tell you—"

"Yes. Yes. You bet. Thanks, Miss Allison."

He hung up. Calling back would do no good, Judy knew. Flavin would be on his way already through the various departments, hunting for Jenks, talking to him, soothing him.

AT 7.10 Elton Day telephoned.

"Tell him I'm not in," Judy told Elsie. He was told.

At 8 he telephoned again.

"Tell him I won't be back at all this evening," He was told.

At 8.30 he appeared at the house, and Mrs. Malone, fluttering, excited, reported, "He's a very nice young man. And he's got a big box of flowers. Roses, I think. And—"

"Tell him I'm not in—"

"I did. And he said he'll wait."

"Then—"

"Might as well see him and get it over with," Elsie suggested.

"I don't want to see him!"

"Course not. And I don't want to see the sun go down. But it goes just the same. And that person will be sitting there from now on, if you don't talk to him."

"But—"

"I could throw him out for you, if you wanted me to," Elsie suggested, surveying her strong arms with considerable pride.

"No. That wouldn't do any good."

"Course it wouldn't. Just tell him to be on his way. You told him plenty today, anyhow. He ought to know when he's not wanted."

"He doesn't care if he's wanted or not. I think he honestly believes nobody can reach him, if he just keeps on trying."

"Maybe he's right," Elsie said.

"Not about me."

"Then—"

"All right. I'll see him. Tell him I'll be down in just a minute, will you, Elsie?"

"Sure."

Judy dabbed a little powder on her nose. No use putting on much. No use taking much trouble. She didn't care if Elton Day noticed she didn't look dressed up. Why dress up for him? Why bother at all?

Still asking herself that, she entered the living-room. He jumped up quickly.

"Hello."

"Judy, I don't know if you like flowers or not. Silly, taking flowers to a girl. Like the hero in a book. Well, I'll be a hero, then, just once. Here's flowers."

"Thank you."

"But you ought to open the box and stare at the flowers and be overcome. That's the way they do it in the movies."

"This isn't a movie."

"Right you are. This is life. Life, my friends, is a problem. Life is a thing I can

get along without seeing anything of, life is a thing that grows darker and darker, life is a poem by Dorothy Parker. Life—"

Judy called Elsie. "Elsie, I've always wanted to give some flowers to old Mrs. Williams in the third floor front. How about these?"

Elsie surveyed the box dubiously.

"Maybe," she said. "I wouldn't know. She's kind of particular. But, well, I'll ask if she wants 'em. And if she doesn't—"

She made a gesture intended to picture the act of throwing things out of a window. "See you, Judy."

"Yes."

Judy saw the flush on Elton's face; she knew the small, unpleasant, childish gesture had hurt him more than honest cruelty ever could. She was glad.

"You—" he began, then stopped. "You don't even want flowers from me, then?"

"No."

"Then why did I come up here at all?" he asked himself, out loud. "Why—"

"I don't know," Judy answered. "Whatever it was, let's finish with it. Because I'm in a hurry."

"Still in a hurry?"

"Yes," she said positively.

"And you'll always be in a hurry. As far as I'm concerned?"

She nodded.

HE put his shoulders back. They were thin shoulders. He was not a big man, Judy saw; he only seemed tall and impressive when he could sneer at people, when he could master with his words and his eyes. And words and eyes were not serving him now. He should have seemed at all pitiful, he had done things that should have put him outside of sympathy. Yet she knew she was fairly sorry for him. If for no other reason, that because he was so ineffectual; because his cleverness was empty and pointless when he needed it most.

"Good night," he said quietly.

"Good night, Mr. Day."

"Mister—" he began with a flash of his old insolence. Then it was gone. "Yes. Good night, Miss Allison. One thing though. You can expect some news tomorrow."

"News?"

"Yes. Ought to be good news for you."

"Wait. Tell me, Elton."

The door slammed behind him, leaving Judy puzzled, suddenly excited, suddenly happy without quite knowing why.

"Elsie!" she called. "Elsie!"

"Yes!" Elsie, a grin wrinkling her stubble nose, appeared from the next room. "Been eavesdropping, I have. Naughty, naughty thing to do. Little pitchers have big ears, and I've got bigger ones than that. And here's your flowers, Judy." Elsie extended the long box.

"I thought you were going to give them to Mrs. Williams."

"These? Not a chance. Look! Elsie opened the box, and Judy saw deep red roses, enormous roses, dozens of them, all was sure, crowded into the box. "Aren't they elegant, Judy?"

"Yes. They're nice, I guess."

"And you really don't want 'em?"

"No."

"Then—" Suddenly, Elsie was serious. "Judy, nobody ever brought a flowers in my life. Not even Billy. He bring a new tube for the radio set. All show me how a super-super-super-something-or-other works on an eight-tube set. But if you don't want 'em yourself, I'm gonna put 'em all over my room. And I'm gonna sit there and make myself believe somebody brought 'em to me. And get it happy about it. And shut my eyes and can't see myself in the looking-glass and think what a very beautiful girl I am. And—"

Hey! You're not with me at all! You're up in the clouds! You?"

"Elsie, Dick's coming back."

"He, what? What did you say?"

"Dick's coming back. To-morrow."

"How do you know? Who said so?"

"Nobody said so. But I know."

"You got second sight, maybe?"

"No. But I know he's coming this time. I'm sure. I'm sure as can be, Elsie. Just what Elton said. And all he said was that he had news, or that I was going to get news in the morning. And he didn't even say what news. But I know."

CHAPTER 30.

"LISTEN!" Elsie said to

Judy. She went to the big radio set in the corner of the dining-room, snapped on the power, twisted the dials. A cacophonous mixture of voice, of music, of shouts, of static filled the room. Then the melee ended.

Suddenly, loud and clear, Judy heard the music of some distant orchestra, slow, smooth. And it faded away, there was a sound of applause from a dance place Judy never would see. Then—

"This concludes our programme from the Hollenden House Cafe in Cleveland. Your announcer has been Richard Mason, who bids you good-night and good luck."

Dick! Dick's own voice! The same deep, clear voice, the same way of making words sing when they had no reason to sing, the same voice that thousands of girls were hearing and thrilling to at this moment all over the country.

Girls as pretty as Judy Allison. Girls plier than Judy Allison. Maybe one of them was sitting with Dick right now, as Judy had with him the night when Dick took her to meet Len Bernie and Paul Whitman.

Maybe he was saying things to some girls in the same deep clear voice she remembered so well. Saying the same things he had said to her, and meaning them, and thinking of Judy Allison only as a girl who had lied to him and cheated him.

So again it was morning and again they stopped at the restaurant, and again Judy and Elsie parted as before. But this time Judy did not ride south, far south. She walked, instead. Up Michigan, then down Michigan. Then on State Street, or a long time. Here, in big windows, were gowns she would be talking about, perhaps, in to-day's show; this kind of bolero, that kind of bias cut, that sort of fur trimming high around the throat, that new little hat with the four-curved effect.

As going to WAOA, being there just before 10.45 ready to go on the air, was just going on the air again now; not an adventure, not a great triumph, not a thrill at all.

So she waited in the studio. She was early. She had not read through her script. Mustn't get careless. Mustn't forget that words are more than words when you say them to many thousand people. She read carefully.

A good script, again. With the same fresh, eager tone, Elton Day seemed to be able to put into every script he wrote. Yet he hated them, he hated doing the work; he really didn't care anything about all this.

She saw the clock hands, creeping close to 10.45. Three minutes to go. With professional deftness, learned already, she arranged the script carefully on the little table. She stood up very straight, filling her lungs with air, exhaling deeply, inhaling again. Ten times over.

Dick said it was a trick, it tightened up your muscles. It quised your nerves, made your voice steady. He was right. Dick was always right. He knew his job. Anything Judy Allison did to make her programme right, to send her voice over the air as it

should go, she did because Dick Mason had taught her how. And—

Ten-forty-four. A minute to go. The announcer was at the microphone, his back turned to her, ready. The man in the control-room looked strangely familiar. But there was no time to look again. Overhead, the red light flashed. Judy Allison was on the air again.

She read carefully, quietly. No desire to shout, any more, as there had been her first few times when she faced the microphone. This was a job. As long as you could believe you were talking to only one person, you couldn't go wrong. Just go straight ahead. Hit the high points sharply and slowly, so nobody will misunderstand. Go especially slow in the sales talk, so it will really sell. So. It was done.

The announcer took up as she left off. The final sales talk, the address so women could write for the Beauty Builder's advice. Now the light was off. Now it was over.

Judy gathered up the sheets of the script carefully, folded them, put them in her bag. To-morrow she'd send a whole file of them home to mother. Mother would show them to the neighbors, and be proud of them, and with palpitant determination she'd try to follow all the suggestions, all the exercises, but in a day or two she'd forget about the old ones, she'd be so busy trying the new ones. But she would be proud of her daughter, telling so many women all these things. Very proud.

The day's work was done. Fifteen minutes a day and you get a 100dollar cheque every Saturday. And in a hundred thousand offices a million girls work all day six days a week, and get much less. Lucky Judy Allison. Lucky!

Her mind stood still. She could not breathe. Her eyes were wrong. What she saw was wrong. It couldn't happen. But it had!

Dick Mason himself turned away from the microphone, folded up his script, stuffed it in his pocket, started out of the studio. "Dick! Dick!"

"Oh, hello, Judy." Cold. Cold as ice. Just words, meaning nothing. Just, "Hello, Judy."

"Dick, you're back!"

"Yes. They sent for me. I'm getting paid by the client instead of the station. And I've got the same kind of deal on three other programmes I was announcing. I'm making 410 dollars a week altogether. I— He caught himself. The look of pride, of a small boy's pride in triumph, went quickly. His face was composed, his voice was casual once more. "Yes, Judy, I'll be here right along now. I guess. Opening an office in the loop. Doing some consulting service on other programmes. Billy is working with me. You might tell Elsie." Then, "I'll see you to-morrow. I suppose."

"Dick?" "Hello, Margaret. Waiting long? Sorry I had to talk to the girl on the programme for a moment. Sorry. Shall we go? How about going up on Rush St. for lunch? I know a nice place with a very good French cook. All right? Fine. Let's be on our way."

A girl Judy never had seen was walking with Dick, talking, laughing, holding his arm tightly. A—Judy fought back the words, but they were right, she knew they were right—a girl who used to be dark and turned platinum blonde overnight. A giggling girl, and Dick had hated gigglers. But now—

She learned much more about Dick Mason's triumphant return, and that quickly enough.

It had started with Jenks. With Flavin, that is. Really, with Judy's suggestion, but nobody had told Dick that, and Judy never could tell him. Jenks had found out that Dick was working for a station in Cleveland, had brought him back under contract, had suggested, being an observer and also eager to have Dick Mason happy

that other jobs could be had in the same way.

His voice, Dick realised then, was an asset that people would pay for. So he had simply gone to the clients directly, told them he was at liberty, told them he would go on with their programmes, but only under contract with them. And out of six clients he had sold himself to four.

PEOPLE around the station said he was earning 500 dollars a week, 1000 dollars. He was living at a fashionable North Side hotel. He was driving a new car. He ordered three suits at once. He came into the station just in time for his programme, then disappeared as soon as it was over, then returned for the next.

He was working up programme ideas for a big advertising agency. Jenks had helped him there, but Dick knew his business; he had a name without having realised it before.

He came into the studio at 10.45 each day, just in time for the opening announcement. He said nothing to Judy. Once she moved as though to speak. He turned and went out of the other door. After that she only watched him, knowing he knew she was watching, ashamed of herself for weakness. But weakness didn't matter.

She talked to Elsie about it at night, and Elsie talked to Billy once. But Billy, loyal follower of Dick, called Elsie only once to say he was back, to say he was doing well as a special operator and was starting a programme-reporting service under Dick's direction. He didn't call.

If Dick saw no more of Judy, then Billy would see no more of Elsie. That was the way of it, and that made Elsie miserable, no matter how thoroughly she hid her misery with clumsy daughter and jokes that were not quite funny.

But something must be done.

Not, Judy assured herself, because of any belief that Dick Mason would be interested. Seeing him leave the building one night in his new car, with the same platinum-blond girl beside him, seeing him again at lunch with a singer who was to work on one of the programmes he was helping to prepare. Seeing him for a moment only as he passed her in the station lobby, cold, distant, not smiling at all, she wanted only to know that he knew the truth. After that it wouldn't matter, she insisted to herself. Just to have Dick understand. Just to make that strained, twisted look go from his face!

CHAPTER 31

JUDY saw Elton Day at the studio often. He was always polite, always distant, saying little or nothing to Judy, putting what was said in calm business words.

One day Jenks telephoned her and said, "I'm having some of our district managers in for convention to-morrow. I'm asking our advertising department men to be here. And I'd like to have you there at lunch. Can you make it?"

"Yes," Judy said. "I'll be there."

"Fine. The Blackstone, then, 11.45." So she went shopping, spending some of the money that came so easily now and seemed to mean so little. A new dress. As she tried on the particular sort of dress she had wanted, she remembered talking about this same model in a Beauty Builder programme. And when she gave the salesgirl her name the girl stared suddenly. "Miss Allison? Why, aren't you on the radio?"

"Yes. A little." "A little?" the girl said. "Oh, Mr. Tallferro! This is Miss Allison. You know. The Beauty Builder."

"Of course, of course," he said, rubbing his hands together. Immediately he launched into a discussion of styles, of new suggestions of this model and that, and Judy got understanding most of it, totally

out of her depth, still did as well as she could, still kept the pose—but knew the man was wondering how a girl so brilliant on the air could be so uninformed when he talked to her about the very things she knew so much about.

She was glad to escape. And when she appeared the next day, wearing the new black dress and the new hat, Jenks was waiting at the door of the restaurant, watch in hand.

"Oh, I was afraid you weren't coming."

"But I'm here."

"Of course. Of course. And that's just fine, Miss Allison. Here—We'll go up along this way. We've got a place for you up at the head table, you see." He giggled. "Want you to be where everybody can see you?"

"Oh—" She drew back. "Must I sit there? Up in front of everybody?"

"Oh, yes. Yes. Of course. So they can all see you. Come along, Miss Allison. Come along."

He led the way, crowding past chairs, and Judy, following slowly, resolutely staring straight ahead, heard whispers, heard murmurs, heard men saying out loud, "That's the Beauty Builder," and "That's she, all right," and, "No wonder she got the job."

She slipped into the chair quickly, she looked down at the table, she found a water glass and drank quickly, then put it down. Then, for the first time, she realised what Jenks had done.

On her right sat Dick Mason. On her left sat Elton Day. And both of them looked straight ahead, as though Judy Allison did not even exist.

Lunch came, and was taken away, and coffee came, and that was carried away, and then men leaned back in their chairs, puffing on gift cigars, and the air was blue and thick and there was an undercurrent of chuckles, of arguments. But Judy, knowing nothing about all this, thought that every moment was an hour long, thought the long wait for something more terrible still to come would never end.

Jenks stood up, clearing his throat.

"I know how interested all of you are in what we're doing on the air," Jenks said, "so I've asked the three people who've made our programmes so successful to come here and meet you for the first time. And I'm not going to make any speeches for them. I'm going to leave the speeches to them, because—" he giggled and some of the men nearest chuckled dutifully—"because that's what they get paid for, talking. And I don't get a nickel for it." He giggled self-consciously again and more of the men chuckled in answer, knowingly. "So I take this opportunity to present the regular announcer of our Beauty Builder programmes, who will tell you about himself and will introduce his partners, Mr. Richard Mason. Come along, Dick. Stand up and face the music. Here you are, boys, Dick Mason himself. Call him Dick. He likes it."

There was a patter of applause from the men, then, suddenly, from their wives, a much greater outburst. Now the noise was amazing. Women who had heard Richard Mason's voice so many times saw him now for the first time. He fitted the picture. Tall, broad-shouldered, smiling, he faced them without any embarrassment at all. Judy could not help seeing how much success had done to change him. She could not help wishing the little boy had not gone from his smile and his eyes. But she could not help admiring him now. For he said almost nothing, yet nothing he said betrayed any feeling at all. Because there was no feeling? Because he had ceased to care at all?

He said, "Thank you, Mr. Jenks. And thank you, ladies and gentlemen. But I must tell you—an announcer means little or nothing. He is simply there to set the stage. And when his very brief moment of glory is over the real voice is heard. The voice I know you want to hear now. The

voice of Miss Judy Allison, who is the Beauty Builder."

He took her hand casually, and she stood up, facing all these people, fighting down her terror, her wild desire to run madly out of the room.

"Say something, Judy," Dick said quietly. Anything just talk."

"I—"

"Go ahead. Hurry."

She fought for composure for words to say. There was nothing to be said. All these people—any one of them knew more than Judy Allison about the thing she was paid to talk about. Yet they were waiting. They stared, studying her, wondering about her. And beside was Dick Mason. And on the other side, Elton Day. Two men. A man she loved, who did not love her at all; a man she did not love, who said he loved her, but would do nothing to prove it. Two men.

Suddenly Judy Allison saw the way. She knew what to say now. She knew what could be done.

"Thank you," she said quietly to Dick Mason. "Thank you, Mr. Jenks. I have something to say. Something very important." Then a little louder but still so softly that people down along the table strained eagerly to hear, and still heard only a little, Judy Allison said what had waited to be said for a long while.

"Mr. Jenks," she began. "Dick Elton. This is my last day; I'm all through with radio. I'll never go on the air again."

Jenks started up, but he paused, waiting, unbelieving, almost convinced that it was a play, a comedy. So much so that he giggled self-consciously, a little uncertainly. And, hearing him, other men along the table chuckled, too. This Allison girl was a card. She could just stand right up and put over comedy with a straight face and without even letting you know she meant to be funny. You hear that, Ed? Says she's through with radio? And her getting 500 dollars a week, I heard. Some think like that. Listen. She's saying more. She's a card. I tell you! Listen!

Judy Allison moved down along the table a little. The door was not very far away. The people were waiting. Dick had not moved. He only stared strangely, his eyes deep, his mouth drawn tight and hard. And Elton Day looked down at the table, not at her, but he was listening, she knew he would hear every word.

"I'm going to tell you a story," Judy said suddenly, clearly, in the same voice they all had heard over the air a dozen times. But she was not talking about beauty now. She was talking about herself and about Dick and about Elton. And she said, "I'm telling the truth, which ought to have been told a long time ago. I'm on the air, I've been on the air just because of a trick. There were a dozen voices as good or better than mine. But a man who is in this room now thought he wanted to help me. So he cheated. And I got the job. And—"

"Judy! Be still! Don't! Judy! Don't!" Elton Day, frantic, shouting, faced her down the length of the table. But suddenly he was caught by strong hands, by Dick Mason's strong hands; he was jerked back into his chair. And, remorselessly, loudly, with no one to stop her, Judy went on.

"I didn't know anything about the trick. I really thought I deserved the job. But I didn't. And the man who cheated for me put the blame on another man, on a man who sits in this room right now. And that man thought I was to blame when he lost his job, and he hasn't forgiven me, he never, never will. All right. I deserve to lose him. I didn't play fair. But I'm playing fair now. I'm leaving. I'm through. Nobody will ever hear me on the air again. And good-bye. Good-bye to all of you!"

Suddenly she ran headlong from the room. She heard people shouting after

her, she heard Dick Mason's voice calling, "Judy! Judy! Judy!"

She did not stop. She found a taxi-cab at the hotel steps, she was inside, she said breathlessly, "Drive as fast as you can! There's somebody following me! Somebody I've got to get away from! Drive!"

The car swung sharply into the street, down to Wabash, up Wabash, roaring in and out around the elevated track standards. It turned again on Randolph, going east; shot into the alley that leads north, out back to the street, cut through another alley. Then they were crossing the river, speeding north, turning on Grand, speeding north again. Judy looked back. Cars, many cars, but no car following. She didn't know, she couldn't know, that Dick Mason had stopped, had caught, Elton in his strong hands held him against the wall—ignoring Jenks, ignoring peace-makers, saying coldly, "So it was you? So you did that?"

She didn't know, not then at least, that Elton squirmed suddenly, straightened suddenly, said calmly, quietly: "Yes, it was I. But don't bother. I'll always be here. You can do what you want to me when you get back. But go after Judy, now. Don't let her go! She's yours! Find her! Hurry!"

And she didn't know that Dick Mason heard those strange, quiet words, and that suddenly he let go of Day, suddenly he ran through the crowd, found his car, raced after her.

Too late. Much too late.

CHAPTER 33

JUDY came home. She saw no one. She rapped quickly at Elsie's door. There was no answer. She hurried into her own room, caught up dresses, shoes, her make-up box, whatever she could find without hunting in closets or boxes; stuffed everything into her bag, closed it somehow, turned to run from the room.

Then, for the first time, she saw a scrubby little envelope on her dressing table, marked "Judy. Important" in big, sprawling letters. She tore it open. There was only a note. Only this much:

"Judy: Billy and I have gone to Crown Point. I'll be Mrs. Billy Denton before you know it. You better follow suit. Marriage is a grand idea, even if old-fashioned. You bet. Love.

"ELSIE."

Billy! Elsie! And she'd been sorry for Elsie, she had pitied Elsie, with her big hands and her capable, too-capable shoulders, and her unhandsome, huggy face. And now Elsie was being married. At this moment, perhaps. Being married to funny little Billy, who was as unhandsome as Elsie, and as honest and as devoted.

And they'd be happy. They'd have a little apartment, and they wouldn't worry. Life wouldn't frighten them, things would go according to the rule, and they would laugh a great deal, and put money in the bank, and join a savings club, and be happy, be happy, be happy always, together, the two who had seemed so pathetic only a little while before.

And she? And Judy Allison? Oh! She saw herself in the long mirror. A girl who'd always believed secretly that she was prettier than most girls; as most girls do believe. A girl who had been flattered, breathless, at the devotion of two men who said, each in his own way, "I love you." And now—Oh! No time to think! No time to remember!

She counted the money in her purse. She had just cashed her check. She had put nothing in the bank. Almost 200 dollars left.

Go home? Go back and have her father say, "I wish you'd made good, Judy. I was counting on you?" Go back and have her mother be kind, terribly, pathetically kind to the daughter who couldn't stand on her own feet? Go

back and have the neighbors whisper when she wasn't around? Go back to Hiawatha, where everything would always be the same as it always had been, and Judy Allison would be the girl who came home from Chicago because she couldn't stand up for herself?

No! No! She said it loudly, talking to herself, talking to the girl in the mirror. And again, no!

Then she ran down the steps, tugging at her heavy suitcase. "Miss Allison! Miss Allison! Telephone! Miss Allison, somebody's calling you!" Mrs. Malone called after her. But Judy did not hear. She was back in the taxi-cab, she was asking breathlessly: "Which train leaves for New York first? Hurry!"

The driver looked at his watch. "You can get a train in just fifteen minutes. If we can make it."

"We've got to make it, driver! We've got to!"

"All right. We will!"

The taxi-cab roared away from the kerb. Judy looked straight ahead. She wouldn't see that house any more, the house that had become home. She wouldn't meet the landlady any more, wouldn't hear her half-questions, her hopeful, shy suggestions. She wouldn't see anything more of what had been Chicago to her. Never.

Perhaps one less spotlight between the love and the place where Judy lived might have changed many things for Dick Mason. But the spotlight was there, and the talkative, angry policeman. And so Dick Mason's car came to the kerb just as the taxi-cab that carried Judy Allison away from him turned the corner three blocks away. And by the time Dick Mason had found the landlady, had hurried out his demand, "Where's Judy?" and heard in answer, "She's gone. Mr. Mason," by that time Judy Allison was in the station buying a ticket, paying a breath-taking amount of money for it, hurrying up the steps with a red-cap tugging her suitcase.

She got on the train just as the conductor signalled, just as people kissed and drew away and dabbed handkerchiefs at tears they wanted to hide. So many people would meet again, in a week, in a month. But there was no one to say good-bye to Judy.

So it was strange that she should stop suddenly on the platform to throw a kiss at a city that she wouldn't see any more. Or at a man who did not even know she was gone, who was at that moment racing back downtown, hurrying from one railway station to the next.

Dick Mason swung across town finally. Suddenly he remembered the three. He stared at his watch. Twelve forty-two. In eight minutes he must be on the air. And the radio does not wait. Your time is your only time.

Blind, desperate, he found his way to the station, he found his way to the microphone, he said the words he was supposed to say, he saw nothing in the world but Judy Allison as she looked in that dramatic last moment; he heard nothing but her voice as she told him the truth he should have known for himself from the very beginning.

Judy Allison rode east. Time passed. Once a man stopped, leaned over her seat, seemed to be preparing to say something. But Judy looked up. And the man, seeing tears in her eyes, turned away, went back to his own seat very quickly, did not return.

Back in Chicago, back in the radio station, the day's work went on, for Dick Mason as for the others. A man to see, a man who wanted to know how to go about being an announcer. A woman to see, a woman who said she would: rye if she didn't get a job on the air. A client to talk with, a client who said, "I know all about music. I wrote the college show my

junior year." An agency man to argue with over cost, sheets over talent, charges, over commissions.

Then, finally, time for the audition that meant much to Dick Mason because it was his first show, the first show he had planned and prepared and sold. Now he must produce it.

He found David Owen waiting. The director. Thin-faced, solemn behind his glasses, smiling a little ruefully at the people who lined the audition room.

"Ready?"

"Yes. Ready," Dick said dutily, not caring, hardly even hearing. "You got the scripts?"

"Yes. And I think we'd better go straight through."

"All right, Dave. Who's first? For the girl, I mean."

"Lona Burdette."

Lona Burdette. The girl Judy had hated and feared. The girl who had been to blame for what happened to him—he knew that, now, because Elton Day had sent him a note to tell him so, to say, "I'm honestly sorry. And you're lucky to have Judy Allison in love with you."

Lucky! And Judy gone! He smiled bitterly.

"Burdette?" he echoed. "Oh, yes. Well, let her try it, Dave. She can't hurt any more, anyhow."

"Any more?"

"Oh, I'm talking too much. Forget it, Dave. Go ahead."

So the Burdette girl stepped up to the microphone, holding the script just so in professionally careful hands. She read one line, another, another. They were lines Dick Mason had written with Judy Allison before him. Judy Allison's voice in his heart. When he was telling himself determinedly over and over, "You don't love her. You never did." When he knew that he did love her, that nothing could change it.

"No!" he jerked out suddenly. "No! I can't stand listening to that girl! Don't let her read any more!"

"All right, Dick. Miss Burdette, that will be all. Miss Howell, you try it next."

And again the words. The words of a romance, a simple romance that meant nothing, that would be set down by some listeners as the same thing heard too often already, that would make others remember simple, quiet things they had said and believed once, a long time ago. Words meant for Judy. Words Dick Mason, lonely, disheartened, bitter, had laughed over as he wrote them. But they were not at all funny to him.

"No?" David Owen asked, finally.

"No. I—I don't know. I had a different idea of how that voice ought to sound. Get anybody else?"

Owen laughed. Half a dozen. Take your choice, Dick.

"Any of them, Dave. It doesn't matter much."

"All right. Mrs. Denny, you take the girl's lines."

And again the words. And this time the voice did not jar. It was so far removed from Judy's voice that it did not mean much. It was just a woman saying words written for a character called Norma Wayne who might be anybody in the world. It didn't matter.

"She'll do. Is she all right with you, Dave?"

"She knows her business, Dick. Been on the air a long time."

"You can work with her all right?"

"Of course."

"Then go ahead. You know your job a lot better than I do."

Of course she was all right. A good actress, a trained voice.

And if Dick Mason knew that nobody

else in the world but Judy Allison ought to be speaking the words he had written for her, that was his own secret and his own sorrow.

CHAPTER 33

THE audition for Dick's show went on. A man for the father's part. A father something like what Dick had imagined Judy's father would be. But it wouldn't matter, so long as the job was well done, well acted. So that was settled quickly.

Now came the task of selecting the voice which must answer Norma—the hero's part. The voice that was to say the words he had wanted to say to Judy Allison, things he believed about her, the things he had thought he would never have a chance to say.

And now he would never have the chance. For Judy had gone. Judy had gone because he was blind, because he was not wise enough to understand, because he had talked much about trusting without knowing the truth about trust himself.

All right. The first man. A man who chewed gum vigorously and mouthed the words brutally, jerkily.

"No," David Owen said for Dick. No, Jimmy, you try it."

And again, the word was "No." And still again. And again. The words had been written for one man, written better than Dick Mason knew—written so well that nobody else in the world but that one man ought to say them. And perhaps Owen guessed this truth. Perhaps he knew much more, understood much more than he let Dick realize. For he said suddenly, very casually, "Dick."

"Yes, Dave?"

"That's a hard part to cast."

"I know."

"It calls for more than most radio actors can give. Because most of them can't feel what you're trying to say."

"Yes?"

"Why don't you play it yourself?"

"Me?" Dick tried to laugh, but did it badly. "Me? Why—"

"Go on. Read it once. Let me listen, Dick."

"But—"

Why not? Even saying the words would help. Even hearing himself say them as Judy should have heard him might ease the pain a little. All right.

"I'll try it, Dave. But only because there's so little time. It's not my fault. The client held up everything until the last possible minute. Just let us know this afternoon, and wants to be on the air at 9.30 to-night. Crazy, and I told him so. But he insisted. Seems he took a chance and signed up tentatively for everything, but he couldn't give the 'Go ahead' until the directors met this morning and O.K'd what he'd already done. So that was the best I could do. And—"

"Never mind, Dick. We'll put it on the air, and we'll put it on right. Even if we haven't any time. So try the part."

Facing the microphone, Dick found he wanted to close his eyes. Then he knew why. Because, with his eyes closed he could see Judy Allison. Because he knew the words so well that he needed to look at the script only once or twice, because the words were so true that they could be said over and over and they would never grow old. "I don't want you to leave me. Not now. Not ever. There's such a little time left. Only years. When there ought to be centuries. When we ought never to die."

Something crashed loudly. He started, stared. It was only the door leading into the studio.

"You'll do, Dick," Owen said, grinning. "You put more feeling into it than you need to, really. Well, let's go. We'll use you, Mrs. Denny. And Mr. Harford. And you, Dick. And Irvin, there's not much sound-effect stuff in this. Here, let's mark the

sound cues. "O.K., all you get that other microphone set up? All right, let's go."

Cues. Speeches. Words, underscored. Words, underscored. Microphones. The dreary paraphernalia of a business. Dick Mason had thought he loved more than anything else a man could hope to follow.

Now he knew better. Now he knew that Judy Allison had taken everything from him when she went away, when she made her pitiful little speech and ran away before he could find her and stop her and hold her and tell her the truth.

So Judy Allison rode east. Once she read a magazine. The story she found was a love story, a story about a man and a girl who were parted, who were re-united, who laughed. She closed the magazine and went into the dining-car. She ordered without knowing what she had ordered, she ate without knowing what she ate. She had never travelled on a big train like this before, she had never eaten in a dining-car before. But none of it mattered. Not the towns that passed mysteriously in the dark. Not the people with handbags stamped with exotic labels from all over the world. Not New York straight ahead.

What would she do in New York? She didn't know. Something, anything. Maybe she could find a job teaching music, or a job playing the piano. She'd try. If not that, then she could be a waitress. Or sell candy. Or do something. Anything.

But nothing that had to do with radio. Nothing that would make Judy Allison a voice again, to be heard, to be listened to, to be believed.

Her watch had stopped.

"Can you give me the time?" she asked the conductor, not really wanting to know, only wanting to do something to fill a second of the time that moved so slowly.

"Ten fifteen," the conductor said.

"That's 9.15 in Chicago."

"Thank you." She set her watch, stared out of the window, moving restlessly, finally decided to go back to the lounge car. Moving a little, walking alone, the swaying train, reading a magazine, listening to the radio—this might help, this might dull the slow, steady ache in her heart.

So she went back to the lounge car. She heard on the radio dance music from Chicago.

She thumbed through the pages of a magazine. She listened a little to eager voices of people who passed back and forth from the observation platform. She wondered about Dick Mason.

She might have wondered more if she could have seen him at that moment. If she could have seen him waiting in the outer room for time to go on the air. Not to announce, this time, but to act. To say words that had meant much, that now meant nothing, because the girl who was to hear them sometimes, somehow, was gone.

Then David Owen signalled him. "Time to go in."

"All right, Dave. Ready, Mrs. Denny?"

"Yes, Dick."

THEY took their places, Dick, the woman, the man, the sound man, the director. They watched the panel where the red light would show when it was time to begin. The announcer huddled over his script, reading busily, learning the feel of the opening words. Until the red light flashed. Until the announcement began.

This was Dick Mason's first show on the air. Now he had begun to be somebody. Now a producer, a writer, a salesman, he was on the road to the success he had wanted. If this programme succeeded there would be others. If the others succeeded Dick would stop being a voice, he would stop selling a certain way of saying words, he would not need to earn his living that way any more. It would be better work. It would give him a position no announcer claims. It had meant much,

thinking forward to all this being so sure that it could be done. Now it meant nothing. Only another job to be done quickly and well, because he believed in his work, because he could not let himself do a bad job. But after it was done he would not care.

The woman spoke. The woman spoke the words Judy had been supposed to say, the words Judy ought to say, the Judy Dick loved.

And he answered, in the words he had meant from his own heart, the earnest, devoted words he had hardly known he was writing.

Now it was strange, it was wild, it was inconceivable, but it happened. On that train going east, on the train that carried Judy Allison farther away from Dick at each moment, the operator turned the dial a little; he heard a new station; he turned up the volume and the voices came through plainly, sharply, clearly, into the crowded car.

The voice of a woman Judy had never heard before. The voice of a man she would never hear again. Dick Mason, she knew. Dick Mason's own deep, clear voice, saying things she had hoped he would say to her. Things he would never say now. Saying: "Norma, don't leave me. Don't ever leave me." Saying: "Norma, your hands break my heart." Saying: "Norma—"

CHAPTER 34

SUDDENLY, madly, Dick was saying the thing that was in his heart. Forgetting the script, forgetting the director, forgetting that he was on the air with thousands listening, forgetting everything but the one thing that meant more than anything else in the world.

Saying loudly, pleadingly: "Judy! Judy, I love you! Come back, Judy! Come back, Judy!"

No more. The madness passed. Perhaps only one person in ten thousand heard the slip that made an actor call a character named Norma by the wrong name; call Norma Judy. Perhaps only the people in the studio ever knew that Dick Mason had read something that was not in the script; had said things he was not supposed to say. Certainly, the client never knew that anything had gone wrong, for the show was good, people liked it, they wrote letters; they asked for more.

But Judy Allison had heard as though the words were spoken in the car itself, as though Dick stood beside her, pleading, his eyes earnest and deep, and heart-breaking; his voice speaking to no one else in the world.

So a few minutes later there was a determined girl who told a puzzled conductor, "I'm getting off at the next station. Help me, please. I've got to get back to Chicago in a hurry. On the first train. Got to. Got to. Please help me."

So, while Dick went away from the station, went looking for Billy and could not find him, went home alone, Judy Allison was riding back toward Chicago, going back to what she had left.

The Burdette girl waited; the Beauty Builder script crumpled in her hand. Ten minutes now, and the job would be done. Ten minutes and she would be on the air in Judy Allison's place. Not that the job mattered so much to Lona Burdette. Not that she cared so much about the money, but it would be triumph, sweet triumph, victory long-delayed. Triumph over Elton Day, who needed to be punished, and over that girl who was gone somewhere, leaving her job for Lona Burdette to take, as Lona Burdette had meant to take it.

JENKS had said hopelessly: "She's the next best, Dick. If we can't find Judy this Burdette girl will have to go on. Because she knows the

script and she's worked on it before. And there's nobody else ready."

"But—" Dick began. Then he gave up. "All right, Mr. Jenks. I'll build her up all I can. Count on me."

"Thanks," Jenks said, much relieved. "Dick—you're not looking so good. What happened yesterday—that was too bad? Strangest thing I ever heard. But I heard all along you weren't to blame. That's what I told 'em at the station right from the first. And Day doesn't matter. I told him I'd go on paying him. Best script-writer I can get for this show. But he's not coming around the station any more. Says he's going out of town. Going to mail me the scripts. Said something about going home for a while, wherever he lives. And too bad about Judy."

"Yes. Too bad," Dick agreed. "Too bad."

"Well, we can't always tell what's going to happen," said Jenks with much originality. "Life's funny, you know. Well—see you later, son."

"Good-bye."

So Dick went to the studio, to prepare for the programme, "Miss Burdette," he said sharply.

"Yes, Mr. Mason." She almost trifled it; she almost sang. Triumph was sweet. And Dick Mason was a handsome boy. Maybe, maybe, she told herself, this might mean more than just being on the show. You never could tell. That was what made it fun being on the radio. Never can tell what will happen next, and if it doesn't happen right you can fix it, if you're smart. And Lona Burdette, who had the job she had wanted, knew she was very smart indeed.

"Three minutes," the operator sang through the speaker from his booth.

"All right, Miss Burdette. You know the script?"

"Like a book."

"Then let's get set. Over there."

She spread the pages on the table. She waited with her head tipped back, a little on one side, so as to get a deeper chest tone.

"Two minutes."

"One minute."

The studio was clear, the doors closed. They watched for the red light. Dick and the Burdette girl. They did not hear the big door open. And the Burdette girl did not know until the last possible second, until Dick Mason's announcement was almost finished, that another girl stood before her; that another voice was going on the air.

That Judy Allison had come back. That she was reading her script as she had read it before, carefully, slowly, her voice strong and clear and eager; her eyes on Dick Mason.

The Burdette girl gasped. She moved a step forward. Then she stood stockstill. She could do nothing. You can't fight in front of a microphone. You can't yell. "It's my job. I waited and I got it, and you've got no right to come back." You can't do that. Not on the radio. All Lona Burdette could do was watch Judy Allison come back to the job she had forsaken.

Suddenly Dick Mason heard a voice, he had thought he was dreaming and knew it was real. And suddenly he walked toward Judy, his arms out.

And if thousands of women, listening to the Beauty Builder, heard a strange sound over the air that sounded very much like a kiss, just as the programme ended for that day, certainly it was not their business. Not at all.

THE END

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

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